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OF MEN, WOMEN, AND EVENTS
OF THE DAY

VOLUME II.

From July 1 to October 14, 1895

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The Album

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JULY 1, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY W. W.
OULESS, R.A., NOW ON VIEW AT
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



AN unusually large gathering of Royalties in town has augmented the season's conspicuous gaiety very obviously, and in Ascot week it was said that such a meeting as that which the Royal Box disclosed was quite unique. The Crown Princess of Roumania and her handsome young husband made quite a central point of attraction. Princess Marie has certainly bloomed into a very pretty young matron, and her twenty summers seem to sit lightly when a lusty son and heir of two years is taken into account. Clarence House has been the rallying point of many gaieties lately, since the "young people's" arrival more particularly. The Duke of Coburg, who is extremely attached to his eldest daughter, has gone about everywhere with her since her arrival.

The culminating point of fine weather and frocks in an Ascot which has been admittedly a record one, was reached on Thursday, when sport and fashion joined issue with a perfect condition of temperature to mark the day in letters of brightest red. The Royal box, with the Prince and Princess, the Shahzada, and all the other royal sisters and cousins, made a brilliant background to an unusually brilliant enclosure. Lady Londonderry, who was in pale grey, was at her loveliest. The Duchess of Westminster, whom I saw talking to "Morney" Cannon in the paddock just before Grey Leg won his second victory, wore a most fascinating frock of mauve and white, with touches of a darker shade, which looked just like an orchid. White was the favourite colour, however, both in the enclosure and boxes. Lady de Trafford and Miss Beatrice Haskett-Smith were in very smart white alpaca gowns with chiffon bodices. A pretty little woman, name unknown, was distinctly bridal in white satin, and a Marie Antoinette fichu of Alençon lace. Amongst the many green frocks, I liked Lady Boston's best. Miss Stanley Cary in pale grey silk, and a wide picture hat, made a notably pretty figure, too, while Lady Helen Stewart's white silk muslin, with lace insertions, was quite the acme of dainty, well-considered simplicity.

Hospitalities were never more admirably dispensed at the different clubs than at this last meeting. The Guards', Gunners', and White's, did their guests to admiration; the 4th Hussars were characteristically hospitable, too, on the regimental drag, and one's only regret was that half-a-dozen lunches, and as many teas were incompatible with that clear judgment which a race-card requires and occasionally repays. On all accounts it was indeed a meeting to be remembered, and many were the farewell benedictions showered on Isinglass as he romped in with the Cup and a record of nearly sixty thousand sterling, in stakes alone, besides.

The American contingent was represented by Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Bischoffsheim, who entertained a large party at

their house, while Mr. and Mrs. Menzies' extremely smart house-party included Lord Houghton, the de Traffords, and Prince Francis of Teck.

It may interest forthcoming brides to know that over thirty yards of white satin have gone to make up the sum total of Princess Hélène's severely simple wedding gown. A splendid Chantilly veil with the Royal Arms of France and Savoy worked in, covered the train, and was worn off the face according to custom with princesses. Princess Hélène would not have a special "book of hours" for her wedding, an ancient tradition still adopted by brides in Catholic countries, so her ordinary prayer book which she preferred to use, was dressed up in a smart white satin cover for the occasion instead. One of the Duke's gifts to his wife was a single row of large pearls, each of the thirty-two being absolutely perfect in shape and colour; another which took the unusual form of a bodice trimming was composed entirely of diamonds and pear-shaped pearls—these latter having come from the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, which is supposed to be the great pearl market of Southern Europe. A great tiara of antique diamonds is King Humbert's gift. By-the-way, when the new Duchess is presented at the Italian Court, she is to wear a cloth-of-silver dress, which has been manufactured in Russia and made by Worth; her Court mantle to be worn with it is of turquoise velvet, lined with white satin and bordered with blue ostrich feathers. The heart of a blonde could surely desire nothing more becoming.

Lady Beaumont, who has completed three years of widowhood is about to emerge from that chrysalis condition of lilies and languors shortly. Lord Marcus Beresford is the happy man. No doubt Lord William's excellent precedent has recommended itself to his brother. Lady Beaumont was Miss Wootton Isaacson, whose mother, under the style and title of Madame Elise, of Regent Street, had a world-wide reputation for "chiffons" in the most comprehensive sense of that word.

Every day discovers fresh surprises in the persons of those afflicted with bicycling. Lady Randolph Churchill, who has just got back from Paris is one of the latest victims; and another beautiful American widow wheels about Battersea inconsolably "arranged" in crape, even to her Tam o' Shanter. Lady Wolverton, and the three pretty daughters of the French Ambassador, are amongst the really graceful—which are really few. To Mr. Algy Bourke a vote of thanks is vowed every time one breakfasts at White's incomparably comfortable annexe, or dines there in the evening before one of the frequent tours citywards by the Embankment, which are the latest form of this fantastic pleasure. The going is generally good then, moreover, as at that hour the City is more or less quiet.

VERA.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA
AND HER SON CAROL. PHOTO BY
MAUNDY, BUCHAREST.



TROUT FISHING NEAR LONDON.

ROUND about London—little as many ardent followers of Izaak Walton may grasp the fact—is some of the finest trout fishing in the world. An easy hour's journey from Charing Cross, from King's Cross, or from Paddington, will put you on one of the slow, crystal-flowing streams where three-quarters of a pound trout are returned to the water as “unsizeable,” and where a two-pound fish is far from being regarded as a monster. Where is the stream in the West country, in the North, or across Tweed, where fish under a pound, or under twelve—and even fourteen—inches in length, are returned to their element as being undersized? A ten-inch trout or grayling is takeable on any Derbyshire stream, and such a one, even in the pink of condition, is very far from pulling down the scales by the banks of Wye, Dove, or Derwent, at three-quarters. The best of the trout waters within an easy hour of town lie in Hertfordshire, Kent, and Middlesex, and amongst them, more or less, perhaps, in the order of merit, so far as the experience of the writer goes, are—the upper waters of the Lea (Herts), the Chess (Herts), the Mimram (Herts), the Darenth (Kent), and the Colne (Middlesex). There are, in addition to these beautiful little trouting waters, several others, famous in certain portions for the number and size of their fish, such as the Wandle—which is, perhaps, the most accessible of all, and certainly was at one time considered the best—the Ver, the Beane, the Gade, and the Iver. At a longer range are the Itchen, the Test, the Anton, the Pang, the Kennet, the Stour, and the Lambourne. Even these streams are just accessible to a Londoner, who has the whole of a long day at his disposal in the height of summer, and does not shrink from four hours' railway travelling on the journey to and from his fishing ground.

Early Spring and Autumn are usually voted the best months for trouting in the West and North of England, as well as in Wales and Scotland. But in the case of what may almost be called the suburban streams—the Upper

Lea at Hatfield, the dainty little Mimram in the same district, and the Darenth at Farningham and Horton Kirby, are all very easily within a thirty miles' radius of Charing Cross—the latter end of May, June, July, and even August, are all good months. On a noted length of one of the Hertfordshire streams, of which illustrations are given in this article, the writer and a friend, only the other day, put together a creel of between ten and eleven pounds of fish—the two largest going about a pound-and-a-half apiece—These fish were considerably below the average weight of Hertfordshire takeable trout, but full of gameness, and in capital condition, despite the fact that the May-fly had not then come on. On the Lea, and lower down the same stream, the trout run far bigger, though they are not, perhaps, quite so numerous. Four-pound fish are by no

means rarities, and not a great while ago a friend took with a single delicate olive dun-fly a grand trout of six pounds and a quarter. Tall tales these may seem to Devonshire anglers—who fish the little impetuous moorland streams, where a half pounder is the fish of a day if not of a season,—but even six pounds and a quarter is not a record. Mr. Thurlow captured—though not with the dry fly—one considerably heavier only a season or two since in the charming little stream at High Wycombe. The May-fly time is the season when



THE FISHING HUT.

these monsters of the deep do most come forth from their dim hiding places, and search for surface food. The cry recently went forth amongst anglers “the fly is up,” and a day's fishing on any good stretch of one of these superb streams within reach of London is a greater privilege than at any other time of the year. As to the scenery by these sedately flowing rivers of Home county land, it may be characterised perhaps as rather tame by those who seek sport amid the wild rugged hills of Norway or Scotland; but it has a quiet beauty of its own, particularly agreeable to men who are compelled to labour week in week out in the midmost turmoil and clangor of a great restless city. The “little hills preach peace,” and the for ever low and sweet murmur of the brooks brings oblivion, even if only for a few hours, of the stress of London life.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.



WHERE THE FOUR-POUNDER
WAS CAUGHT.



TWENTY MILES FROM
LONDON TOWN.



POETS still tell us that as the world grows older we shall all be wiser and better; science will achieve prodigies undreamt of by our generation, and a beautiful development of morals will establish the brotherhood of man, the federation of the world. Mr. Wells has a different hypothesis. The owner of the Time Machine is a scientific gentleman who constructs a kind of bicycle which enables him to make excursions up and down the stream of Time, back to the age of the ichthyosaurus and forward to the year 802,701. You might expect that by that date mankind will be incredibly sagacious. I regret to say that such is not the case. The Time Traveller discovers that in A.D. 802,701 the valley of the Thames is inhabited by two classes of society, one above ground and the other below. Capital has appropriated the surface of the earth, and Labour has been driven into its bowels. The Eloi, that is to say, the people upstairs, are a degenerate species, who spend all their time "in playing gently, in bathing in the river, in making love in a half-playful fashion, in eating fruit and sleeping." Nobody works, nobody reads—everybody is, in short, a perfectly graceful and amiable idiot. The Morlocks, who are below stairs, perform all labour of the community. They are the descendants of Mr. John Burns, who will be pleased to learn that the toilers of the remote future are horrible creatures, with lidless eyes, who have been driven by starvation into cannibalism. The Morlocks are still the bondsmen of the Eloi, but they revenge themselves by climbing up shafts from their subterranean homes at night and carrying off any upper-dwellers they can lay their hands on, to be cooked and eaten down below.

This cheerful outcome of our intellectual striving is to be the result of making things pleasant all round, except for the inferior persons downstairs. It is a social state of atrophy caused by the utter quenching of human energy and ambition. This speculative fantasy fills me with alarm. I look fearfully into the basements of houses, expecting to see the first premonitions of the Morlocks in Betsy, who is fetching coals from the cellar. Don't tell me that the Haves will find it a rather tough job to monopolise the light of day, and that before the Have-nots are driven underground into eternal darkness, some generations of Keir Hardies will have a word to say. Don't pretend that all our competition of individual brains and appetites is eternal, and that the utter sterility and futility of intellect are therefore impossible. I have an awful presentiment that in the year of grace 802,701 there will be no G. W. Smalley to study emperors, cardinals, statesmen, diplomatists, dukes, professors, and lady novelists. The Eloi will not need a Smalley, and their perfect unconsciousness of their privation will be the crowning pathos of their fallen humanity. Mr. Smalley is so wonderful a

product of our own time, that I grieve to think we shall not be able to transmit him to future epochs. Perhaps the most characteristic thing in his book is his regret that public taste in England and America will not allow him to give an intimate sketch of Mrs. Humphry Ward. He yearns to present her to the "craving American public in a more, and not less, attractive light than that which radiates from mere criticism and comment." I have not noticed any irksome reticence in the radiance which is shed upon that public by the agreeable writers who describe London society in the American journals. But Mr. Smalley does not speak of "mere gossip." He says it is "a psychological study" of Mrs. Ward that he wants to give, but the prejudices in England and America won't let him.

This is somewhat of a mystery, though it may be intended to explain the very small part which psychology plays in Mr. Smalley's "Studies." He has not even mastered the fact that "Marcella" is not a Socialistic novel. The whole tendency of that book is precisely the reverse of Socialism, and the heroine who begins as a revolutionary, ends as the submissive wife of a very individualistic young landowner. Amongst his considerable gifts, Mr. Smalley does not possess that of the literary critic. When he writes about Froude, he informs the "craving American public" that Froude's historical writings must be classed, in point of truth, with Shakespeare's historical plays. As this is not irony, but a serious vindication of the historian, it serves as the most instructive example of Mr. Smalley's critical insight. An amusing misprint in the article on Froude really defines Mr. Smalley's most successful quality as a chronicler. He talks about Froude's renunciation of "Tactarianism," and he adds that "there was in Tactarianism an element of immorality." I don't know whether the "craving American public" perceived that what Mr. Smalley had in his mind was Tractarianism; but his oversight is fortunate because it furnishes an excellent description of himself. Mr. Smalley is a Tactarian. A refined and graceful tact must, I imagine, distinguish him in all the relations of life. There are many proofs of it in this interesting volume; it has repeatedly saved the writer from the "psychological study" which might give offence to American opinion; it has enabled him to sketch many eminent personages from actual observation without any indiscreet revelation. You must acknowledge the Tactarian even while you miss the psychologist; and if you do not learn from Mr. Smalley anything that is really profound or luminous, you must remember the difficulty of writing table-talk in the style of Caesar's Commentaries.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"The Time Machine." By H. G. Wells. W. Heinemann.
 "Studies of Men." By G. W. Smalley. Macmillan & Co.



MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
PHOTO BY F. HOLLYER, PEMBROKE
SQUARE, W. FROM THE PORTRAIT
BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

A son of the late Admiral Charles H. Swinburne, he was born in 1837, and entered at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1857. On leaving the University he travelled on the Continent, and spent some time in Florence with W. S. Landor. In 1861 he published two plays, "The Queen Mother," and "Rosamund," but did not attract much critical attention till 1864, when "Atalanta in Calydon" appeared. In 1865 his "Poems and Ballads" encountered a good deal of criticism. His later works include "Songs before Sunrise," "Bohémien," "Merry Shaver," "Triumph of Lynceus," "Studies in Song," "Astrophel," and a number of other volumes of poetry and critical essays in prose. He lives at Putney.



SOME PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE
ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY'S
FÊTE IN REGENT'S PARK. PHOTO-
GRAPHS BY RUSSELL & SONS.



SOME PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE
ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY'S
FÊTE IN REGENT'S PARK. PHOTO-
GRAPHS BY RUSSELL & SONS.



THE MAN WITH TWO HEADS.

IT is generally understood in well-ordered families that the nurse who threatens a child, whether with the supernatural or with simple sweeps, lions, or tigers—goes. The rule is a good one, for the appeal to fear may very possibly hurt a child. Nevertheless, it generally fails to hurt him. If he is "prone to fears," he will be helpless under their grip, poor little one, without the suggestion of any human tales. The night will threaten him, the shadow will pursue, the dream will catch him. Terror itself has him by the heart. And terror, having made his pulses leap, knows how to use any thought, any shape, any image, so as to account to the child's mind for the flight and tempest of his blood. "The child shall not be frightened," says ineffectual love; but, though no man make him afraid, he is frightened. Fear knows him and finds him alone, and the nursemaid's introduction is quite superfluous.

The little child who has this solitary intimacy with the fright that cannot be kept away, because it inhabits him, is hardly at the mercy of any human threats; and even so the child whose pulses go steadily, and whose brows are cool and fresh, is safe, or almost safe, from them.

This is one of the points on which the healthy child resembles the Japanese. Whatever that extreme Oriental may be in war and in diplomacy, whatever he may be at London University, or whatever may be his plans of Empire, with regard to his unseen world he is a child at play. He hides himself, he hides his eyes and pretends to think he is hiding, he runs from his fetiches and laughs for the mere fun of running.

So did a little boy threatened, for his unruliness, with the coming of the man with two heads. We are willing to believe that no fairly trustworthy nurse would have been stimulated to this work of invention by anything but the acutest provocation. The boy, who had profited well by every one of his four long years, and was radiant with the light and colour of health, refused to be left to compose himself to sleep. It was, in fact, hardly a reasonable thing to require it of him. Children do not compose themselves to sleep. The act is an adult act, learnt in the self-conscious and deliberate years of later life, when we go on a mental journey in search of rest, aware that we are setting forth. But the child is caught and overtaken by sleep, surprised and overcome. He no more goes to look for sleep than he takes a "constitutional" with his hoop and hoop-stick.

The child amuses himself up to the very last of his waking moments. Happily, in the search for amusement he generally learns some little habit, or cherishes some little toy, which, in time, becomes associated with sleepiness, and so helps, against his will, to bring about sleep. Thus his

amusements betray him, for sleep is the enemy. What wonder, then, that a child, who knows that everyone in the world desires his peace and pleasure, should clamour for companionship in the first minutes of reluctant rest? This child, being happy, did not weep for what he wanted; he shouted for it, in the rousing tones of his strength. It was after many evenings of this, no doubt, that the nursemaid revealed to him the existence of the man with two heads, who, when a child would not go to sleep alone, might be expected to show himself.

Unable to explain that no child ever "goes" to sleep, but that it is sleep that "goes" for a child, the little boy yet accepted the penalty, believed in the man with two heads, and kept quiet for a time.

Needless to say, there was much indignation in the mother's heart when the child told her what might be expected to appear at his bedside; she used all her emphasis in assuring him that no man with two heads would ever trouble his innocent eyes, for there was no such portent anywhere on earth. (But no mother ever reassures her child without a heartache of fear as to what portents are, indeed, awaiting him.) She found him, however, cowering with laughter, not with dread, lest the man with two heads should see or hear. The man with two heads had become his play, and so, perhaps, was bringing about the child's sleep by gentler means than the nurse had intended. He was occupying the vacant minutes of the little boy's flight from sleep, called "going to sleep" in the inexact language of the grown-up.

Nor would the boy give up his faith with its little tremor and its secret laughter. Because a child has a place for everything, this boy had placed the monstrous man in the ceiling, in a corner of the room that might be kept out of sight by the bed-curtain. If that corner were left uncovered, the fear would get stronger than the fun, and the game would grow rather too earnest, like the pastime of climbing the Matterhorn; "the man would see me," said the little boy. But let the curtain be in position, and the child lay alone, hugging himself in the dear belief that the monster was near.

He was earnest in controversy with his mother as to the existence of his man. The man was there, for he had been told so, and he was there to lie in wait "for naughty boys," said the child with cheerful self-accusation. The little boy's voice was somewhat hushed because of the four ears of the listener, but it did not falter, except with disappointment, when the mother's arguments against the existence of the man seemed to be gaining the day.

Then indeed, for the first time, the boy was a little downcast, and the light of mystery became dimmer in his gay eyes.

ALICE MEYNELL.



SOME OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE
ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY'S FETE
IN REGENT'S PARK. PHOTO BY RUS-
SELL & SONS.



IT is seldom that actresses deliberately pit themselves against one another by a simultaneous presentation of the same part. Among the many excellent reasons why they should refrain from doing so, not the least excellent—though it is probably the last to be actually operative with them—is the quandary into which they put their critics. After all, dramatic critics are men (notwithstanding that they are occasionally, I believe, called beasts behind the curtains) and (by instinct, at any rate, it is as well to be modest) even gentlemen, and so do not like to be forced into comparing the appearance and talent and fascination of two ladies. In the drawing-room such a comparison would be an unpardonable brutality; and even in the theatre it has a certain air of indelicacy which cannot but give a sensitive man pause. It is unnecessary then to dwell—and perhaps maladroitness to dwell overmuch, lest you should think I am only parading my gentlemanly instincts—upon my discomfort in having to make some sort of comparison, a comparison challenged and unavoidable, between Eleanora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt in the practically identical version of Sudermann's *Heimath* which, under the title of *Magda*, they have produced in London. I see that I have written Signora Duse's name first, which is "no how to behave," being the order neither of seniority nor of the alphabet nor of sequence of playing. I did it without thinking—and thereby let the cat out of the bag. Yes, I may as well make a clean breast of it, Signora Duse's *Magda* is for me beyond all cavil the greater performance of the two; I mean the performance which gave me the stronger emotion at the time and which has left the more lasting impression on my mind. To tell the whole of the truth, the one performance has almost driven the other out of my head. Writing after the lapse of a week or so, I have considerable difficulty in recalling the details of M^{me}. Bernhardt's acting in the part. But at this moment, and speaking without hyperbole, I can see Signora Duse, with her eyes flashing fire, with her hands beating wildly against her breast, and the sound of her voice in certain phrases (prolonged wails for instance, such as "*mi-ì-o bambino*" or "*i-io sono i-i-o*") is still ringing in my ears. Right or wrong (and now, as I hope always, I am only recording personal impressions, not pretending to deliver a judgment from the bench) I can only measure the force of acting by the intensity of the feeling it excites in me. And measured by that test—if it is a test (if not, will you tell me what is?)—Signora Duse's acting is incomparably the greatest I have ever seen.

Of the play itself, as a piece of stage-work, or of literature or of ideas, I can find little to say, for it has left only the vaguest impressions on my mind. It strikes me, speaking roughly, as the work of a man who would like to write like Ibsen if he could, but who, as a matter of fact, cannot, because he is neither an original nor a profound thinker. Sudermann wants to contrast the old ideal of home, "our

fireside concerns," as Charles Lamb called them, the placid domestic affections, and our daily course of duty run, with the ideal of the free, instinctive, vagrom life of the intellect and the arts. The one he symbolises by a philistine, bourgeois household in a petty German town, a household consisting of a doll-daughter, a mother who is what Sarah Grand would call a "cow-woman," and a father who is more of the Roman father than any stern parent in the classical history-books, a living embodiment of the *patria potestas*, plus a military martinet, drilling and hectoring his woman-kind as he used to drill and hector his troops. On the other hand, you have the free, roving, unconventional life of the artist personified in *Magda*, an elder daughter of the martinet's, who has fled from the paternal tyranny, has had what frail wenches euphemistically call an "accident," and has now expanded into an orchidaceous personality, a full-blown prima donna, with a retinue, thirteen trunks, diamonds, the homage of crowned heads, crowds of interviewers at her door, etc., etc. She has her father's strong will—diverted to another channel. She sets the fashion in her own world, she tells him; things are right because she does them. These are the ideals out of which Sudermann gets his contrast and dramatic struggle; what I don't like is the way in which he takes the ideals on their weakest side. A fairer picture of the domestic ideal could easily be presented than that which he gives us; philistinism, paternal tyranny are mere accidents, not essentials, of the ideal. His view of art-life, too, is the cheap vulgar view ("art-life" suggestive of Tottenham Court Road "art-furniture"), the view of material success, noisy advertisement, gorgeous clothes, and jewellery. This vulgar view, I am bound to say, M^{me}. Bernhardt emphasises both in dress and demeanour. She presents all the exterior of the part. Now Signora Duse gives us the heart of it, slurring over (with a truer instinct than the author) the *cabotinage* and the vagabondage, and giving us the true artist, the woman to whom the conventions of life are simply incomprehensible when they conflict with the instincts and emotions that are sacred to her. Thus, when bidden to marry her seducer and deny her child, she becomes a colossal figure of animal motherhood, with its mingled tenderness and ferocity; she simply towers above the rest; has a sort of majesty, like one of the elemental forces of nature. And throughout she is a palpitating, living, natural woman—"the will," in Schopenhauer's sense, made feminine; whereas M^{me}. Bernhardt is always the *cabotine*, always exerting her personal fascinations, always acting, always posing for the gallery. After all said and done, I am not sure that the latter figure is not nearer Sudermann's intention. If so, I can only say, Sudermann's intention be hanged! For Signora Duse gives us something better than the Sudermannism of Sudermann, she gives us life itself.

A. B. WALKLEY.



MISS JULIA ARTHUR.
PHOTO BY THORS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Born at Hamilton, Ontario. Played in an amateur dramatic club when quite a child; and, before she was sixteen years old, had acted many parts with Daniel E. Baudemann, including Juliet, Ophelia, Portia, and Lady Macbeth. One of her earliest successes was made as Dora in a play founded on Tennyson's poem. Although still young, has had a wide experience of the stage and has a reputation of first moment throughout the United States as a leading lady. Engaged by Sir Henry Irving to play Rosamund in "Becket," Hero in "Much Ado about Nothing," Emilia de L'Esparre in "The Corsican Brothers," etc.



WE used to hear more than we do about the "Cries of London." Once upon a time they afforded a fertile theme for the comic song writer, and the funny faculty generally, but now it would seem they are neglected. Far be it from me to revive them in the ancient spirit of those humorists (who, by the way, committed themselves in the measures most affected by the late Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayley, of pious memory), still less do I propose to chant a tearful elegy over their disappearance from lyric song, so the reader need not trouble to hold his ears, for he is not to be inflicted with a canticle on "Cat's Meat" or a dirge on "Dust 'O."

The "cries" have ceased to interest us; they have either been done to death or they are swallowed up in the ever-deepening din of the Metropolis. Let it rest, then, this detail of "Cries": but there is still something to be said about the sounds that combine in the "innumerable roar" of London.

He would be a subtle analyst who could separate out all the components of that deep "brool" and assign to each its relative value, and most likely he would die in the attempt. But there is a process of partial separation, carried on nightly, which requires no effort. An attentive ear is all that is needful on the part of the observer, and as for apparatus, that consists of a range of telegraph wires over the roof of one's lodging.

All day these wires go on singing, unheard and unsuspected, while London roars aggressively. In the earlier small hours it seems as though the city were still, but that is not so. Though the listener cannot detect the softened murmur, it is there. He cannot hear it, but it is loud enough to drown the song o' the wires. About two, however, their faint hum becomes audible overhead, and before three it is intense as an æolian harp—too intense, sometimes, for the writer's comfort. Thereafter it passes out of hearing, for the city's brief lull is over.

Another strange elimination, wrought in the small hours, is the general voice of the city clocks. It is not always audible, but sometimes the combined effect of many bell-notes may be caught. The nearer clocks must not be taken note of, if you would hear aright the faint musical wave that sweeps over London every hour—nay, every quarter, though, of course, it is stronger at the hour. Once I caught it well; it began faintly, swelled softly, with a sort of indefinable discord, and trembled away in uncertainty. It was most like that elusive, unseen chorus in the first act

of Tannhäuser. I care not how often I hear it again. It is almost worth the wakefulness it costs.

These "trifling foolish" notes on London sounds were destined never to be finished. By good, or bad, luck they fell under the eye of Harris, who considers himself privileged to read everything he finds lying uncared-for on my desk. Entering my room one day I found him with the fragment of MS. in his hand and thereat my heart rejoiced, "for," I reflected, "my friend will make some wonderfully original remarks on the same subject (which he must know far better than I), and so by the generous addition of his golden thought, my treatise may rise out of primal insignificance."

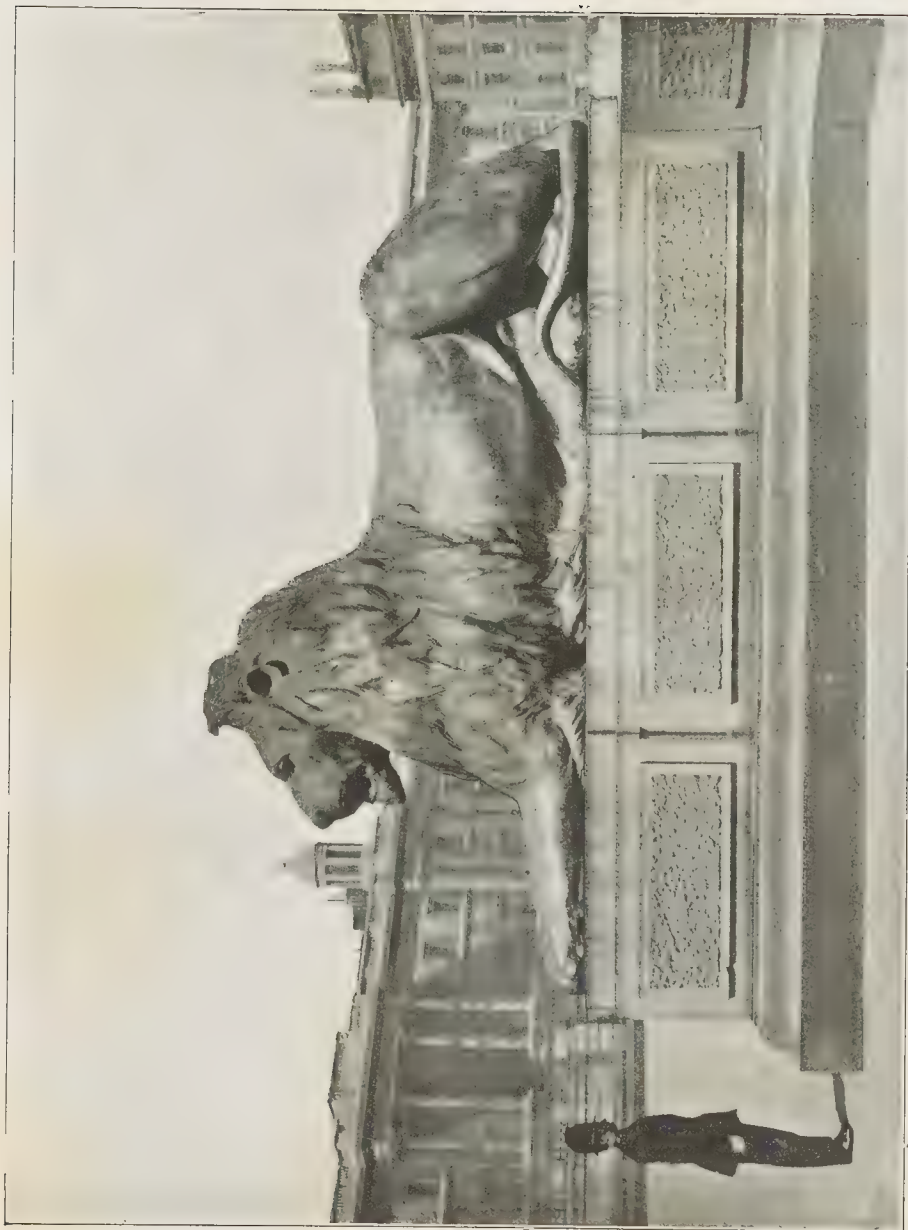
But it was not to be. "I wonder," said Harris, as he lighted a cigarette, thereby sadly imperilling my embryo essay—"I wonder you don't write about the Silences of London! You needn't stare at me. They exist, these silences, and some of them possess, for me at least, a very noble impressiveness. With these the old platitude about 'eloquent silence' seems a little less threadbare than usual, and I often amuse myself, if I may be permitted the paradox, by listening to what these dumb voices have to say."

"You have tacitly," he continued, "likened the roar of London to the deep 'brool' of the king of beasts. The London lion I delight to honour never permits his voice to be heard by what Keats called the 'sensual ear,' but truly for the spirit he hath 'a ditty of no tone'; or by a more consistent figure, if you take him rightly, he will 'roar you as gently as a sucking dove.' He is the grandest, the most serene of all our City silences, and next time you are in Trafalgar Square it will profit you to pay him homage.

"There he has couched with three comrades, since 1867, when Landseer's genius gave him visible form, a grave observant old lion, 'calm,' as the *Times* critic phrased it, 'in the consciousness of might, but with no anger nor defiance, except that which is inseparable from such strength.' He sees and hears more than he will tell, but the kingly heart of him, he owned once to me, aches often for the misery that is fain to sleep under the shelter of his pedestal. Then he sighed with an Homeric heaviness, as it seemed to me.

"But he is, nevertheless, a sad old wag as indeed, most great-hearted heroes are. He complained with comical bitterness of opposition and competition. 'What with your Shazadas, and your great explorers,' he growled, 'your mop-headed musicians and minor poets, a sober old stay-at-home lion cannot get much public recognition. Time was when the newspapers said beautiful things about me. Nowadays, I'm rather neglected, except when the comic press represents me in the act of admonishing some labour orator with my paw. But'—and here he closed the left eye of him in no very kingly fashion, though, of course, even kings must be allowed their little joke—"but," he insinuated, "I've really no great cause for complaint. In fact, I've quite the pull of my competitors. They are but for a season—I had almost said a day—but I am an abiding factor in the national greatness. I am assured, too, of the quiet esteem of the people and the police; and, thank Heaven, in season and out of season, I can still hold up my undiminished head." He is a marvellous old silence," concluded Harris. "Cultivate him, a' Dreams, cultivate him, and the benefit will be reciprocal!"

JOHN A' DREAMS.



ONE OF THE LIONS IN TRAFALGAR
SQUARE. PHOTO BY YORK & SONS.



THE WEEK BEFORE HENLEY.

"HENLEY," said an old rowing enthusiast the other day, "is the grandest institution in the world."

But upon being pressed to remember how many regattas he had witnessed, he was compelled to admit that he had not attended even one. "Nobody who is sane," he explained, "attends such an ordinary affair as a regatta. We have quite enough of society, soda-water, and sandwiches elsewhere. When I go to Henley, I go a week before the race meeting."

This bias is not a little astounding, though there are many river men who share it. Whatever be the particular charms of Henley in regatta week, there can be no question of the enjoyment to be obtained by a sojourn in the town during the ten or twelve days which herald *le sport*. That is the time when hotel keepers do not ask you to sleep five in a bed, and to pay a guinea for it; a time when you may view the rowing without oburgation; may follow the best crews on horseback, and meet no man to say you nay; may loaf by the house-boats when dark has come down. The man who is an aquatic enthusiast could seek no finer opportunities.

No other aspect of Henley is so fascinating as this; no other moment of the year so welcome to one whose rowing deeds are memories, and whose bodily weight is a reality. There are hundreds of men who will miss the regatta cheerfully; few who will willingly deprive themselves of the pleasures of this preceding week. If they are tempted to reverse the order of things on the present occasion, to cut the days of practice and save themselves for the days of performance, the departure must be set down to the advent of a Cornell crew which is to try conclusions with our best eights in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup. All said and done, there is nothing of which we are as a nation more jealous than the supremacy of our amateur rowing. Despite the defeat of a weak London Club Eight by the Frenchmen, two years ago on the Seine, rowing is the one sport in which even Max Nordau would hesitate to describe us as decadents.

But if some of the prophets are to be believed, even Leander and Thames will have all their work cut out to hold this American eight over the short course at Henley. If only the race were one of three or four miles, the cause for anxiety would be small. None of these Yankee crews can last. They row a viciously quick stroke; they know nothing whatever of the use of body swing; they are sliders *pur et simple*—and yet their speed for half a mile is not to be disputed. The way they can force their boat through the water at the beginning of the course is simply depressing. I have seen some Eton men who were not infants at a fast stroke, but no Eton eight that ever floated could live with these Cornell men for sheer rapidity of action. Their ordinary paddle is one at forty four. They rarely attempt to row at a slower stroke than forty-six. It is possible that they will attempt fifty in the race. Such an achievement cannot fail to make them superior to any eight of ours over half the course at least. It remains to be seen if they will then row themselves out so completely that the Englishmen can catch them. Taken as a whole, this Cornell combination now with us seems the best thing that has yet come out of America. Hitherto the Yankees have sent their "fours" to us but only once has such a "four" achieved victory. I refer to the win scored by the Columbia men at Henley in the year 1878. The Harvard four of 1869 was badly beaten by one of the very finest English crews that this generation has known. That, however, was over a long course, and judging from the words of veterans, the Cornell eight of 1895 seems superior to the Harvard four of 1869. Certainly, the men now at Henley are wonderfully neat. They row with a recovery which is delightful to see; they never feather under water; they use their slides perfectly. If they used their bodies in the same skilful way, one would prophesy victory for them unhesitatingly. Our only hope must be that a style which is all arms and all slide will prove unavailing even over a mile course, and that Leander will catch them—as other American crews have been caught—on the post.

MAX PEMBERTON.

Our Art Supplement.

WITH this week's issue we publish a Special Supplement, consisting of an elaborate summary of "The Family History and Cricket Career of Dr. W. G. Grace," fully illustrated with portraits and views, several of which have been specially taken for *The Album*. The letterpress is from the pen of Mr. G. Falconer King, of Bristol.



MAR LODGE, THE HIGHLAND RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE AND SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON LEAVING FOR BRAEMAR. PHOTO BY DOWNEY.



THE ROYAL OPERA.

THE Opera, so far as the season has this year progressed, must be acknowledged, in the face of the present conditions which rule the musical world, to be a highly curious phenomenon. Of late years we have been nothing in music if not up to date. The jingling melodies, orthodox, symmetrical, rememberable, in which our fathers and grandfathers found true rest to their souls, had gone out of fashion. The critic, who most of all had resented the remoteness and the novelty of the Wagnerian melody, felt himself compelled to swim with the times. He was forced into a forgetfulness of his former vocabulary, and he grew content with the new words which were presently coined to suit the new convention. Some of these great directors of modern thought caught up the prevailing spirit (like a fever) even with mortal vehemence; and it has been my lot to learn in the columns of a "large and influential daily paper" the sad fact that Mozart is "a little *passé*." Under these circumstances, it is, indeed, no wonder that we should have been lectured these many years upon the impossibility of Verdi, the "time worn," "barrel-organ" nature of his melodies, the thinness of his early orchestration, and what not. The public had been satiated with Verdi; the public had tired of him; and it was manifestly the duty of the critic to interpret for the public the feelings of the public.

And now, behold! a strange thing has happened. Sir Augustus Harris, for reasons best known to himself, has determined—for this year, at least—utterly to disregard this modern musical pose; and at Covent Garden crowded houses revel in the "time-worn" joys of *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and *Rigoletto*. What is the unfortunate critic to do? Othello's occupation's gone. Either, like myself, he must (if he happens to have done so before) acknowledge the peculiar greatness, with limitations, of Verdi's genius, remembering that Verdi depends largely for his great effects upon the manner in which those effects are accomplished; or—if his modern pose has been too solidly uncompromising—he must rather sorrowfully abide by his staling epithets, and put the blame of success upon the shoulders of Tamagno, Melba, or another. Mind, I am not for a moment asserting the superiority of the earlier Verdi with any emphasis; but I happen to like the earlier Verdi; and, if you will, I, too, will shift all the blame of my partiality to the shoulders of Melba, Tamagno, or another.

Tamagno's broad shoulders may well bear that brunt. Never, I should think, has there been a singer capable of such broad effects of splendour, such strength, such dramatic fire and power. It is impossible to say that in less exciting moments he is a particularly great tenor. His voice, where

uninspired by elation, is not very interesting; he ordinarily wobbles round his note, which, low or high, he seems to find a difficulty in marking with precision. But give him a dramatic moment, the possibility of a "Di quella pira," of an "Ora e per sempre addio," or of the War Song from *Le Prophète* and you have him transformed, illuminated, without rival or peer. I do not say that it is the best kind of art; but I do say that of this kind of art Tamagno is the best representative conceivable.

It must not be supposed, however, from the foregoing that Verdi has been the sole food for our musical stomachs—alas, how often do we judge music more from our stomachs than our heads! during the season. Our one and only Melba has, indeed, triumphed in *Rigoletto*; that was, perhaps, the occasion of her greatest vocal achievement this year; but there is still her Marguerite, her Juliette, to reckon with. It has been everywhere stated that Melba, beautiful though her voice is, acts without sincerity—which is the same thing as saying that she is an execrable actress. I greatly suspect that the reason lies in the fact that she is much more concerned about vocal production than about facial contortion, and that the unreality of operatic surroundings restrains her with flashes of irresistible humour. There can be no two opinions about that voice which apparently accomplishes, without any effort, everything for which other voices receive rapturous applause precisely on account of that effort. Its tone is purity itself, and if it somewhat resembles Maud, who "was neither savour nor salt."

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,"

that is because it is Melba's way to attain faultlessness by the path of vocal passionlessness. And, seeing what Melba has grown to be, I for one refuse to blame. There has been Albani, too, with her well known Elsa, her Desdemona, and her new Edith, the heroine of Sir Edward Malet's and Mr. Cowen's very disappointing opera, *Harold*; there has been Miss Macintyre, excellent in *Il Trovatore*, and in the *Mefistofele* of Boito; and the immortal Patti, whose reception in *La Traviata* is now among the historical things of opera. And there is also Maurel, whose Falstaff ranks among the best characters he has ever undertaken. It is thoughtful, full of comedy, full of humour, full of—Shakespeare. The Anne Page of the same opera was played and sung with singular grace and elegance by Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan, whose Carmen ranks among the few interesting Carnemens now on the stage. This is, indeed, a traditional character, but Mdlle. de Lussan accepts the traditions so gaily and so light-heartedly as to make them, even at this day, seem fresh and new.

VERNON BLACKBURN.



MDLLE. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.
PHOTO BY DUPONT, NEW
YORK.



LAWN TENNIS, HAMBURG.

OF the ever-increasing number of continental tournaments, none can be found more enjoyable to Englishmen than that of the Uhlenhorst Club, at Hamburg. To stay for such an occasion at one of the large and well-managed hotels on the banks of the Binnen Alster, a beautiful sheet of water over a mile in circumference, dotted with boats of every description and swans innumerable, is a pleasure not easily to be forgotten.

The Club Courts, fourteen in number, with dressing rooms, billiard room, and café, are situated in the best residential part of Hamburg, and reached either by handsome electric tramcars through streets of stately houses and avenues of trees, or by smoothly sailing steamers traversing the Binnen Alster and passing under the Lombards Brücke, connecting it with the Aussen Alster, a still larger sheet of water. The latter is surrounded by palatial residences with beautifully-kept gardens and green lawns, now and again interspersed with a café or beer garden.

The tennis played here is of a high order, the style being almost perfect and probably better than anywhere else on the Continent. A little ahead of the other players stands out Count Voss Schönau, who gets a good deal of practice with English players of the first rank during the winter at Cannes; while C. Winzer, equally well known on the Parisian Courts, is an effective player. But it is amongst the boys that one naturally finds the greatest promise, F. Grobien, G. Wantzelius, and H. Behrens all playing, for their ages (under seventeen), an exceptionally good game. From among them may easily be produced in a few years' time another Pim or Baddeley. Among the ladies are also found good exponents of the game in Miss C. Wantzelius, M. Warnholtz, and Miss M. Wölcken.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to Mr. A. V. Meden, an enthusiastic supporter of the game, for having always insisted on its being played strictly according to rule,

and the few foot faults which occur, the admirable manner of the umpiring, the correctness of the decisions and the sportsmanlike way in which they are always received and adhered to, as well as the marked general improvement shown by the players of late years, must be a matter of much gratification to him.

In all there have now been completed, after eight days' play, occasionally interfered with by the rain, five events, of which the winners are as follows:—

Open singles for the Championship of Hamburg, Count Voss Schönau, first; C. L. Gardiner, second. Open doubles, W. Howard and C. Winzer, first; L. Powell and E. B. Morrison, second. Single handicap, W. W. Gatliff, first; G. Wantzelius, second. Mixed doubles handicap, Miss M. Wölcken and W. Howard, first; Miss M. Warnholtz and E. B. Morrison, second. Gentlemen's doubles handicap, C. Winzer and E. B. Morrison, first; F. Grobien and K. Behrens, second. There still remain to be completed the finals for the Championship of Germany, now held by Count Voss Schönau, the ladies' single handicap, and a contest for juniors, and, *en passant*, it should be mentioned that, at all events, from an Englishman's point of view, the prolongation of the tournament is its greatest drawback. It would appear possible by utilising, say, only five courts to their full capacity, easily to conclude the tournament within three or four days.

I.H. the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, who was present during a considerable part of the tournament, and takes a keen interest in the game, is giving a gold watch as a prize for the juniors, and will again return with her two sons, in order that they may have an opportunity of watching good play in the remaining contests.

Of all the varied amusements with which the town abounds, to many none is more grateful than, after a hard day's tennis, a sail on the Alster, or a row to the side of one of the principal cafés, where one can listen to the strains of a good band on a lovely moonlight evening.

C. L. G.



HAMBURG—THE HARBOUR.



HAMBURG.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MADAME SÉVERINE.

SÉVERINE, for so she prefers to be called by both her hundreds of known friends and thousands of unknown admirers and readers, holds a unique place in the French journalism of to-day. Not only because she was the precursor of the Parisian woman journalist, but *par sa raison* of her admirable literary gift, and her power of touching as apparently no one save, perhaps, Rochefort, has been able to do of late years, the hearts and imaginations of the many constituencies whom she addresses each week, for strange though it may appear, there is no Parisian daily which would not be proud to number among its leader writers the one time editress of that red Republican little rag, *Le Cri du Peuple*.

On the boulevard Montmartre, within a stone's throw of the Fleet Street of Paris, Mme. Séverine has set up her household gods. The roomy hall, with its large open fireplace and solid centre oak table, recalls rather the picturesque kitchen-living room of some Provençal farmhouse than a Paris flat. *L'Hôtesse du Logis* is renowned for her hospitality in every sense of the word, and all conditions of men and women—the disinherited of the earth—are sure of a kindly welcome, a bit and a sup from the large-hearted woman who has earned for herself the title of *Notre Dame de Pitié*.

"Sitting with Séverine in her pretty drawing-room I learnt something," writes a representative of *The Album*, "of her strange and varied past and present life."

"No," she said, thoughtfully, in answer to a question, "nothing could have been more unliterary than my early surroundings. I come of a military stock; one of my uncles was killed at Sebastopol, and the other at Gravelotte, and, perhaps, some of my militant nature may have come to me indirectly from them."

"I married," she added, after a pause, "at the age of fifteen, and for some years went on living the same kind of existence as that to which I have already alluded. Then, in the April of 1880, being in Brussels with my parents, a friend introduced me to Vallès, the aged Communist writer. Circumstances arose which made me desirous of earning my own living; the armistice enabled Vallès to return to Paris, and I became his secretary. Anyone who knew the noble and ardent spirits who during the last thirty years gave up their lives to the regeneration of France will tell you how single-hearted and how noble was M. Vallès. I cannot express to you how great was the part he played in my life. All that is best in me I owe to him and his example!"

"And when, Madame, did you begin to sign your work?"

"Twelve years ago, in *Le Cri du Peuple*, which as you probably know, was founded and edited by Vallès. My

first article was signed "Séverin," for I thought my utterances would be received with more authority if they were believed the work of a man, but comparatively soon after I added the feminine *e*. I never then thought of writing for other papers, for all my energies were devoted to helping my leader. After his death I took over the editorship of the paper and I began writing for the *Gil Blas* and one or two other papers in order to obtain monetary means to keep alive *Le Cri du Peuple*."

"I suppose you prefer political writing to anything?"

Madame Séverine smiled. "Well, you know, I am in turn a Socialist, a red Republican, and an enthusiastic admirer of the present Pope, whom, by the way, I went to see some two years ago, so my political writing would be somewhat varied if I had an absolutely free hand. But seriously, although I make no secret of my opinions, I always prefer to write on subjects concerning which all thoughtful, intelligent people would feel alike. You know I take a vivid interest in all that concerns the condition of the worker, and my editors are kind enough to let me have my say on any matter of passing interest that occurs to me and which I wish to discuss."

"I have been told, Madame, that you have a wonderful system of organised charity by which you distribute alms to those really deserving of them."

"Yes; I found at last that something of the kind was needed. Every day I receive quantities of applications and appeals. At first I tried to personally investigate each case, but my strength gave way. I therefore hit upon the plan of asking those among my readers who had the time to spare, and were willing to undertake what must often prove an ungrateful task, to place themselves at my disposition in case of need. I have now in every quarter of Paris," she concluded simply, "trustworthy, kind-hearted folk who privately investigate those cases of poverty and need for immediate help, pointed out to me. If their report is favourable and entirely satisfactory, I either make an appeal to my readers or give a small donation out of the funds I may have in hand. By the way, I have nothing to do with the monetary side of the affair beyond investigating the cases. The money is lodged in a bank independently of me. I have had to arrange this for obvious reasons."

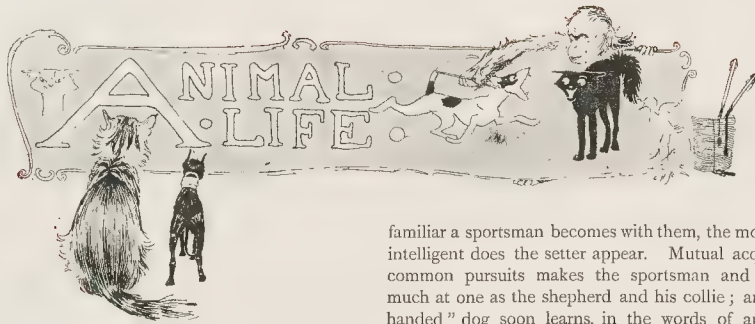
"You have, I believe, Madame, taken a prominent part in the anti-bull fight agitation?"

A flash of indignation came into my hostess's large grey eyes. "Yes, indeed; I detest cruelty, whether exercised on man or beast, and whether it be mental or physical. I would spend my last breath—ay, indeed, my last drop of ink (and a curious, half-sad smile trembled for a moment on her lips) in defending the dumb creature, whether it be bull or baby, incapable of defending itself."

M. A. B.



MADAME SÉVERINE.
PHOTO BY OGERAU,
PARIS.



THE ENGLISH SETTER.

FOR beauty, intelligence, and usefulness, in the specialized sense in which a sporting dog is said to be useful, there is none to equal the setter. Whether at home, as a household friend, behaving with dignified propriety in the drawing-room, or ranging the heather or the rough fields with a combination of impetuosity and alertness never seen in any other dog, it is as perfect in its place as it is possible for any dog to be. We recollect the tribute of praise wrung from a cautious Suffolk rustic on seeing the ranging, pointing and retrieving of a well-broken all-round setter through a long September day. "And how did the dog behave?" was the question asked, after he had deposited the game on his return home. "Well, sir," he replied, "the dawg acted as a dawg *should* act." In nine cases out of ten a good setter does "act as a dawg *should* act." Their instinct for "ranging," that is, quartering the ground in regular beats, at a gallop, with the head held high, so as to catch the scent of birds, is hereditary; so is that of "pointing" and "setting," which is believed to be a development from the pause made by the dog to ascertain the exact place of game detected by scent, before springing upon it. Setter puppies will "point" anything which looks strange or smells oddly. We have seen three, all stiff with excitement, pointing a butterfly. The "point," in which the setter stands rigid with one foot raised, is probably a later development than the "set," in which the dog drops suddenly on getting the scent of birds. Young dogs often go on crawling up to them after setting, which is a bad habit from the sportsman's point of view, but extremely interesting from that of the naturalist. This is the natural sequence of the set, supposing the dog to be hunting on its own account, and is the exact opposite of the impetuous "chasing" methods, natural to every other of the dog kind in pursuit of prey. The following is Dr. Caius' delightful description of a setter so engaged. "When he hath founde the byrde, he keepeth sure and fast silence, he stayeth his steppes and will proceed no further, and with a close, covert, and watching eye, layeth his belly to the grounde, and so creepeth forward like a worme. When he approacheth neare to the place where the byrde is, he layes him down, and with a marcke of his paws, betrayeth the place of the byrde's last abode, whereby it is supposed that this kind of dogge is called "*index*" or setter, being indeed a name most consonant and agreeable to his quality." In the last part of his remarks, the learned Doctor has made the setter's feats somewhat more marvellous than they are; but the more

familiar a sportsman becomes with them, the more admirably intelligent does the setter appear. Mutual acquaintance in common pursuits makes the sportsman and his setter as much at one as the shepherd and his collie; and a "single-handed" dog soon learns, in the words of an old Dutch sportsman, celebrated for missing hares, to be "able and willing to assist his master on every possible occasion." In the case in point, the assistance expected was to chase and catch the hares whether wounded or not. But without such grievous breaches of setter etiquette, their adaptability and cleverness when thoroughly trained and experienced, is a constant delight to their owner.

Setters vary much both in colour and size; but their general features are unmistakable. All share the fine long, glossy, wavy coat shown in the picture, broad foreheads, fine eyes, long ears, and a general look of elegance and strength. The white dogs, with speckles on the nose, legs, and feet, like that shown in the engraving, have an advantage from the sportsman's point of view over those of darker colours. They are always visible. Others, like the Gordon setters, which are black with tan points, or the Red Irish setters, are frequently lost sight of, when, as is often the case, they suddenly "set" in tall heather, and remaining motionless, are difficult to find until the birds either rise, or running on induce the dog to break his point and follow.

The best time at which to see setters in perfection is at the Annual Field Trials, which are held in the early spring. This is a competition of speed, power of scent, and training. Points are awarded for pace, regularity in quartering the ground, excellence of "nose" shown by the sets and points credited to each, and above all, for discipline, the dogs being expected to "drop" the instant the birds rise, and to remain in that position till the trainer waves his hand. A dog which has taken a high place at a Field Trial cannot be a bad one, and the probability is that it will possess as much beauty as intelligence and skill. Such a dog commands a high price, and we have never yet heard of anyone who regretted the money so spent.

There seems little doubt that the setter as we now see it was developed from the spaniel; the colours and texture of the coat are identical in both breeds, and it is known that some spaniels, though they have been used for "springing" and not for pointing game for many centuries, have a tendency to stop and point.

The Russian setters are woolly, almost like a poodle. They are excellent dogs in the field; and Mr. Kinglake, during the bombardment of Sebastopol, saw a pair of these setters ranging a hill-side alone, apparently excited by the firing.

Sailors were employed in the batteries on both sides, and fired their guns in "broad-sides." At each salvo the well-broken Russian setters "dropped to shot."

C. J. CORNISH.



THE ENGLISH SETTER.
PHOTO BY MR. CAM-
BIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



MY sister-in law insisted upon writing me a letter from Ascot, describing to me the various joys in which I participated not, and winding up with the irritating observation, "Why didn't you come, after all?" when she knew perfectly I had an attack of rheumatism, and had to lie on the sofa in a dressing-gown instead of pursuing the merry tenor of my frivolous way, and taking advantage of the opportunity I had of staying in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

Life is a dreary blank when you can't have everything your own way; there is no doubt about that. I hate being contradicted and I hate rheumatism, and I detest people who bear their pains well, always feeling absolutely certain that they have not any pains. However, to-day I am better just when it is too late. What is the use of being well in time for Henley, when you wanted to look your best at Ascot? And what is the use of grumbling when once your disappointment is a thing of the past? This is the sage remark uttered by two of my girl friends who have been calling on me this morning. Perhaps they are quite right. I am sure Ascot was very hot, but the description of the clothes was certainly fascinating. One woman, whose costume I am quite certain I should have envied had I seen it, wore black and white checked and spotted *chiné* silk, made with a black muslin fichu edged with double frills, outlined with yellow Valenciennes lace, and

the full skirt had a flounce from the knees of the black muslin and yellow lace, while her hat had a crown of white straw and a brim of lace, with two erect feathers of black and white standing up in the centre of the front. She boasted

a trim waist clasped by a band of black satin buttoned with diamonds. The description of a mauve-and-white striped glacé silk also appeals to me. This was made with a cream lace collar outlined with a double frill of pale blue chiffon, and had large elbow sleeves and a waist-band of blue, and it was crowned with a white hat trimmed round with a ruche of chiffon, with two white feathers at the side. Another dress, which strikes me as eminently desirable, was made of a pale yellow canvas crêpon, with a bodice boasting a corselet of cream satin traced with jet, the epaulettes and box pleat of cream-coloured lace. Round the neck of this was a narrow black ruffle, while the toque worn with it was entirely made of black roses with two wings setting up on the crown. On the whole, though, ostrich feathers are pre-eminently in favour with my dear friend Fashion just now. Well! the artificial flowers have had a very good innings, and they are by no means out yet. Indeed, they are

often to be found in combination with feathers, and, despite the cry of the ornithologists, birds and their wings, and wings without their birds are also to be met on the newest millinery.



THE CHINÉ SILK.

There is some comfort, if you have to lie down and be ill, in being able to contemplate seriously the number of extravagances which you have thereby avoided. It is distinctly economical not to be well, always supposing, of



A CRÉPON DRESS.

course, that you are on the free list of your doctor, and Providence, or your previous extravagance, has supplied you with several dressing-gowns. I have a new tea-gown, which I think, now that Ascot is over, will reconcile me to weeks of invalidism. The front and sleeves are made of *chiné* silk—everything is made of *chiné* silk, it is one of the rules of our fashionable existence—caught in folds just across the front, and showing a vest of cream lace. It has chiffon scarves, draped fichu-fashion, round the back of the shoulders, fastened with bows on the top, and falling with long ends to the hem. The chiffon is peach colour, catching the tones of the flowers on the *chiné* silk. Its charms are ephemeral, but then they are Charms with a capital C, and, perhaps, all that is beautiful in dress may now be written all that is evanescent. This is true, how true! in the case of our dear love, chiffon. Its freshness is here to day and gone to-morrow. We still adore it, and suffer no serious rival to contend its position of prime favourite. Quite half of the prettiest gowns at that Ascot which I so bitterly regret showed bodices of chiffon, some of them made with a front formed entirely of accordion-kilted frills, set perpendicularly on to

plain chiffon, through which gleamed a silken lining. Accordion pleating has by no means ceased to delight us. Entire bodices made of this, striped roundwards at inch intervals, with cream-coloured lace, are permitted to decorate those *chiné* silk skirts and sleeves which are among the idols of our existence.

But chiffon will have to take a back seat during Henley week; it certainly cannot be permitted the privilege of putting in its daily appearance on the river, where grass lawn is to reign supreme as the material for shirts, and where, as usual, serge asserts its sway as the one and only fabric worthy of consideration for gowns. Those who decorate house-boats may take unto themselves diaphanous skirts, but they are not very wise in their generation in so doing; for it is dull work to spend your whole day on a house-boat, and the muslin skirt does not submit amiably to the indignity of having its lace flounce dipped in the water as its wearer jumps into a canoe or punt. And so again it must be written—even though Shakespeare remarked iteration is damnable—that serge is the ideal



MY TEA GOWN.

stuff for river gowns. But sufficient for my day must be my tea-gown thereof. Alas and alack! shall I, I wonder, be able personally to test the joys of Henley?

PAULINA PRY.



LADY, whose signature "Thoreau" makes me suspect she would accuse me of speaking English with a British accent, has written not very graciously to ask how the Prince of Wales "fixes up" his home in the way of furniture. The question seemed of little utility, since it may be assumed that His Royal Highness is able to furnish on a scale outside the range of most of us. However, I find I can satisfy to some extent the curiosity of the lady from the land now suffering from Trilbymania, for in the valuable and interesting "Illustrated History of Furniture," written by Mr. Frederick Litchfield, the well-known Antiquary of Shaftesbury Avenue, is a picture of the Saloon at Sandringham House, and from Messrs. Truslove and Hanson, of Oxford Street, the publishers of the book, I have obtained a copy of the picture. It will be seen that in taste Royalty is eclectic, and shows a decided bias for English work. Indeed, except the clock, which seems Louis XVI., the tall figures with cornucopias that appear to be Italian, the cabinet in front somewhat Spanish in style, the Moorish armour, and the probably Oriental carpet, all appears to be of British origin. There is perhaps nothing exactly original in the "saloon," but it is obviously comfortable, and has a pleasant home-like look, combined with an effect decidedly pleasing to the eye.

It will be pleasant to many staunch Conservatives to know that as a class Royalty has not the æsthetic passion at all. On the contrary, as far as I can learn, the noble houses, apart from the question of actual collecting, rejoice in lively colour and favour the fads of the day. Theories of strict style are eschewed and the important firms sometimes called in by Royalty hardly find acceptance for their plans of adopting a definite scheme of decoration and adhering to it severely. Indeed, I might give as an instance the tale told to me by a member of a famous house of decorators, who after decorating a drawing-room, in what he calls the "compromised Louis XV. and XVI." style, and working at it for months with all his heart, found that as soon as his back was turned, the Princess who employed him introduced an American rocking-chair, a white enamelled cosy corner and a cast-iron pedestal lamp.

These slightly incongruous ideas bring to my mind what I saw the other day at the house of a now celebrated pianist. There were three pianos in his rooms which in most respects showed excellent taste; one was a Blüthner, another an Erard, and the third a Brinsmead, admirable in tone and beautiful as a piece of English decorative wood-work. Over each of the instruments of joy or torture was a sort of coffin, made of American cloth lined with flannel. The room, so far as the eye is concerned, was ruined by these hideous coverings. And yet it is easy to make a piano, despite the shape of what the Americans call the "meat safe," a valuable aid in decorating a room, for it is a splendid means of exhibiting beautiful fabrics.

Among the many ways of draping a grand piano, by chance I found one that is easy, very effective, and comparatively inexpensive.

Some years ago, my husband, who loves all things beautiful, was guilty of what he considered great extravagance in the purchase of one of Liberty's gorgeously-embroidered, Japanese satin dressing-gowns.

Strange that husbands who do not grumble at a ten-guinea bill for a very simple tea-gown that does not last as many weeks as the number of guineas charged, should so often hesitate at making such trifling purchases for their own sakes! However, the gown was taken into daily use, and proved a great success and a real delight to the wearer. The colouring was exquisite, the lining an inspiration, and the chrysanthemums were so skilfully blended with embroideries in dull gold, that I often gazed at the lovely garment, till the vain creature smiled with content at my implied approval of the change from Jaeger's sanitary wool to Japan's dainty silk.

Frankly, I gazed with baser motives working in my mind. It seemed perfectly ridiculous to me that a mere man should wear that lovely thing; and I wondered if it would make a pretty tea gown, worn over a loosely-flowing robe of soft silk. I came to the conclusion that sleeves *à la Parisienne*, would meet my views better than those *à la mode*, at Nagasaki, so I was discreetly silent. And he still wore the gown without guessing that the days of its glory were numbered. One day we brought home in triumph a rare jar of old Nankin, and I placed it on the piano—a boudoir grand. It looked well, but the colouring of the draperies of Louis XVI. brocade was not a good *répoussoir* to the glorious blue and white. I had an inspiration. I quickly placed the coveted Liberty gown on the piano, and was delighted with the effect, though, of course, it looked clumsy and refused to fall in graceful folds. Without hesitation I unpicked the sleeves, and tried again, and found that by placing the bottom hem of the dressing gown under the lid of the piano when opened, I could then arrange it easily. Near the foot of the piano, I caught a few folds that I pushed between the lid and the body of the instrument—the weight of the lid keeping them in position—and then allowed the happily chosen lining to peep through the slits left by the absent sleeves, which I joined together and used as a strip to cover the woodwork of the open lid near the music rest. The effect was delightful, and gave one the impression of a huge piece of stuff recklessly cut about to fit the instrument. By experience, I know how many yards are considered necessary to drape a piano, also the expense of the lining and inter lining, and was pleasantly astonished to find that for a few guineas it is possible to buy a lovely *crêpe-de-chine* Oriental dressing-gown, beautifully embroidered, wadded, and silk-lined, and to turn it into an ideal covering for that most troublesome of things to drape—a grand piano.

Another very inexpensive way of covering a grand piano is to get a Persian hand-printed bed-cover. Some are exquisite in colouring and the cotton on which they are printed is so soft that it falls into charming folds even under the fingers of the most inexperienced amateur. If the room is at all damp or cold it is well to place a thick blanket under the Oriental cotton fabric.

By-the-bye, I suppose there are few people who do not appreciate the difficulty of getting portières to harmonise with chairs covered with genuine old tapestries. Some time ago our dining-room was re-papered and I, seized with a fit of economy, declined to have the doors re-painted, thinking that they would tone well with the wall paper.

madder brown, or any shade that the tapestry needs to tone it down—and with a large flat brush splash the liquid lightly over the whole surface, and you will get a result to which Wardour Street is no stranger.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"NEW HOUSEKEEPER" wishes to know whether I consider it wise to have in daily use real silver forks and spoons! Though personally I object to plated goods, I must add that my prejudice comes from the fact that years ago I received, as a wedding present, a case of electro spoons and forks of such bad quality that after a few months the thinly-coated base metal showed frankly through the film of silver, and gave its characteristic taste to every spoonful of soup or tea. However, though silver is of comparatively little value nowadays, it seems still



THE SALOON, SANDRINGHAM HOUSE. PHOTO BY BEDFORD, LEMERE & CO., STRAND.

They did not—and picture, plates and jars were simply killed by the doors that asserted themselves, and ten times a day aggressively reproached me with my foolishly ill-placed meanness—for unsuccessful economy is apt to be called meanness by the wise. However, the painters had left, and just then we felt it was impossible to endure a second visitation of the British workman; so I wandered here, there, and everywhere in the hope of getting portières to hide the doors, and at last chose from Hampton's huge stock a fine tapestry that would, I guessed, be in harmony with the dining-room. So it was, but the colouring was not quite right, so I was in despair till a clever artist, who was dining with us one evening told me a *truc du métier*. Simply mix in a quantity of turpentine a tube of oil paint—olive green,

to have an irresistible fascination for dishonest "helps" who are occasionally called in for spring cleanings and other household joys, and a "NEW HOUSEKEEPER" will soon find the dozens of her silver set diminish to fractions unless she supplements it by plated goods. As far as wear, appearance, and finish go, Elkington's make is unapproachable in quality; and as its charms and value are less appreciated by servant than by mistress, "NEW HOUSEKEEPER" will, I think, be wise to add a few dozens of plated ware to the genuine silver set.

For draping the "Italian" bedstead "ALMA" would find a reversible cretonne easy to manage and a great saving in the way of linings. Alfred Robinson's, of Oxford Street, have a charming design in soft shades of greens and browns called "Lily of the Valley," that would, I think, be found very pleasing for the purpose. At the same time "ALMA" might look at some of his delightful Scandinavian ornaments in Juniper wood, that would fill up perfectly the odd corners that "ALMA" is anxious to decorate.

GRACE.



HIS FIRST GREAT CASE.

BY MARSHALL STEELE.

"THAT'S the case that made me," said Plumer, proudly, roused to narration by my politic allusion to Vance, the notorious burglar, whose sudden death at Portland had for two days provided the grateful journalist with "copy" during a season of gigantic gooseberries, sea-serpents, and profitless discussions on unmarriageable daughters. "Did I ever tell you how I took him?"

"Plumer," I replied solemnly, but indirectly, "the Dew of Ben Nevis, distilled a generation ago, is on your right; this is but a Laranaga, but the best I can offer you. Fill, light and fire away!"

I like Plumer. I do not believe him as much as I should, for I am a man of little faith. But I like him. He has humour, he has invention, which he modestly calls "memory," and he likes me, I believe, even better than he does my Scotch. Moreover, he has an unfailing stock of original anecdotes, which, in deference to his wishes, I refer to as his recollections; and he is always willing to draw on it for the benefit of the elect.

He filled his glass, declined the cigar and began:

"Twenty-two he did," he said, with wonder at the remarkable achievement.

"Burglaries?" I asked by way of interruption.

"No, sir, years, and twelve of them I got him, and then ten he had done this time. But as to burglaries, who shall dare to say how many he worked? A great man, a truly great man." If you leave out Mr. Gladstone and Peter Jackson, I don't know where you'll find a greater. And now, he's gone." Plumer slowly but reverently emptied his glass, as if performing some pious function to the memory of the dead. "Yes, a great man. Charlie Peace wasn't braver, or artfuller, and then Charlie Peace was always a little bit common, not exactly what you would call refined. But this one was always a perfect gentleman, the smooth-tongued, dirty, thieving blackguard! But there, he's dead, and a good thing for the world he is, and let's hope, a good thing for him too. Though as to where he is or where he will be—"

"Plumer," I said sternly, "no eighteenth century tricks. To the New Fabulist digressions are forbidden. Begin your story and stick to it, or I shall think your invention flags."

"Well, then, it's just thirty years ago since I made his acquaintance. I was but young in the force, but I was employed in detective work. One Sunday morning I was called round to the shop—Teddington way it was—at half-past four; I didn't stop to take a Turkish bath, you may be sure.

"'Burglary at Silverdale,' said Inspector Gabbitch as I came in. 'Plate and jewel casket gone. Altogether about a thousand pounds' worth of stuff. Go and see what you can make of it.'

"I went. Silverdale was one of seven houses in the Terrace, which got its name, I suppose, from being less like a terrace than any arrangement of houses I ever saw.

There's just this much of a terrace about it, that the high wall running at the back connects all the gardens. Miss Meldon, a rich old maid, lived at Silverdale, with her married sister, Mrs. Marchmont, a widow, and a pity and a shame it seemed that she was. Such a figure she had—"

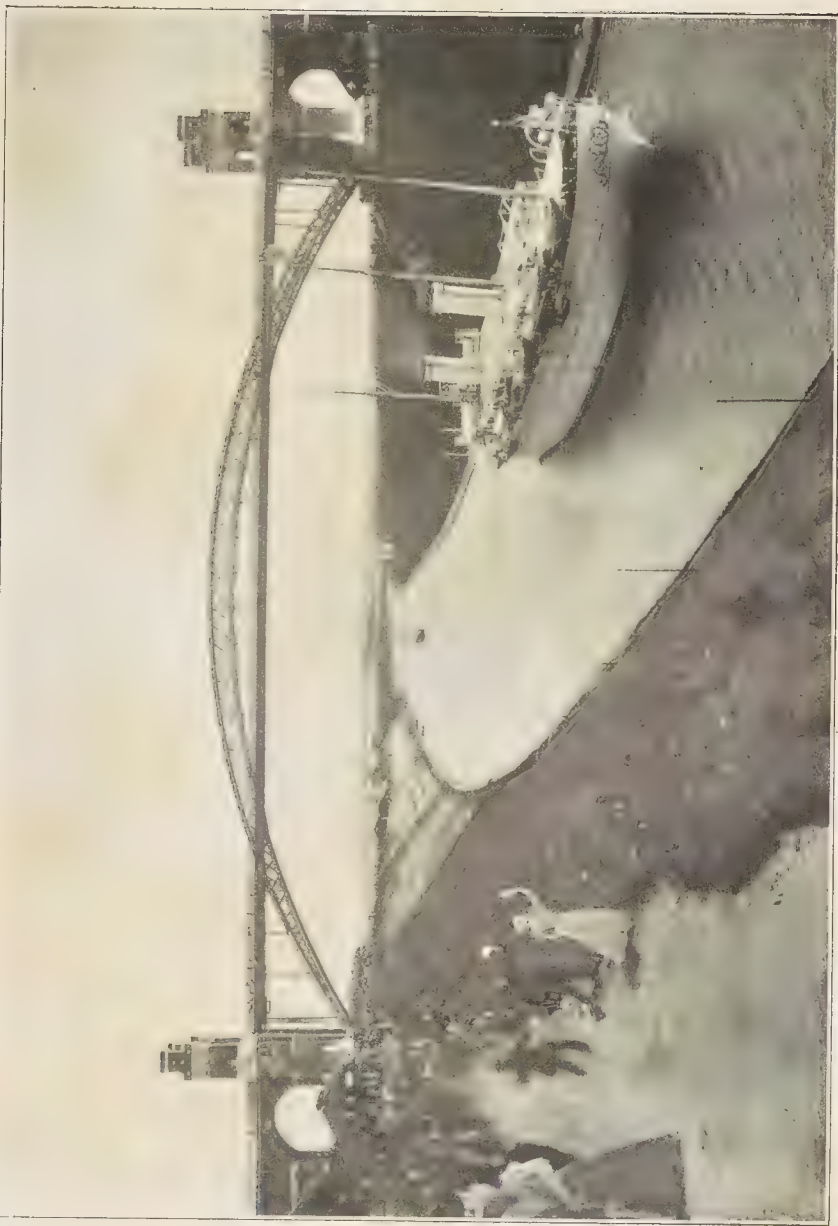
"Go on with your story," I said in my severest tones.

"They were both up and dressed when I got there, a little before six. The jewel-case had been taken from Miss Meldon's room, and the old lady blushed like a girl of seventeen as she told me; but the jewels were nearly all Mrs. Marchmont's. Now, although all that had been taken away could have been got into a coal sack, it would have taken a strong man to carry it. But there had evidently been only one man in the job, for when I examined the garden bed under the window, through which he must have entered the house, only the prints of one man's footsteps could be seen. I traced him easily enough to the far end of the garden where he had mounted the wall. I mounted it, too, and dropped down on the other side. And here I was fairly puzzled, for, though I hunted the whole length of the lane, and though the lane I dropped into was soft and muddy, not a trace of that burglar's footsteps could I see. I went back again and searched along each of the gardens, but not a sign was to be seen to show that here a man had got off the wall. One of two things was clear, then: either he had gone along one of the partition walls which divided the Terrace gardens and got down in the front, and so made his way into the main road—and that didn't seem likely to me—or he and his sack were still on the Terrace estate. I took a plaster-cast of the footprints, and then made a thorough search of all the gardens and out-houses without finding anything, of course. At three of the houses menservants were kept, but there was only one of them I found reason to suspect. He and his wife were gardener and cook at Mr. Eastnedge Beavis', the only unmarried man in the Terrace, and not likely to continue in that state of life very long, for he was making love fast and furious to the pretty widow. Well, I had the size of that gardener's foot before another day was over his head, and a deal too big it was for my liking, and he was kept under special watch, when, four days afterwards, the same burglar—that I was prepared to swear to—broke into Mr. Saunderson's, who lived at the north end of the Terrace, and took off about a hundred pounds' worth of gold and silver plate. Mr. Woodham Berkley, at the next house, invested in a patent safe, and packed away all his plate, jewellery, and valuables in it. Two nights later—"

"Plumer, Plumer," I said, interrupting once more, and holding up a warning forefinger, "are you going to make me believe that the whole seven were burgled?"

"No, sir. But two nights after that safe was broke open and emptied of every blessed thing it contained. And again the same thing. The footprints of the same man in the garden and not a trace of a footprint outside the wall. It puzzled us at the shop. 'That stuff has never left the Terrace,' said I."

"There weren't any more burglaries there for a month, and I was prepared to swear that if the swag had been left on the estate, it had not since been taken away. We watched everybody leaving the house with a bag or parcel in hand, and didn't leave them till we found out that they weren't taking plate or jewellery away. Even when Mr. Fastnedge Beavis was going off for a week's trip abroad, I stopped him and asked if I might be allowed to inspect his luggage.



THE GERMAN ROYAL YACHT "HOHEN-ZOLLERN," PASSING THROUGH THE NORTH SEA AND BALTIC CANAL, JUNE 20.

"Certainly, officer, certainly," he said, "and I'm sure we ought to be much obliged to the police for the trouble they take for us. Come in and search my portmanteau, by all means."

"He took me inside, and while I was looking through his things told me pleasantly enough that this was his last bachelor trip, as he was going to marry Mrs. Marchmont. I couldn't help wishing at the moment that I could find some of the stolen property in his bag; but, of course, I didn't, and off he went. The third night after he had gone, our plain-clothes man who was watching the Terrace heard a low whistle and saw a suspicious-looking fellow sneaking round the far end by Mr. Saunderson's house. He followed him, followed him for miles, when just as he was turning the corner of a dark lane he felt a heavy blow on the jaw, and, before he could defend himself, another with a thick cudgel on the head laid him on the ground; and some hours afterwards—it being about eleven at the time of the assault—he was found there stunned. It was about eight the next morning when round came Mr. Beavis' gardener to the station to complain that another burglary had been committed, this time at Mr. Beavis', and again all the plate had been taken. I went round to the house. It was easy enough to see that a different plan had been followed here, although the footprints told that the robber was the same. But here a barrow had been used to carry away the plunder. We followed the track of the wheels down to the riverside where Mr. Beavis had a boat-house and a rather heavily built in-rigged boat. It was gone. Well, it was pretty clear what the cunning devil's plan had been, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I think I see it," I answered, now both interested and credulous, and this probably was why Plumer smiled as he refilled his glass. "The gardener, of course, it was who lured your man away and knocked him on the head, and thus gave the burglar time to finish the job and get off with the swag. But what did he want the barrow for?"

"To take away the plate and jewels taken from the other houses in the Terrace of course; I saw it at once, and a green hand would have arrested that gardener on suspicion of being a confederate. I didn't. I let him think I believed everything he said and felt sure that if I only kept dark and waited my opportunity I should lay hands on the right man."

Plumer took a refreshing sip at his glass. "By Jove," he said, "I'd like to have to do it again; and then I shouldn't do it any different. I had him as neatly as you could wish, but it was simply patience that did the trick. My first business was to trace the boat, and later in the day I found it near Barking Creek. Then came my one bit of luck. One of the Conservancy police had noticed about day-break a man with a black beard sculling down in an in-rigged boat. Now, only the day before, I had noticed a man with a black beard walking along the Terrace. So now I had no doubt. All I had to do was to watch. We got a wire from Mr. Beavis, from Antwerp, telling us to offer a hundred pounds reward for the capture of the burglar; and a few days afterwards he came home. I remember the night before he returned there was a big burglary over at Barnes. So I kept my watch night after night on a particular-house in the Terrace."

"I understand," I said. "You suspected the gardener would be wanting to be paid, and he would either go to his confederate or his confederate would come to him."

"Ah! what a detective you would have made!" said

Plumer, and stopped for a minute as if lost in admiration. "Well, I had seven nights' waiting, and I think I would rather have waited seven years for Leah, who never was my fancy; and then my man came. Yes, sir, he came out of Mr. Beavis' garden-gate—a man with a dark beard and a leather bag in his hand; he walked fast and quietly, and I shadowed him as cunningly as I could. He stopped many a time, especially at every corner he turned, but I was as clever at that game as he was. Yet I as near as possible lost him. He turned a corner by a high wall, and I stopped dead short, listening to hear him move on; then when I had waited a minute or so, I sneaked up to the corner and looked round. I heard a slight sound of scraping overhead, and, looking up, I saw him getting over the wall. For the moment his back was turned to me, and I seemed to shrink into the buttress by my side. Then I took my boots and socks off and put them on again, boots first, and, going a little further on, I climbed the wall as quiet as a cat, and dropped down on the other side. The night was pitch dark, but some thirty yards ahead or so, I saw a dim, faint light, and I knew it came from an upper window of the house standing in the garden where I was. That light was my guiding star, and I made towards it with no more noise than a snake makes slipping through grass. Presently I heard a grating sound, and it was music in my ears, for I knew what it was. Then, after waiting the longest minute there ever was, I saw a tiny ray of light close to the ground, and a dark figure behind it, and—well, before you could have raised a hand to stop me, I was on him. I seized him by both hands from behind and flung him down. He was a strong man, and fought like seven devils. But they heard my cry for help inside the house, and just as he got one hand free and me by the throat, there came lights and the butler and footman with them. Even then it took us five minutes to master him and get the darbies on. All the house had come down by this time, Sir Edward Maskell, whose place it was, with them. The leather bag was open on the ground, with two 'jemmies,' a file, a dark lantern, and the bars of the kitchen window lying by them."

"Now, sir," says I to my man, "you'll look more comfortable and more like your own familiar self without this."

"And with that I gave a wrench to his beard and it came off in my hand, and then you should have heard them call out, for they most of them knew him."

"Mr. Fastnedge Beavis!" cries Sir Edward, as startled as if he had seen someone from the dead."

"Plumer, Plumer!" I said, reproachfully.

"It's a fact, sir. It was Dick Vance, the great burglar, I had caught, with £500 reward on his head. He was the man, of course, I saw in the Terrace with the black whiskers when Mr. Beavis was supposed to be away on the Continent. I suppose you can see now how he worked the rest of the business. What we found in the house was enough to connect him and the gardener with the other burglaries, and his boots stamped out whatever little doubt there might have been in his favour, for my plaster casts fitted them like a glove. Well," he went on, draining his glass and rising to bid me goodnight, "here's wishing he's made a change for the better. I ought to wish him nothing but good, for if it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't be what I am to-day. And as that's all about my first great case, sir, I'm off, and I hope you won't dream of burglaries."

But I did.

Dr. W. G. Grace:
His Family History and Cricket Career.



DR. W. G. GRACE.
REPRODUCED, BY KIND
PERMISSION, FROM THE
PORTRAIT BY J. ERNEST
BREUN.

THE GRACE FAMILY AND THEIR HOME.

DOWNEND, the modest little Gloucestershire village, famous as the birthplace of the Grace family, is not very accessible. Partly by rail, and partly by road—revealing some charming vistas to left and right—I found my way thither, from Bristol, the other day. My object was, of course, to visit “The Chesnuts,” the rustic residence identified with the Graces for over thirty years. [By the way, the dropping of the centre “t” in “Chesnuts” is an etymological freak sanctioned by custom.] “The Chesnuts” has been changed by time, but substantially it is the same as when the Grace family lived there. Standing with its back to the high-road, “The Chesnuts” is embowered in fine old chestnut-trees (from which the house derives its name), now in the full glory of foliage; and the avenue leading up to the house from the lodge, though short, is exceedingly picturesque. Some years ago “The Chesnuts” passed into the occupancy of Mr. John Cunningham, of Bristol, the author of the new and clever volume of *Borda sketches*, “*Broomieburn*.” It is an ideal spot for the literary man, though under the shadow of its great trees more strenuous work has been done. Away down in the orchard, now overgrown with tall grass, the most famous batsman the world has ever seen received his first lessons in cricket.

Dr. Henry Mills Grace and Mrs. Grace, the father and mother of “W. G.,” went to Downend in 1831, Dr. Grace, senior, having been born in the neighbouring village of Long Ashton, Somerset. Dr. Grace found his bride in the ancient city of Bristol—Miss Maria Pocock, whose brother, Alfred, subsequently played so important a part in the development of his nephews’ cricketing propensities.



DR. W. G. GRACE (ÆT. 22).
 Cop., by Midwinter & Co., Bristol,
 From an old Photo.



DOWNEND HOUSE, NEAR BRISTOL.
 The Birthplace of Dr. W. G. Grace.
 Special Photo by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

The newly-married surgeon and his wife at first lived at Downend House, a large square building nearly opposite “The Chesnuts.” At Downend House all the cricketing Graces, save one, were born. The eldest son, Henry, now practising as a surgeon at Kingswood Hill, near Bristol, first saw the light on the 31st of January, 1833. Then followed Alfred, now also a surgeon in practice near Bristol, on the 17th of May, 1840. Edward Mills Grace, to-day the well-known doctor of Thornbury, and Coroner for an important district of Gloucestershire, was the next son. “E. M.,” who shares the fame of his younger brother on the cricket-field, was born on November 28th, 1841. The natal day of Dr. William Gilbert Grace, the hero of a hundred “centuries,” was the 18th of July, 1848. George Frederick Grace, the youngest of all, was born on the 13th of December, 1850. He died in the autumn of 1880, and was interred at Downend, in the parish church of which a memorial tablet has been erected. During his lifetime he gave abundant proof of his skill with the willow and the ball. “G. F.” was the only one of the boys born at “The Chesnuts,” into which the elder Grace had moved earlier in the same year. Besides the five boys, four of whom survive, and are engaged in the practice of medicine in Bristol and neighbourhood, there were four girls. The eldest, Miss Annie, married Dr. Skelton, of Downend. It is an interesting fact that twice a year—at Midsummer and at Christmas—all the members of the Grace family, numbering some seventy individuals, meet under Dr. and Mrs. Skelton’s roof and hold high festival. The second daughter, Miss Fanny, is unmarried, and resides also at Downend. She is an ardent musician, and possesses a fine contralto voice. The third daughter, Miss Blanche, is now the wife of the Rev. J. W. Dann, M.A., the popular and kindly vicar of Downend. Mrs. Dann continues to take a great interest in cricket and athletics generally, and some time ago she organised at Downend a somewhat remarkable cricket match. The teams were Eleven Grace Girls *versus* Eleven Grace Boys. The fourth daughter of the elder Graces was Miss Alice Rose, who married Dr. Bernard, of Bristol. She died not long ago, and was laid to rest beside her father and mother at Downend. Mrs. Bernard was an accomplished horsewoman, and often rode to hounds.

It is around “The Chesnuts” that the associations of the Grace family mainly cling. There is no need here to make detailed reference to the wonderful incidents of the

Graces' cricket training on the famous pitch in "The Chesnuts" orchard, of which a photograph is reproduced in the present number. The story has been well and fully told by Mr. Methven Erownlee in his "Biography of Dr. W. G. Grace." But incidentally it may be mentioned that the elder Mrs. Grace, who took the keenest delight in all her sons' cricket performances, was very much

attached to "The Chesnuts," where she resided till July, 1884, the date of her death, having survived her husband by thirteen years. Mrs. Grace, senior, was an accomplished performer on the harp, a musicianly gift which has descended in a marked degree to her daughter, Mrs. Skelton. On the fine summer evenings, it was Mrs. Grace's habit and pleasure to sit under the medlar tree in the grounds of "The Chesnuts" and softly play her harp. The Grace family have preserved a rare and interesting photograph of the old lady thus engaged.

Whilst studying medicine in London, Dr. W. G. Grace married Miss Agnes Nicholls Day, the daughter of his first cousin, and a lady of charming presence and an engaging conversationalist. Fifteen days after the wedding Dr. W. G. Grace and his wife sailed for the Antipodes — on the tour of the first Australian team captained by "W. G." in 1873. On their return from the Antipodes, Dr. and Mrs. Grace lived at Downend, in London, at Kingswood Hill near Bristol, and at Acton. Finally, when, in 1879, the doctor obtained his degree at Edinburgh, they settled down at Stapleton Road, Bristol, where Dr. Grace still practises as a surgeon,

though a year or two ago his residence was removed to 15, Victoria Square, Clifton.

Dr. W. G. Grace's family numbers four. William Gilbert, the eldest, was born in London in July, 1874. He is now at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and is a promising bat. Henry Edgar was also born in London, two years later, and in the same month. He is a midshipman on board H.M.

training brig *Nautilus*, now at Devonport, and he will shortly obtain his sub-lieutenancy. Miss Bessie Grace, the only daughter — and, by the way, as keen a cricketer as any of her brothers — was born at Kingswood Hill, a suburb of Bristol. She is her mother's constant companion at Clifton, and was educated at the High School there. Charles Butler is the youngest, and the only member of the family who can claim Bristol proper as his birthplace. His birthday was in March, 1882, and he is now at school in Clifton.

Mr. Alfred Pocock, the uncle, and the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the now famous Graces in their earlier days, resides with Dr. Henry Grace at Kingswood Hill. Mr. Pocock's father was the inventor of the celebrated "kite-carriage," with which the high-spirited boy Graces alternately terrified

and amused the villagers on the roads near Downend. Mr. Pocock, still hale and hearty, and as keenly sympathetic with sport as ever, was in early life a crack racquet player, and an excellent all-round cricketer. It is to his unwearied encouragement and untiring instruction that his famous nephew "W. G." owes his marvellous skill with the bat.

The series of photographs which I am enabled to give in



MRS. GRACE, DR. W. G. GRACE'S MOTHER.
From an old Photo enlarged by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

The Album forms the most complete pictorial record of the Graces, during three generations, that has ever been published. And to the following, who have assisted me to compile this most interesting record, my sincerest thanks are due: The Duke of Beaufort, K.G.; Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Grace, Dr. E. M. Grace, and several other members of the Grace family; Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, "The Chesnuts,"

Downend; Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, J.P., Bristol; Mr. Methven Brownlee, Bristol; Mr. J. Ernest Breun, The Studio, Greek Street, Soho; Messrs. Midwinter & Co., Park Street, Bristol; Messrs. Hawkins & Co., Brighton; Messrs. Mawson, Swan, & Morgan, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. T. Protheroe, Bristol; and Mr. John Northam, Bristol. Mr. Breun, who painted his portrait of Dr. W. G. Grace during a few weeks' residence at the doctor's charming home in Clifton, is a young and talented artist, whose work has already been seen in more than one gallery. At the Royal Academy last year his portrait of Mr. O'Connor, the British Ambassador at Peking, attracted attention; and a portrait of Captain Hutton, entitled "Cold Steel," exhibited the year before, subsequently appeared at the Paris Salon, where it was awarded a gold medal. Mr. Breun was for six years a student—silver medallist—at the Royal Academy, where he has shown canvases for seven consecutive seasons. His portrait of Dr. W. G. Grace has been set aside for exhibition at Burlington House next year.

MR. W. METHVEN BROWNLEE, DR. GRACE'S BIOGRAPHER.

If one may rely on current gossip in Bristol, Mr. W. Methven Brownlee probably knows more about Dr. Grace's exploits in the cricket-field than even "W. G." himself.

"W. G." makes play on the pitch, and the exhilaration of a present achievement pretty nearly obliterates the recollection of previous ones. But Mr. Brownlee intervenes. So far as the Grace family is concerned, he has reduced the science of record-keeping to a fine art, and his first-hand knowledge of "W. G." and all his works is accurate and exhaustive. On the subject of "Graciana," Mr. Brownlee is, therefore, a man to be consulted. I sought him out a few days since, and found him in his study at "Glena," Trelawney Road, Cotham, a charming suburb of Bristol. A glance round the library and study revealed the secret of his tastes and predilections, for a man's character may be judged by the company he keeps. Delighting in the companionship of his books, Mr. Brownlee's study is lavishly stocked with what is best in English and French literature. And it is literature tempered by athletics, for on every wall there are evidences of the important part Mr. Brownlee has played in the



DR. GRACE, SENIOR. THE FATHER OF DR. W. G. GRACE.
From an old Photo enlarged by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

arena of physical recreation. Where the bookshelves stop short the walls of his study are covered with portraits, three or four deep, of famous cricketers; and one of the most prominent is the etching of Mr. A. Stuart Wortley's celebrated picture of "W. G."—reproduced in the present number. This particular copy was one of three signed by the Champion before he left for his Australian tour in October,



DR. HENRY GRACE,
Dr. W. G. Grace's Eldest Brother

1891. Then there is a large number of silver shields and plates from prize bats won by Mr. Brownlee, and he attaches special value to that taken from the bat presented in 1867 by Colonel Buchanan for the highest average of the Drumpellier Club, which had its headquarters just out of Glasgow. He jealously preserves a number of bats with which "W. G." and other famous cricketers have made big scores, and he is the happy possessor of several telegrams from "W. G." to the members of Dr. Grace's family, and to Mr. Brownlee himself, announcing historic achievements. I noticed also the original photograph for the plate used to illustrate the chapter on fielding in "Cricket." Mr. Brownlee is a crack tennis player. He has won prizes at the Welsh championship meeting on several occasions, and he has carried off from courts all over the country silver plate prizes upwards of a hundred pounds in value, besides silver-mounted bowls and other trophies, to enumerate which would be a weariness. A recognition of Mr. Brownlee's ability as a theorist in tennis, as well as a player, is embodied in the "Badminton Library" volume on the game; and a copy of Cavendish's work on "Whist," presented by the author, with a complete set of photographs of eminent players, indicates, further, Mr. Brownlee's status as an authority on indoor games of skill. His store of cricket literature is marvellously complete. It includes every book on the game, from Nyren's down to the latest published. Mr. Brownlee himself speaks rapidly but with decision. His Scotch accent has been mellowed by long residence in England. I incidentally gathered that Mr. Brownlee enjoys the personal friendship of many men distinguished in the modern school of novelists and writers. It is evident from his conversation that he is a man of wide reading, though at the present juncture he is all eagerness to discuss "W. G.'s" present and future form.

"You are, Mr. Brownlee, not only—if I may be permitted

to use the phrase—a "W. G." specialist,' but an expert in athletics generally?"

"I have tried most branches of sport—cricket, lawn-tennis, and the popular game of bowls as it is played on the beautiful greens of Scotland. Curling, skating, quoits, cycling, running, and jumping also constituted an enforced part of my physical training."

"What are your best athletic performances?"

"Throwing the cricket ball, 100 yards; long jump, 19 feet 3 inches; high jump, 5 feet 4 inches; throwing the 16-lb. hammer, 93 feet 6 inches; putting the 16-lb. ball, 34 feet 3 inches; hop-step-and-jump, 40 feet 1 inch; vaulting with the pole, 9 feet 2 inches; first prize open doubles at the Clifton Lawn Tennis Tournament in 1886; first prize veterans' open singles and doubles at the Northern Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting in 1887."

"What books dealing with these subjects have you written?"

"The Biography of Dr. W. G. Grace,' and 'Lawn Tennis: Its Rise and Progress.' I also collaborated with Dr. W. G. Grace in his 'History of Cricket,' and I have been responsible for many other articles on field sports. Then I edited—I might say wrote nine-tenths of—Mr. Arrowsmith's 'Amateur Sport' during its short existence of six months. I was rather fond of that little paper, and my athletic friends and critics were kind enough to say that there was very good stuff in it."

"Have the books proved financially successful?"

"Very; but then 'W. G.'s' name is one to conjure with."

"You are, I perceive, a Scotchman—did you first meet the Champion beyond the Tweed?"

"I was born in Scotland, and lived there till I was twenty-four years of age. But I have lived as many years in Bristol, and all my friends are here, and good friends too. I met 'W. G.' shortly after I came to Bristol, and he asked me to practise in the hope of qualifying for the county. But I came to Bristol to work, not to play. I had plenty



DR. ALFRED GRACE,
The Second Son

Photo by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

of the latter in Scotland. My friendship with Dr. Grace, in the true sense of the word, began some eighteen years ago, and not a week has passed since in which we have not spent many happy hours together. Indeed, whilst the 'Biography' and 'Cricket' were being written we were night after night in prolonged consultation."

"I suppose you have a special collection of Grace memorabilia?"

"Yes, a very heterogeneous and original one: books, bats, telegrams, photographs, and MSS., all over the library and billiard-room. I have almost given up looking after them; but my two boys have developed into the keenest and most appreciative of custodians."

"Do you ever play cricket now?"

"Very rarely. In the last two elevens that Dr. Grace took to Scotland he paid me the compliment of including me. Of course I was out of all cricket form, but my constant practice at lawn tennis and other athletics kept me in good condition."

"Why did you give up cricket for lawn tennis?"

"Cricket took up too much time, whilst two hours' tennis



DR. E. M. GRACE: "THE CORONER."
The Third Son.
Photo by Hawkins & Co., Brighton

every second day are sufficient to ensure excellent health and condition."

"How came you to be called 'The Jubilee Veteran'?"

"I qualified as a veteran in 1877 (forty that year), and beat all the best veterans at the Northern Championship Meeting. The *sobriquet* has stuck to me. I have played in few tournaments since, but I like the game as much as ever I did cricket, and mean to keep playing as long as I can."

"I need hardly put the question to you, Mr. Brownlee, whether you followed the great performances of Dr. Grace with the bat during the month of May this year?"

"That goes without saying. I have followed his exploits in the field every month of every year since he began to play; and of course, since the 'Biography' was published, with more than common interest. No," continued Mr. Brownlee, catching a question half uttered, "it will not do to say that I am not astounded at what 'W. G.' has already done this year. I have not

been surprised at his consistent form during the past ten years, but this eruption, far ahead in form and results of anything he has ever done in the early part of any season,



"E. M." AND "W. G."
Photo by Hawkins & Co., Brighton.



G. F. GRACE,
Younger Brother of 'W. G.' Died 1880
Photo by Pritchett, Bristol



THE WINNING ELEVEN OF GRACES, IN THE MATCH WITH ELEVEN ROBINSONS AT BRISTOL, COPY, BY MIDWINTER & CO., BRISTOL, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

is just a little too much for language. 'W. G.'s' marvellous physique, his buoyancy, and his gifts, explain the great and consistent results of the past ten years, but this phenomenal outburst no man can explain."

"Dr. Grace seems to be renewing his youth?"

"Yes, with a vengeance. And the beauty of it is that it is not going to be a flash-in-the-pan. It is not only that he looks as fit as he looked a decade ago, but it is a fact that he is as fit. He is as active as ever he was, and all the delightful placing of the ball that broke the hearts of half the captains of the other counties during the past twenty years, is as conspicuous as ever."

"It is a delicate question to put—but do you think there is anything automatic about the doctor's play?"

"No his play is not machine-like. He has too many

on the 16th of May, at Bristol, was something of an object-lesson to the young cricketer, was it not?"

"It most certainly was, and to experienced cricketers too. S. M. J. Woods was the bowler, and he gave one of those fancy variety shows in bowling that, as often as not, catches the best of players napping. He abandoned the attempt to get 'W. G.' out with a succession of good length balls. No two were of the same length—long hops, full tosses, yorkers, and rib-roasters were sent in at lightning speed, in the hope that the veteran batsman would make a mistake. The slightest hesitation on 'W. G.'s' part would have been disastrous; but with the coolness, nerve, and confidence born of years, he cut, placed, drove, and pulled ball after ball, and never allowed a single one to pass his bat. His timing was wonderful, his defence impregnable."



AT THE BACK OF "THE CHESNUTS"; "W. G.'S" BEDROOM WINDOW ABOVE THE ENTRANCE

Special Photo by Milwinter & Co., Bristol.

strokes at his command to call it that. All balls come alike to him."

"Does he ever seem to be in difficulties with the bowling?"

"You may notice it once now and then in a 'blue moon,' but it is invariably the bowler who is in a maze. To every enthusiastic cricketer it is a supreme delight to watch one of his long innings. The ball is placed everywhere—hit everywhere—in front of the wicket, behind the wicket. Shift the fieldman a few yards away, and you will see the next ball travelling over the precise spot from which the man has just been moved. One might as well give up trying to explain it, and call it a veritable gift—a perfected gift, kept perfect by regular exercise throughout the year."

"The first half-hour of his great innings against Somerset

"What about the Gloucestershire *versus* Kent match at Gravesend on the 25th of May?"

"Oh yes; 'W. G.'s' 73 not out on the last day of the match was an object-lesson of another kind. To win, 106 had to be made, and some seventy-five minutes remained to do it in. 'W. G.' knew it could be done, and made up his mind to do it. No thought about playing for his average entered his head. I know for a fact he was all for a win for the sake of the county. Thirteen runs were made in as many minutes. Then, to use 'W. G.'s' expressive phrase, he 'helped himself,' and accomplished one of those feats that make cricket the delightful game it is. That is the cricket—the cricket of brain and muscle—that has been the making of British manhood."

"Is there any sign of these wonderful powers waning?"



"W. G.'S" PORTRAIT BY "SPY."
REPRODUCED, BY KIND PERMIS-
SION, FROM "VANITY FAIR," JUNE
9, 1877.

United South
29 of 1894.

No. of Message 2897

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

Regulation as to Inland Telegrams.

If the Receiver of an Inland Message doubts its accuracy, he may have it repeated on paying half the cost of its transmission to him. In the event of an error having been made, the amount paid for repetition will be refunded on application to the Secretary.

Handed in at the Office at 749 Received here at 955

From Sullivan

Have one hundred
pounds not sent, Lord
inland & three. Two hundred
+ money, home but

When the cost of a reply to a Telegram has been prepaid, and the number of words in the reply is in excess of the payment, the sender of the reply must pay for any excess of words over the amount prepaid.

The cost of a Telegram directed from town to town at an extra charge of one-half the ordinary inland tariff, because of the expense being incurred in two towns, but in such cases they must not have been opened.

N.B.—It will materially assist the Department if, in making any inquiry, the Telegram sent to the Department will enclose the form and its cover in his Letter.

In the case of a Foreign Message, the application should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department.

See Telegrams & S. S. Telegrams

FAC-SIMILE OF TELEGRAM SENT BY "W. G." TO HIS MOTHER, AFTER THE MATCH OF THE UNITED SOUTH VERSUS TWENTY-TWO OF LEINSTER, JULY 17, 1874.



"THE CHESNUTS," FROM THE DRIVE. SPECIAL PHOTO BY MIDWINTER & CO., BRISTOL.

"Not the slightest. There are the same cheery youthfulness and optimism in his everyday life now that characterised 'W. G.' twenty years ago. He still enters into everything, whether it be work or play, with the keenness and buoyancy of his youth. I said in the 'Biography,' ten years ago, 'If eye be less bright, hand and foot less quick, the wonderful defence and incomparable placing

remain, and he would be bold indeed who would say that "W. G." will not be pre-eminently the first man for years to come, and retain the title of Champion for many years.' All that could be said with excellent grace and truthfulness now. He has never allowed the machine to rust. He is a thorough believer in 'keeping at it,' and during the off-season he runs with the beagles twice every week, and holds his own with the youngest of them. Every morning, winter and summer, he starts at nine o'clock from his home in Clifton, and walks three miles to his surgery. That is but a preliminary to his day's work. Yes! 'W. G.' is temperate in everything, and in the best acceptance of the word. It's all humbug, though, to say he is a teetotaler. 'W. G.' is a wise man as well as a medical man, and no one breathing, at his age, could perform such feats of physical endurance without an occasional glass of wine. He is a total abstainer as far as smoking is concerned, but in everything else, like all his famous brothers, Dr. W. G. Grace uses wisely the gifts the gods have given us."

"What do you think of the 'National Grace Testimonial'?"

"I think it a proper and graceful acknowledgment of what 'W. G.' has done for our national game; and, knowing how he is admired by prince and peasant, and as one of the hon.

secretaries of the Gloucestershire, Wales, and West of England Branch Fund, I have not the slightest doubt it will be a great success. I believe there is not a boy cricketer in the world who would not sacrifice a week's pocket money so that he might give to it. In Bristol, from the beginning of May the talk has been nothing but Grace, and I believe the situation has been much the same in

London and in the provinces generally. Dr. W. G. Grace has elevated cricket to the position it now holds, and I believe the game, during the past twenty years, has done more to strengthen the bond of friendship between Great Britain and the colonies than any Imperial measure. 'Federation by cricket' is as good a formula with all deference to Mr. Henniker Heaton — as 'Federation by postage - stamp.' The letter sent by the Prince of Wales to Dr. Grace on the 1st of June was one of those graceful actions which His Royal Highness, above all others, knows how to perform appropriately."

"Has Dr. Grace often gone through the ordeal of being interviewed?"

"Very seldom. He avoids that sort of thing as much as possible, though recently he has been a good deal badgered by inquisitive pressmen."



DR. W. G. GRACE'S PRESENT RESIDENCE, 15, VICTORIA SQUARE, CLIFTON.
Special Photo by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

DR. W. G. GRACE'S "CENTURIES."

CELEBRATIONS IN BRISTOL: "W. G." MADE A "CENTURION."

Cricketing Bristol—and that virtually means all Bristol—was highly elated last week over the Grace celebrations. Both feasts and funds are British institutions, and when



DR. W. G. GRACE.
Photo by Hawkins & Co., Brighton.



W. G. GRACE, JUNIOR.
Eldest Son of "W. G." Now at Pembroke College, Cambridge.
Photo by Hawkins & Co., Brighton.



CHARLES BUTLER GRACE.
Youngest Son of "W. G."
Special Photo by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.



HENRY EDGAR GRACE.
Second Son of "W. G."
Photo by Hawkins, Plymouth. Enlarged by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

"W. G." completed his hundredth century at Bristol on the 16th of May last, and other centuries began to come rolling in—it was promptly decided that the general admiration for the Champion should be crystallised into feast and fund. Locally this determination was arrived at long before the great international testimonial movement took shape. Of that I need say nothing here. It is "another story." The local contributions to the fund tumbled in merrily from the first; and the announcement of the Gloucester County Cricket Club's banquet evoked the heartiest response. First one banqueting-hall had to be abandoned because of the rapidly-swelling number of visitors, then another, and yet another, until, finally, the most capacious room to be found in Clifton was requisitioned. This is the Victoria Rooms, the scene of many high-class gaieties and junketings. There the County banquet to Dr. Grace was held on the evening of Monday last week. It was a brilliant function, and it called together men whom it is difficult to conceive any other festive occasion could have brought into *rapprochement* with each other. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., one of the most ardent sportsmen in the "West Countree," was the model of a genial president, and on his right loomed up the burly form of "W. G.," the man about whom all the world has been talking for weeks. The Mayor of Bristol, Mr. R. H. Symes, who is in the middle of a well-played second innings as chief magistrate, was there. The Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Percival), for many years headmaster of Clifton College, and Dean Pigou, of Bristol Cathedral, were the prominent representatives of many members of "the cloth" who approve of the gospel of muscular Christianity. All the other liberal professions—the bench, the bar, medicine, and so on—were in force, and it was scarcely possible to look one way or the other along the serried lines of diners without recognising somebody prominently identified with literature, journalism (which was represented by Mr. Walter Reid, of *The Western Daily Press*, Bristol, and Mr. Goodenough Taylor, of *The Bristol Times and Mirror*), art, commerce, or the drama. Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, J.P., the well-known publisher, without whom no representative Bristol meeting would be complete, was in evidence—in fact, he and Mr. Methven Brownlee, "W. G.'s" biographer, between them had triumphantly organised the

gathering, and they looked with legitimate pride on the fruition of their efforts. Then there was Mr. E. G. Clarke, the ex-president of the Gloucester County Club (a position



"W. G." AT LORD'S.

Reproduced (by special permission of Messrs. Mawson, Swan, & Morgan, Newcastle-on-Tyne) from the Picture by A. Stuart Watley in the M.C.C. Pavilion.

now held by a genial successor, Mr. Harry Beloe), and one of the wittiest after-dinner speakers in Bristol. That there should be a strong contingent of the Grace family was an

Marlborough House
Pall Mall S.W.

1st June 1895

Dear Sir,

The Prince of Wales has watched with much interest the fine scores which you continue to make in the great matches this year. He now learns that you have been all former records by

scoring 1000 runs during the first month of the cricket season as well as completing more than 100 centuries in first class matches.

His Royal Highness cannot allow an event of such deep interest to all lovers of our great national

game to pass unnoticed by him, and he has desired me to offer you his hearty congratulations upon this magnificent performance.

I remain
Dear Sir

Yours truly

Randolph Keble

W. G. Grace Esq

imperative necessity, and consequently the ubiquitous "E. M.," Henry, and Alfred, all of them doctors, and all of them cricketers, were present. The rank and file of nearly four hundred diners were composed mainly of men who have figured, or are figuring, in the fascinating field of athletics.

Custom demanded the formulation of an orthodox toast-list; but, for the most part, its several items were merely so many texts for different orators to dilate on one subject—a great subject, one of the weightiest in the room, in fact. Texts? Yes. Sermons? No. Though the air was thick with cricket-field jargon in its most refined form, there was never the faintest suggestion of a sermon throughout the evening. The eloquence eddied around "W. G." himself. For the time being he seemed to be the great centrifugal force—and, indeed, he *is* the hub of the cricketing universe. And in toasting the Royal family it was, of course, impossible to forget the kindly interest taken by the Prince of Wales in Dr. Grace's success as an expositor of the national game. Years ago the noble owner of Berkeley Castle, in front of the Pavilion at Lord's, handed to Dr. Grace a handsome clock and between £1,400 and £1,500, which represented the wave of enthusiasm over his cricketing prowess of those days. But history repeats itself, occasionally even more forcibly as time flies, and this is certainly now the case with Dr. Grace, for the Prince of Wales was also a subscriber to the earlier testimonial.

The Duke of Beaufort, in his chief presidential speech, skilfully bridged the gap in history. His Grace was pleasantly reminiscent, for he has known the Grace family as sportsmen, athletes, and cricketers ever since "W. G.'s" father first settled in the county. And, of course, the Duke's speech in proposing the health of the guest of the evening brought the enthusiasm up to a white heat. A roof-raising succession of cheers greeted the Duke's peroration and the rising of Dr. W. G. Grace to respond. But the extravagance of the moment was fully justified, for the object of it occupies a position which is positively unique. There used to be a story told of "W. G." in days when dinners followed rather quickly one upon another, that he had a stock speech of beautiful construction which could be varied to suit all emergencies. It is said to have been somewhat as follows: "Gentlemen, I thank you for the honour you have done me. I never saw better fielding than I have seen to-day, and I hope to see as good wherever I go." If the fielding was wretched, possibly the batting could be worked in; and in one case—whether both fielding and batting were—"beyond praise" history does not say—the oysters were the subject of the eulogy, and there is no record of anybody having written to the papers to say that "W. G." was incorrect in his assertions. The speech upon the occasion of the Gloucester County banquet last week was not exactly founded on the traditional lines. But it was brief—brief, perhaps, because the speaker—though there were few signs of it—was struggling to keep

his emotions under control. But what need is there to repeat here what Dr. Grace actually did say? His *ipsissima verba* have already been flashed to the uttermost ends of the earth—but the way in which these words were uttered was a crowning proof that the hero of the evening was deeply touched by the eager expressions of goodwill which had fallen on his ear from every part of that large assembly, and by the enthusiastic demonstrations that, look where he might, met his eye. It was an appropriate speech, a speech to the point—terse and telling as one of "W. G.'s" own clean cuts. And after "W. G." had resumed his seat, what more remains to be told? Simply that the great gathering, having paid its homage to the hero, proceeded with good will and light heart to round off the evening in the orthodox fashion.

I may add that the six-page dinner-card was a much-coveted trophy. Besides the *etceteras* of festivity, there were printed on it a picture of "W. G.," apparently in the act of piling up centuries, and a record of his most historic innings. On the front page, reproduced on p. 15, was, appropriately, a sketch of the Bristol County Ground on which "W. G." scored his triumphant century of centuries, whilst on the back page were four neatly-turned verses (specially written by E. B. V. C.) as follow:

HIS GRACE OF GLOUCESTER.

When the sixties saw your rise,
W. G.,
Cheers were mingled with surprise,
W. G.,
Time it seems has made some blunder,
Still the plaudits sound like thunder,
We've forgotten how to wonder,
W. G.

Though a generation's gone,
W. G.,
Full of honours you go on,
W. G.,
Honours gained or grudged by no
men,
For you've made, from Daft to
Lubmann, W. G.,
Made a friend of every foeman,
W. G.

Now the hundredth hundred's up,
W. G.,
You have filled the bowler's cup,
W. G.,
You have filled his cup of sorrow;
Solace he of Hope can't borrow,
For you'll do't again to-morrow,
W. G.

Stay of Gloucester, England's pride,
W. G.,
Pride of all the world beside,
W. G.,
Fame soon yours, you've never lost
her;
Now, the game of games to foster,
We acclaim Your Grace of Gloucester,
W. G.



MR. W. METHVEN BROWNLEE, "W. G.'S" BIOGRAPHER.

Photo by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

It was arranged that on the evening following the County banquet Dr. W. G. Grace should be entertained by the members of the Bristol Century Club. Though it had not been impossible to persuade the doctor to participate in the elaborate and ceremonious public jubilation over his remarkable achievements, a merry evening spent amongst his particular friends was, perhaps, more in harmony with his unobtrusive disposition and modest tastes. Amongst the members of the Bristol Century Club are many of Dr. Grace's staunchest and closest friends, and what is more natural than that this exclusive coterie should be anxious to have the great cricketer all to themselves for one evening? Two banquets on successive nights would try the nerves of any well-regulated hero, but Dr. Grace was entitled to conclude that the Bristol Century Club would impose no severe exactions upon him, whilst its hospitality would be so modulated as to ensure to the guest of the evening the maximum of enjoyment and the minimum of oratorical exertion. The members

of the Bristol Century Club, indeed, do not believe in long speeches—a belief in which “W. G.” shares to the full. A *recherché* banquet and a toast-list officially limited to “The Queen” and “Our Guest” are usually—and they certainly were at the Century Club dinner—the preliminaries to a thoroughly unceremonious symposium of good songs, good stories, and plenty of crisp gossip about all things athletic. When a function of this kind is in progress, the Century Club, as a rule, jealously closes its portals against the outsider. Yet it was decided that to the Grace banquet a few of the non-elect should be admitted—a compliment which the chosen ones were not slow to appreciate. The invited guests included “W. G.” junior, Dr. E. M. Grace (“the Coroner”), Dr. Henry Grace, Dr. Alfred Grace, and Mr. Alfred Pocock, the hero of hundreds of experimental innings at “The Chesnuts” in the old days.

And I may incidentally remark that the Bristol Century Club, founded and developed by Mr. Methven Brownlee, is, as its name implies, an organisation of a hundred members. The clubmen, who have subscribed a very handsome sum towards the national testimonial, are in one way or another identified with athletics and sport generally, though on occasion their hospitable spirit prompts them to make excursions into the domain of the drama. The device which appeared on the front page of the simple but effective menu card for the Grace banquet indicates the *raison d'être* of the club. It may, perhaps, be noted that in this device there are billiard balls, and what look like tennis balls, but no candidly cricket ball. The vague tradition is that “W. G.” by one of his Herculean strokes, hit the cricket ball out of the way to the boundary.

I do not know if the members of the Bristol Century Club will violently resent a word or two about themselves, but if they should be so inclined, I cry “*Pecavi!*” in advance



GLOUCESTER COUNTY CLUB BANQUET.
Front Page of Menu.



"THE CHESNUTS." AFTERNOON TEA ON THE LAWN.
Miss Grace, Rev. J. Ward, Mrs. Dann, and Mrs. Skelton.
Special Photo by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

and gently draw aside the curtain which hides their home of the higher Bohemianism—for the old and barbaric Bohemianism is defunct, is it not?—from the envious outsider. Dr. W. G. Grace, who now holds the vice-presidency, was the first honorary member elected by the Club. Then followed Mr. J. L. Toole; and the latest name on the honorary roll is that of Sir Henry Irving, from whom the Club Secretary recently received a telegram in connection with the knighthood bestowed on the eminent tragedian. Both Mr. Toole and Sir Henry have been specially entertained at the Club, which is, in point of fact, the Savage Club of the West. In an ante-room framed mementoes of these important functions hang in state; and it may, perhaps, be interesting for some people to know that, although he had declined all outside invitations in the City of Bristol on that occasion, Sir Henry Irving accepted the hospitality of the Century Club on the night after the first production of "The Story of Waterloo." That was on the 22nd of September, 1894. Besides Sir Henry, Mr. Toole, and many other actors of distinction, the Century Club entertained the Australian Cricket team in 1893, the year in which Blackham was captain; and in 1894 the members emphasised by a banquet their appreciation of the victorious marksmanship of Captain Gibbs (also a Cliftonian) at the Bisley meeting of that year. Of all these memorable functions there are souvenirs on the club-room walls; and, indeed, the wall-space is well covered with portraits of famous cricketers and athletes, prominent amongst the pictures being one of "W. G." at Lord's, a reproduction of Mr. Stuart Wortley's canvas. The chief thing about the Bristol Century Club is that it has a splendid skittle-alley, constructed on the same principle as that at Sandringham, and in playing the seductive and, maybe, democratic game of skittles, "W. G." and other leading



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.,
President at the Gloucester County Club Banquet to "W. G."
Photo by Elliott & Fry.



BRISTOL CENTURY CLUB
Devic: on the Menu Card at the Grace Banquet.

cricketers of the home county help to keep their muscles in trim during the winter months. The alley became the focus of conviviality on Tuesday last, on the occasion of the Grace banquet, and a handsome banqueting-hall it made, with its trophies and other appropriate mural decorations. Mr. E. G. Clarke, the Official Receiver of Bristol—with the bronze of a Dartmoor sun fresh upon his cheek—was appointed to preside at the function to which such historical interest must attach. And Mr. Clarke's presidential accomplishments and methods are such as to ensure complete success for any gathering on behalf of which they may be exercised. The idea was to exalt "W. G." from the rank of an honorary member to that of a "Centurion," presumably the highest honour that the Bristol Century Club can bestow. I have no idea what the ceremony of investiture may be like, but I think it safe to predict that, before these lines appear in print, Dr. W. G. Grace will be very proud indeed of a new yet classic distinction conferred on him by a group of gentlemen who have so sympathetically and narrowly watched every incident in his brilliant career on the cricket-field.

G. FALCONER-KING.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

Vol. II. No. 23.

JULY 8, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MADAME RÉJANE AS "MADAME
SANS-GÊNE," NOW APPEARING
AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.
PHOTO BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.

The New Cabinet.



HONOUR of being Prime Minister of Great Britain three times has been attained by three statesmen, and among these

Mr. Gladstone has the unique record of having held the office four times. Lord Salisbury is now entering on his third Premiership. He again assumes the heavy responsibility and hard work connected with the office of Foreign Secretary as well as Prime Minister. His career has a touch of romance in it, for he came

unexpectedly into the marquisate owing to the sudden death of his elder brother. He had previously tried his fortunes in Australia; happy days of freedom which he recalls with pleasure now that the fetters of office bind him fast. Lord Salisbury is in his sixty-fifth year; he succeeded his father in the peerage in 1868. He had experience in the House of Commons, where he sat as Lord Robert Cecil, and subsequently as Lord Cranborne, as M.P. for the family borough of Stamford. The vitriolic satire which used to distinguish his speeches has been toned down by the responsibilities of government, although many of his phrases are destined, perhaps, to survive his acts. Having seen in his early days a little of journalism, he now absolutely disregards the opinion of the press, and, like his nephew, Mr. Balfour, spends very little time on newspapers. He has unusual scientific knowledge and probably is happier in his laboratory at Hatfield than in the House of Lords. His character as a party-leader is singularly unlike that of Lord Beaconsfield, with whom he attended the Berlin Congress; there is a robustness and outspoken vigour about his utterances which rarely aim at affecting the emotions so much as the head. Lord Salisbury is highly esteemed "in the City" and in great centres of industry like Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. His speeches are equally enjoyable to hear or to read, and they never err on the side of length. The members of his family have inherited the literary ability of Lord Salisbury; one of his daughters is credited with the authorship of an anonymous work which attracted a good deal of attention lately, and a younger son, Lord Robert Cecil, is making his name at the bar.

The Duke of Devonshire is undoubtedly the second most important member in the Cabinet. He holds the office of Lord President of the Council. He will always be better known under his former title of the Marquis of Hartington. He had more than thirty years' experience of the House of Commons, and twenty-one years ago was chosen leader of the Liberal Party, after Mr. Gladstone's retirement. Since his marriage with Louise, Duchess of Manchester, the hospitable record of Devonshire House has been more than sustained. The Duke is an excellent business man in the management of his huge property, and a popular landlord. When he begins to take an interest in a political question, the thinking men of both parties are sure it is worth considering. Lately he has been interested in technical education and the position of the defensive forces of this country.

Of Mr. A. J. Balfour, who is First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons, it is unnecessary to say much. It is folly to say he would not be where he stands in the political world had it not been for the fact that he was Lord Salisbury's nephew, for he has brilliant abilities which would have won him reputation under any circumstances. He is in his forty-seventh year, and has just attained his majority as regards being a member of Parliament. He is rather more fond of music than of golf, which is saying a good deal, and studies philosophy more ardently than either.

It will be difficult for the future historian to analyse the career of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, commencing from 1870, when he put up for the Birmingham School Board, and now punctuated by his position as Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's Government. He is fifty-nine years of age, and has represented a division of Birmingham since 1876. He is a very able, if somewhat unscrupulous tactician, and one of the readiest debaters in the House of Commons. One of the landmarks in his life was his visit to the United States in connection with the Behring Sea difficulty, which, among other matters, was responsible for his subsequent marriage with Miss Endicott. Mr. Chamberlain greatly prizes an autographed portrait which the Queen presented to him on the completion of his mission.

Lord Halsbury's holding of the Lord-Chancellorship was quite expected by those who remembered what a warm personal friend he was of Lord Salisbury. He is in his seventieth year, and had a very distinguished career at the criminal bar. He is, in fact, one of the few surviving barristers who appeared in the Tichborne case.

The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, who has become President of the Local Government Board, esteems it the greatest compliment to be called "the farmer's friend." He is very wealthy, and has been in Parliament since 1868. Mr. Chaplin is now fifty-five, and dabbles in Bimetallism and Protection.

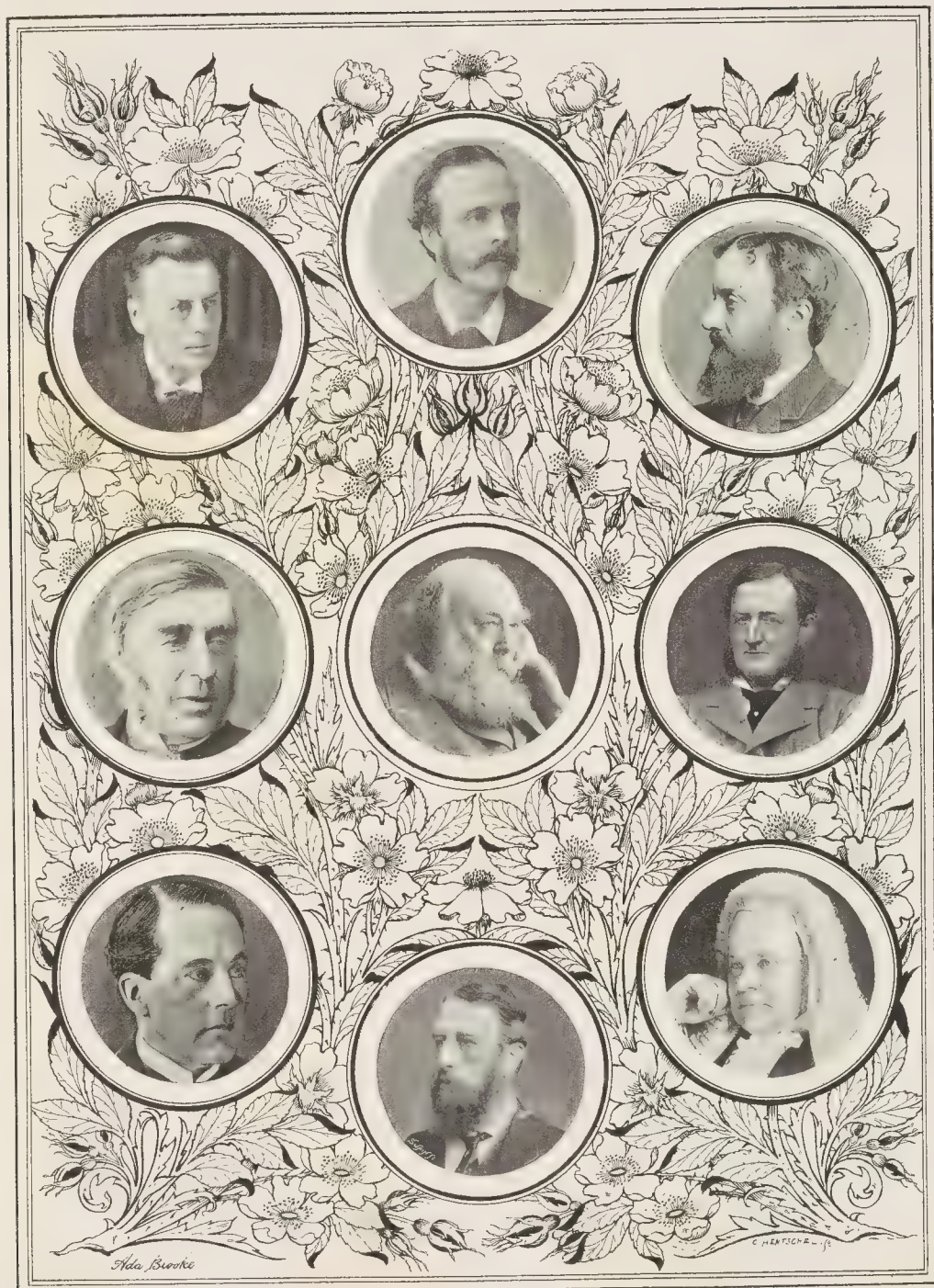
The new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cadogan, K.G., is fifty-five years of age. Twenty years ago he was appointed Under-Secretary for War, subsequently becoming Under-Secretary for the Colonies. In Lord Salisbury's last Ministry he held the office of Lord Privy Seal, entering the Cabinet in 1887. Lord Cadogan is the owner of much London property, and is popular with his tenants. He is a keen sportsman, and though not a statesman of a high order, will probably possess the requisite tact and dignity for the position to which he has just been appointed.

The Right Hon. George J. Goschen has gone back to his old post of First Lord of the Admiralty, which he first held in Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1871. In the sixty-four years of his life he has laboured hard in financial questions, rather to the exclusion of other matters. Were it not for his raucous voice, Mr. Goschen would be one of the best speakers in the House of Commons. He was once offered the Speakership, but declined owing to his eye-sight.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been in Parliament for thirty-one years, and has been a very useful member of his party. He is a good type of the tactful county gentleman.

Next week *The Album* will give a second series of portraits of the newly-appointed Ministers.

D. W.



RT. HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN.
RT. HON. G. J. GOSCHEN.
EARL CADOGAN.

RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR.
THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH.
RT. HON. H. CHAPLIN.
LORD HALSBURY.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE NEW CABINET.
PHOTOS BY RUSSELL & SONS.



ONE MAN EXHIBITIONS.

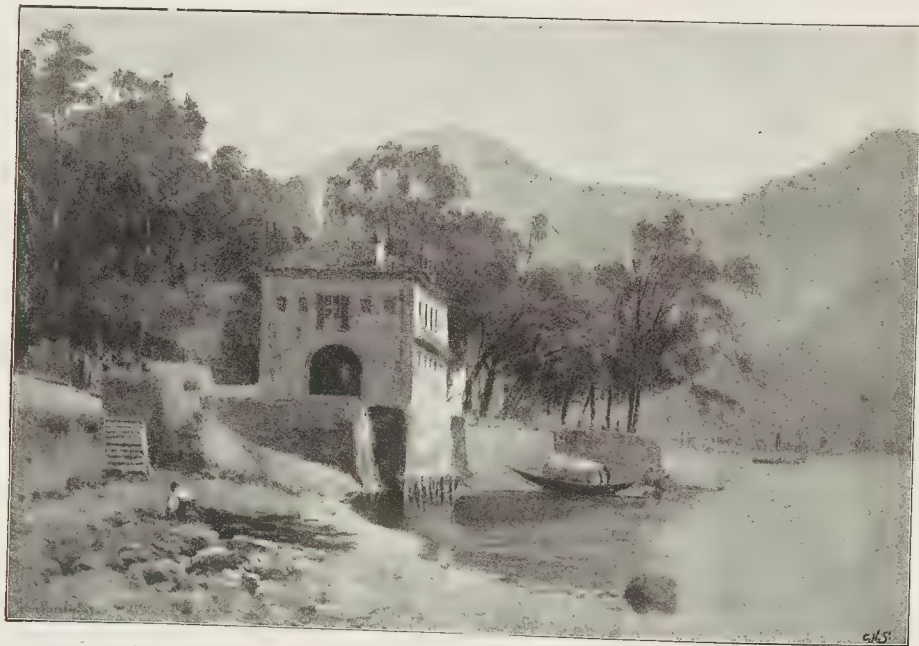
BOND STREET is always interesting, and sometimes she is extraordinary. She is extraordinary at the height of the season, and at the height of the—well, that season when the West-end of London becomes a city of brown holland. Then it is that you can ride a bicycle down Bond Street, with your hands on your hips and without once ringing the bell.

Some observant Frenchman once gave the following as his impression of the twilight of a summer day in Surrey—"bicyclists shooting along white roads past women standing at cottage doors."

Bond Street on a June afternoon, the week after Ascot! How can one give, in a few words, an impression of that rainbow scene? Fair, faded women, beautifully dressed, reclining in high carriages and bowing to bronzed men on the pathway. That is something, as far as it goes; but there is still the molten glare of the sun, the unchanging shops, the loitering cabs, and the small picture galleries.

The small picture galleries! These, of course, are the characteristics of Bond Street, as the establishments of carriage-builders are of Long Acre and window-ticket shops of Aldersgate Street. And like the brook, they go on and on for ever. In season and out of season they invite the tired wayfarer to repose in their little lofty halls, where, hanging upon tinted walls, is always something to interest or amuse. These minor galleries number a round score, and range from Messrs. Agnew's or Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s down to —, you can use your judgment in supplying the missing word. They devote themselves to what are known as "one man exhibitions," and their chief object in life is to supply small householders with small pictures at a small price.

The hero of a one man exhibition is usually a man of some note. He has arrived! But the goal is one of degree. Mr. Phil May and the late Mr. Burton Barber, at the Fine Art Society's, Mr. Raven Hill in Pall Mall, and Mr. John Varley at the Japanese Gallery, are all holding one man exhibitions just now. The exhibition is arranged



CADENABBIA, LOOKING TOWARDS BELLAGIO, LAKE OF COMO. BY JOHN VARLEY.
NOW ON VIEW AT THE JAPANESE GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET.



THE CATHEDRAL OF MANTES, LATE AFTERNOON. BY JOHN VARLEY.

usually, I believe, in this way. Suppose you are Mr. Alfred East or Mr. Mortimer Menpes—both successful one man exhibitors, and let it be taken for granted that you belong to the same club as a Managing Director of a Bond Street Gallery. You meet at lunch, and one day he remarks that he is arranging for his 1897 exhibitions, and as your last show, called "Some Sunsets in Crete," was so successful, he offers you another date. There is a little difficulty about deciding upon the subject, as most of the habitable world has already been painted by the one man exhibitor. Suddenly a foreign telegram in an evening paper catches your eye—"Trouble in Macedonia." Excellent! You don't quite know where Macedonia is, but it is bound to bristle with lakes and mountains, and dusky picturesque villagers, so you make your arrangements for a tour in Macedonia, and the *Echo* says something nice about your trip in its column of art gossip.

In good time, bronzed and a little upset by the food of the country, you return home with a portmanteau full of sketches, which you at once proceed to work up in the handsome studio you occupy close to the Langham Hotel, when you are also interviewed by the representative of the weekly edition of an evening paper. Consultations with your

frame-maker follow, and then two or three hot afternoons in the gallery in your shirt-sleeves, hanging the works. On the press-view day you *should* keep away, but on the private view, which takes place on a Saturday afternoon, you put on your best clothes, and stand for some hours in the midst of a dense shifting crowd, who drink your tea and shake your hand by turns. The next day your portrait, without any

shading, appears in the personal column of *The Star*, and during the following weeks you often drop casually into the gallery, and count the pictures that have the word "Sold" pasted in a corner.

The Bond Street Galleries are fast overflowing from Bond Street. But in spite of removals each gallery retains its distinctive characteristic. The most modern is the Fine Art Society, in whose net the smartest reputations are caught. Did they not boom

Japanese art for all it was worth when Japanese art was the fashion of a season? And is not Mr. Phil May to be found there now, the most modern of all moderns?

The Japanese Gallery is also in New Bond Street—a gallery which adds other attractions to its show of Japanese curios. Mr. John Varley is enthroned there at this moment with 137 drawings of Italian Lakes, French Rivers and Cathedrals—topographical effects seen through a temperament. L. H.



PART OF THE ISOLA BELLA, LAKE MAGGIORE.—JOHN VARLEY.



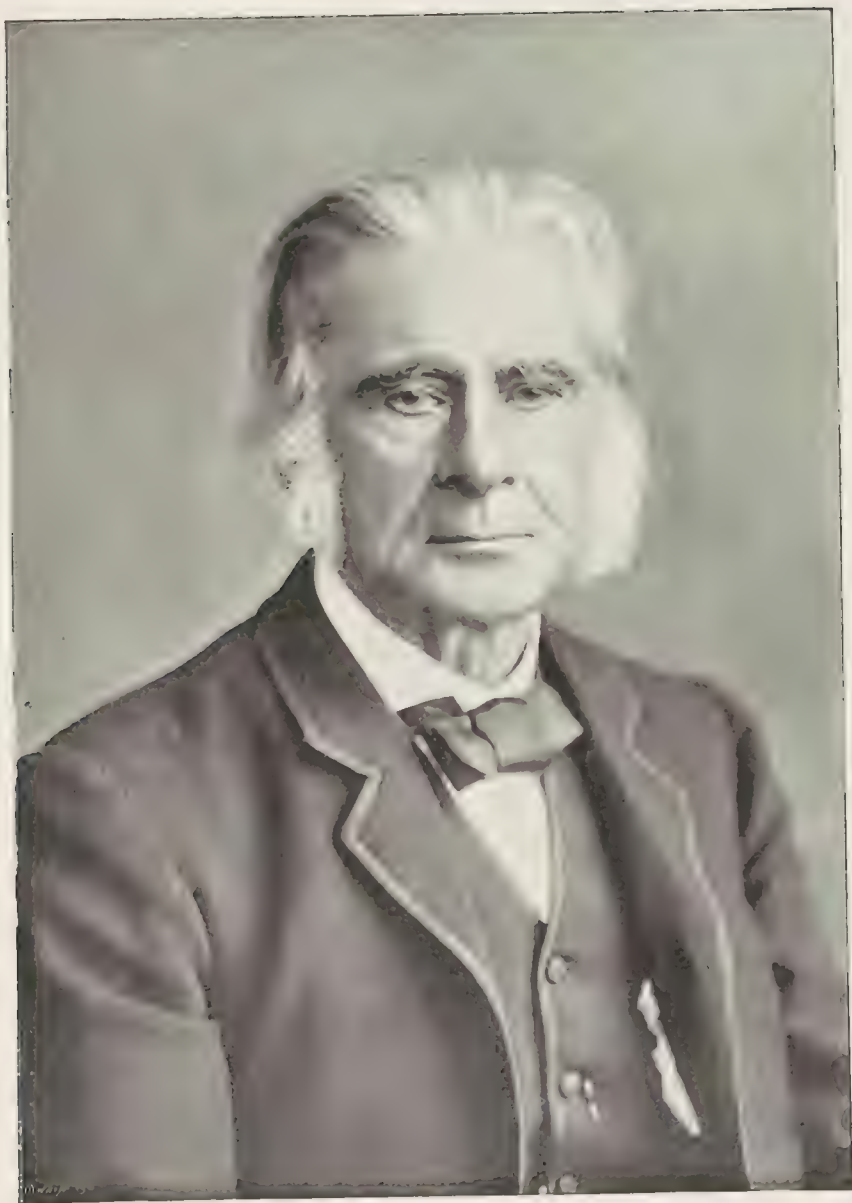
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY was born at Ealing, May 4th, 1825. His early education was obtained at a private school in his native place, under the direct superintendence of his father who was one of the masters. This was supplemented by much private study, Huxley's diligent and studious nature showing itself at quite an early age. Being intended for the Medical Profession he entered at Charing Cross, and in 1845 took the Degree of M.B. at the University of London with honours in physiology. His first professional work was in the Naval Service, as assistant-surgeon to H.M.S. "Victor," at Haslar Hospital. From here he was transferred to H.M.S. "Rattlesnake" which was then cruising off the coast of Australia. Here Huxley spent about three years; during this time he took advantage of his great opportunities for studying ocean life and in 1859 published through the *Ray Society* a monograph on "Oceanic Hydrozoa." From his return to England in 1850 Huxley's life was devoted to scientific research, the results of which may be found in the many valuable papers he communicated to the *Philosophical Transactions*, and to the *Transactions of the Zoological, Linnean, Geological, and other learned Societies*. In 1852 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, in 1858 he delivered the Croonian Lectures; subsequently he was appointed Secretary and in 1883 obtained the highest honour the Society can bestow, viz., that of President. Mr. Huxley took the Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1862: this step was taken not with any idea of practice but to qualify himself for the post of Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, to which he was elected in the same year. In 1883 he was elected a Fellow of the College under the rule which allows the Council to elect a limited number of Members of twenty years' standing to the Fellowship. Huxley had for many years been a diligent student in the Museum of the College of Surgeons at a time when that Institution was very little used as a place of study. He was very fond of relating a curious coincidence which happened to him during his work in the Museum; for days he had sat there practically alone, but one day he discovered that he had a fellow-worker, who was a perfect stranger to him. Soon after he had settled down to work, a messenger brought a note and waited for an answer. Huxley read the letter, but knew nothing of the contents, and so told the messenger that it could not have been intended for him; the man, however, insisted that his instructions were to deliver it to Mr. Huxley at the Museum of the College of Surgeons. Huxley then thought of his fellow-worker, and suggested that the messenger should try him: this he did, and found that, oddly enough, his name was Huxley, and that the communication was intended for him. In 1860, at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, Huxley took part in the

celebrated discussion which arose on a paper read by Dr. Daubeny. The chief speakers in the debate were Owen, Hooker, Huxley, and Bishop Wilberforce; between the last two named some very bitter recriminations were indulged in. Huxley's lectures in the same year, delivered at Jermyn Street, on "The Relations of Man to the Lower Animals," excited deep interest, and subjected the lecturer to much adverse criticism, both in the press and from the pulpit. This was increased by his publishing, in 1863, a volume under the title of "Evidence as to Man's place in Nature." The fearless advocacy of Darwin's views as to the origin of species also brought Huxley into disfavour with the non-scientific world. He, however, lived long enough to have his revenge and to see the doctrines and opinions for which he was condemned, accepted and treated as a matter of course by the greater part of those who were his chief opponents. For some time Professor Huxley was a prominent member of the London School Board, in which capacity he was a strenuous advocate for undenominational education. Besides his Professorship at the College of Surgeons, Huxley had held the office of Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution, Professor of Natural History at the Royal School of Mines in Jermyn Street, and, during Professor Wyville Thomson's absence on the "Challenger," had acted as Deputy-Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. Professor Huxley had received honours from nearly all the chief Universities at home and abroad; empty titles had no attraction for him, and so, until 1892, he refused all civil honours; in that year he was sworn a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. To give a bare list of Professor Huxley's valuable contributions to science would require too much space. He had the rare talent of being able to write for a thoroughly critical, scientific audience, and also of making himself easily understood by the youngest and simplest of readers. His Introduction to Macmillan's Science Primers is a model of what is called popular science, and the same may be said of his charming volume on Physiography. There is a fascination about his style which is rarely met with in scientific literature: his two volumes "Lay Sermons" and "Critiques and Addresses," may be mentioned particularly as instances of this.

In 1885, Professor Huxley practically retired from active work and settled down at Eastbourne; his pen, however, has not been laid aside, and one of his latest efforts was a graceful article on "Owen's Position in the History of Anatomical Science," which he contributed to the recently published "Life of Richard Owen."

An eager searcher after truth Huxley was undaunted either by the number or the position of his opponents: what he thought right was the goal to which he pressed, allowing neither persons nor traditions to obstruct his progress.

J. B. B.



THE LATE PROFESSOR THOMAS HENRY
HUXLEY. PHOTO BY THE LONDON
STEREOSCOPIC CO.



NECESSITY, in the guise of space limit, checked our racing pen when last we wrote of Windsor, and suspended many fair moralities that otherwise had gone forth rejoicing to enlighten, or, it may be, to confuse the patient Second or Third Person, whose task it is to read. The imperious First Person, by the way, naturally supports the enlightenment theory; but this is a point that can scarce be pressed modestly, so it is better to run the grand risk and go forward—confusion or none—to the true business of the moment, with that saving belief in oneself, which is none the less efficacious that it is so rare. This creed tenaciously grasped, averteth much confusion.

The foregoing is no Windsor morality: it has no place among these still-born potentialities of confusion or enlightenment, nipped untimely at the birth. Such critics, therefore, as deem it irrelevant or confusing may hold themselves pardoned, if not agreed with, and are invited for the illumination their soul craves to bear with us yet a little on our ancient theme of the white citadel.

Of course, not even a hundred brief epistles such as these could do justice to the history of Windsor Castle, nor is it in any hope of adequate treatment that the subject is again resorted to. But the discerning critic must already have noted that we stood tacitly committed to this return, at least from an illustrative, if not from an epistolary standpoint. For was there not something said about the approach to Windsor, how the castle seems to thrust itself upon the approaching traveller, and neutral-tinted cloudy vision gradually resolves itself into stern masonry till at last the apparently tiny accessory fills up all the picture? Such a statement surely calls for pictorial support, for a short sequence of nearer views, showing in some measure how the change is wrought.

It would be interesting, if a little brain-turning, to have this effect of swift approach reproduced on the kinetoscope. Now I think of it, I remember having read somewhere that such an illusion was attempted with some success in the early days of the magic lantern. The particular instrument was called the phantasmagoria lantern, but of this superfluity, enough! The kinetoscope hint is Mr. Edison's for the taking.

To know Windsor Castle is not the task of a day, and, indeed, no wise man would attempt elaborate sight-seeing at

a first visit, for confusion is sure to result, similar to that of the young lady who, after "doing" Europe thoroughly, remembered Venice as "the place where we saw a man washing a little dog at a shop door."

Rather take a meditative stroll over the Wards—the Lower, Middle, and Upper—gaining precise information about any point that strikes the eye, and reserving thorough mastery of the place for future visits. The spirit of the pile seems to soak into one, if one takes Windsor—a vast place—in a large way: if you know the general outlines of the typical feudal castle, you will shortly find that here they are realised with wonderful vividness. Modification and modern improvement have certainly laid a strong grip on the place, but the main features have been persistent; as one gazes and rambles, the atmosphere is felt to be chiefly that of the days when feudalism was in its prime. The gayer side of these times suggests itself at Windsor. At the Tower of London, one is never rid of the choking sensations of the jail; but Windsor is happier, and, indeed, its history is connected rather with gladness than with sorrow.

There is a certain admirable optimism in the public mind that at Windsor leads the thoughts more towards the royal weddings and births, than to the funerals of kings and princes or the sufferings of captives. Terrible things have happened here, no doubt, but the bright thread is persistent even in the story of the pining captive. Your Windsor prisoner inevitably suggests that exquisite romance, James I. of Scotland's love for Lady Joan Beaufort, and in spite of ourselves, in spite even of "the king's tragedy," we are comforted. Beside the Devil's Tower, where James had his lodging, the Poet King's song comes singing through the centuries, and all we remember is summed up in Emerson's brief criticism on *Romeo and Juliet*—"she was beautiful and he loved":—

And therewith cast I down my eyes again
Where as I saw walking under the tower
Full saintly, new coming her to playne
The fairest of the freshest youngest flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.

To see her past, and follow I nae might
Methought the day was turned into night.

At the risk of incurring blame for sacrilege I would here, for the reader's further delectation, descend to a modern incident, wherein there is no love, but a little element of war and some civil pride. At Windsor it was my luck to see the sentinels "giving up their orders," a mystery obligingly explained by the man in blue, who represented the municipal authority at Henry VIII's gateway. "You see, sir," said the policeman, "the sentry 'as to satisfy 'is officer that 'e knows 'is orders, w'ich is—to stop suspicious characters, to prevent loiterin', to show a proper respect to Royalty, and—(here Robert spoke great swelling words) and—to assist the p'lice in the discharge o' their dooty!" It was impossible, after that, to doubt the entire subordination of the military arm. For me, in this particular at least, Windsor had proved a place of enlightenment.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



WINDSOR CASTLE.
PHOTO BY YORK
AND SONS.



AN old rhyme comes into my mind—inaccurately, no doubt; certainly I have not time during the season to verify quotations:—

Then answered the carpenter, "That was well spoke;
But say what you will, there is nothing like oak."

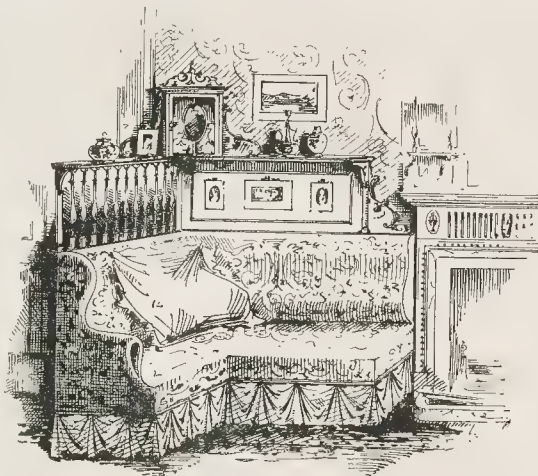
Well, I am on the side of the carpenter. Mahogany has its charms—I have an old knife-box, date about 1750, exquisite in colour and marking; walnut looks beautiful, and so, too, the chestnut which, particularly in Italian work, often is palmed off for it; satin-wood, especially in the hands of Hepplewhite, is pretty; rosewood from Brazil—it has no connection with the rosebush of the garden, and, indeed, is something of a botanical mystery—is gorgeous in colour and grain; sandal-wood is an abomination; ebony has the grandeur of stained ivory; the cradle in boxwood, carved by H. Rogers for the Queen in 1850, has beauty of tone; the pear lends itself to splendid carving, as the treasures in the South Kensington Museum show; the tulip-wood—it is not related to the flower now fashionable, but once as despised as the peony—the snakewood and the zebra are as gems in the carpenter's hands. Nevertheless, my inconstant heart finds greatest joy in the tree that has helped to make our nation powerful.

Of course my affection wavers. When I see what a Riesener and a Roentgen have done with the more costly woods, how admirably Chippendale has used mahogany, how grandly ebony has served the Italians, I am tempted to infidelity as well as to a breach of the tenth commandment. I suppose that the love for oak is due to the curious personal note—to the wonderful way in which it brings to mind the men who worked in the noble wood. Certainly, whenever I think of woodwork there comes into my mind the splendid wood-carvings that I have joyed in. First of all, naturally, are the choir-stalls in the Amiens Cathedral; the magnificent work begun early in the sixteenth century by Arnold Boutin and Antoine Avernier, aided by Alexandre Huet and Jean Trupin. Apart from the beauty of the incomparable work one cannot help thinking of the carvers quietly engaged for fourteen years at their wages of a shilling a week or

thereabouts and beginning their daily task with prayer. It is pleasant to conceive the journey of Arnold to study the Cathedral stalls at St. Riquier and Beauvais—Beauvais, true type of the "ambition which overleaps itself, and falls on the other side," since, in its rivalry with Amiens and Rouen striving to build even higher than they, it became the wreck of which only the sublime choir now remains. To think that the stalls at Amiens—the Venice of France—the grandest expression in wood of men's devotion that the world now holds, cost less than £500; that neither France nor we now, with all our wealth and power, could at any cost produce work of such nobility!

How can I help thinking, too, of the splendid carved screen and grand roof in the Middle Temple Hall? the thought of becoming part-owner—in a vague unsubstantial way—in which caused my husband to choose that Inn, and not the Inner Temple. What does it matter whether the story is true or not, that the wood was taken from the stranded ships of the Spanish Armada?

However, as Sangarelle observed, "*il y a fagots et fagots*," which seems a pertinent quotation on the subject of wood, and though one cannot expect in these days that men will be found to work with the single hearted devotion of a Jean Trupin at three sous a day, or that any carving can have the touching, human note that



COSY CORNER.

time has given to the labours of a Grinling Gibbons, yet there are to be found skilful carvers in the land. By-the-bye, at No. 7, Grosvenor Street, in the house of Dr. Reeves, husband of the popular "Helen Mathers," is to be seen some of Gibbons' work, as well as some remarkable Italian and Flemish carving, in an extraordinarily little room, almost every inch of which, save the floor, is covered with curious, interesting woodwork. No doubt, nowadays, the great part of the oak on sale as modern is disgraceful. I am glad to say that most of it comes from Belgium, and is as bad in actual material as treatment—carving is an inexact word. Yet there are houses where not only is appeal made to the collector and the millionaire, but also to the average man of taste who loves the typical English tree—the tree

concerning which I cannot help quoting Peacock's beautiful lines in Maid Marian:—

The slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will,
But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can reach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

I was told that a pleasant hour might be spent looking over Messrs. Hewetson's collection of old oak furniture.



OLD ENGLISH SIDEBOARD.

I must say that I was surprised, for I had always imagined that theirs was a firm that appealed mostly to the vast number which chooses furniture *en suite*, but as I was anxious to find a small book-case to fit in an oak filled room, I went. Behind the huge windows facing Tottenham Court Road there was a splendid mass of furniture, tapestries perfect in colouring, cretonnes copied from good last century designs, but of genuine old oak there was little. However, I walked in and looked round the vast show-rooms full of specimens of good modern English work, admired bedroom suites of white enamelled wood, graceful in outline, and dainty in appearance, sideboards of massive mahogany, drawing-room cabinets, à la Chippendale, luxurious couches, and charming furniture of oak, stained green, but still I did not see the famous old oak. After a minute's explanation I was taken across Store Street to a different building, and found that the collection was so large that it had been necessary to house it in other premises. It would be difficult not to grow eloquent over the collection that Messrs. Hewetson's have got together. It is chiefly old English, though Wales is well represented. I was much struck with an old oak buffet elaborately carved, with panels of marqueterie let into the doors. The effect of the quaint pictures in wood of different colours against the dark oak was very curious and unusual.

A bedroom suite in old oak that they had would look delightful in a large well-lit room—the wardrobe especially is beautifully designed, and the old-fashioned looking-glass, which would add ten years to the fairest face, has been wisely replaced by modern plate-glass, which makes it a pleasanter *vis-à-vis* during the *mauvais quart d'heure*

employed by the coiffeur in inducing one's hair to fall amiably into the latest Madonna droop ordained by fashion. By-the-bye, it would be a curious experience to have a peep at the ears of the fair Parisienne who reinstated the present style of hair-dressing!

I was still searching for my bookcase. At last I saw a Welsh dresser, and for my purpose I found it would answer admirably. The many shelves, in which plates and jars of Delft have been placed by Messrs. Hewetson's, would do splendidly for books—the deep drawers would hold the weekly papers that are so difficult to keep handy and yet tidy, and the vacant spaces would show off old copper work and blue and white china beautifully. The dresser itself is of oak finely polished by age, and very pleasing in appearance. Some quaint old oak cradles, so darkened and polished by age that many generations of white-capped, tightly swathed babes must have been rocked in them, would do admirably for logs of wood. In summer, with the addition of a fitted tin for plants, they would look charming in an old hall, where also could be placed a cosy corner I much admired, made of carefully collected pieces of old carving and cushioned with tapestry, bold in design, yet subdued in colouring.

In passing through Messrs. Hewetson's innumerable rooms, I was fascinated by a lovely old Sedan chair, in good condition, with charmingly painted leather panels. In France these chairs are often used as "Vitrines," and the curiously framed windows make delightful show cases for precious "collector's pieces."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Last week I had another letter asking advice for a cosy corner, and as I think a sketch will be more useful to "PAMELA" than hints, I am reproducing this week one of Messrs. Hewetson's designs, which I think will look charming in the pretty room described by my very amiable correspondent. I think "PAMELA" could easily adapt her



WELSH DRESSER.

piece of old brocade to the cosy corner, as it will be more in harmony with the scheme of the room than a material newer in texture, and possibly cruder in colouring.

GRACE.



MR. AND MRS. THEODORE BENT.

SINCE the days when Sir Walter Raleigh returned from the West Indies laden with good things, down to our own unromantic time, there have always been a large number of large-hearted Englishmen who have devoted their lives, fortunes, and too often their healths, to exploring the little-known corners of the earth with a view to increasing our knowledge of far-off climes, and of adding to the instructive contents of the British Museum and of the other vast treasure-houses possessed by the nation.

Mr. J. Theodore Bent has played a leading part among latter-day travellers. Accompanied by his plucky and charming wife *née* Miss Hall Dare, of Newtonbarry, Co. Wexford—he has explored in turn many pathless portions of the uncivilised world, to say nothing of his valuable researches into the bygone civilisations of Greece, Asia, and Africa.

Each one of Mr. and Mrs. Bent's expeditions has hitherto resulted in a valuable addition to geographical and archaeological literature, and the former's book, dealing with the famous ruins of Zim-babwe, was the first, and in many respects the best, account of Mashonaland published.

The well-known explorer and his wife have lately returned from their second journey into Arabia, and I found them, (writes a representative of *The Album*), settled for the season in their museum-like London home, a house filled with mementoes of my host's many years of travel, from Greek antiques to the barbaric, if splendid, gifts of his Arab Sheikh friends.

"What do we consider to have been our most interesting

and perilous expedition?" echoed Mr. Bent, in answer to a question. "Our last, undoubtedly, for when one comes to think of it, there is scarcely anything known about the land which gave Europe Algebra. There is practically no modern literature dealing with the country. In the old days, when geography was written merely by hearsay, historians and travellers were more reckless as to what they said, but it is wonderful to note how often they arrived at right conclusions. Ptolemy, for instance, wrote about Arabia, and my wife and myself were able to identify several sites mentioned in his works. In modern days, certainly,

no country has been so little explored.

When it was announced that we were going there, the Indian Government placed a surveyor at my disposal, and we hope next year to complete our task of surveying the whole of the stretch of country from Hadramout to Dhofar, and so on."

"And what were the practical difficulties in the way of an Arabian expedition?"

"Owing to the slave trade the Arabians are not at all anxious to have their dark ways made light. Each district is governed by a Sheikh, and the country is in a wild and lawless state. Indeed, Arabia was far more civilised before the rise and spread of Mahommedanism. I traced many of the ancient Sabæan fortresses and towns, and found most interesting inscriptions. We entered Arabia by Merbat, and thanks to the European resident in Muscat, got on fairly well, but of course in the interior our means of getting

about was by the help of camels only used to carry frankincense."

"And what did you take in the way of provisions, and so on?"

"I always leave the commissariat side of our journeys to my wife," answered Mr. Bent, smiling. "She sees after everything of the kind; but as to food, there is one point I should like to mention. I am a thorough believer in tea, and do not advise anyone to explore on spirits, although on this last expedition we took a little rum much over proof



MR. J. THEODORE BENT PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.



MRS. BENT. PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.

to dilute. Then, of course, quinine is the best travelling medicine in the world."

"Our exploration larder," added Mrs. Bent, "is quite varied enough for all reasonable requirements; desiccated soups, corned beef and beef essence, potted meats, condensed milk, and last but not least, some sackfuls of dry bread, are all included, for long experience has taught us both what to avoid and what to add to our travelling impedimenta. We always try to be as comfortable as possible when journeying, and so take plenty of sheets and towels; but, of course, the lack of water is a great annoyance. By-the-way, we always travel with one of Edgington's green fly-tents, with double flaps, the whole made of the green Willesden canvas which does not get mouldy when folded up wet."

"And are you accompanied by a large party?"

"During our last journey we were eleven in all; my husband and I were the only Europeans among them. There is no use in taking English servants. Of course this increases danger in uncivilised countries. Constantly on our travels the Bedouins with whom we have been travelling have turned against us, and on one occasion we seriously thought of trying to find our own way to the coast all alone."

"And have you any views on the best travelling costume?"

I enquired.

"Yes, inasmuch that we do not alter or modify our travelling costumes, wearing the same kind of clothes in both

Africa and Asia. My husband finds a Norfolk jacket and breeches the most practical and pleasant form of dress for either riding or actual exploring work. My travelling dress consists of a tweed coat and skirt, a pith hat, with breeches and gaiters. The skirt is made in pleats, and is so arranged as to act as riding habit when I am on horseback. When actually in camp, that is to say, during the heat of the day—for early morning and evening are the only safe hours to travel—I put on a linen shirt or blouse and ordinary skirt."

"And, on the whole, what is your verdict on the various countries you have so successfully explored?"

"South Africa is, undoubtedly, the land of the future," answered Mr. Bent decidedly. "Perhaps you know that in 1891 we explored the ruined cities of Mashonaland the Royal Geographical Society and the British South Africa Company aiding us in paying the expenses of the expedition? Our experience while in the interior taught us something of the possibility of Rhodesia, and I think that an energetic emigrant has as good a chance there as anywhere else; but of course opinions differ. I myself fell a victim to South African fever, but I have noticed that this kind of disease disappears with civilisation, and my views have been thoroughly borne out in the case of Kimberley."

M. A. B.



MRS. BENT AND HER CAMERA.
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS



THE DOUBLE GAME AT LAWN TENNIS.

MR. W. BADDELEY, who writes about lawn-tennis as well as he plays it, has just put out a very readable manual in the "Oval" series of games. Of course, we are all aware that handbooks upon sport are of no possible good to anyone save the publishers, who make money out of them; but this particular handbook seems to be an exception. Perhaps it is that lawn-tennis is more readily taught from the arm-chair than other games. A sound player can tell the novice so much about position in the court and the method of returning strokes, that the words of an adept like Mr. Baddeley are to be welcomed. Pat-ball still prevails, and is great in many a suburban garden. Curates continue to kick their heels wildly as they thrash the unoffending net, and imagine that their gyrations are the perfection of play. But first-rate tennis men are as rare as first-rate books upon the pastime; and it is for the making of first rate men that Mr. Baddeley writes.

Now, the first thing to do when striving to make a player, is to teach your man to cultivate a good single-handed game. If he have not a mastery of all the strokes, obviously he is worth nothing in a double; nor will he learn them so readily when playing with a partner as in the severer practice of the "single." The truth of this is nowhere more emphasised than by the average suburban four-handed match. Two men and two ladies go out to play. The men, believing themselves to be heaven-born geniuses, sprawl over the court in their attempts to take all the balls. The ladies, standing for the most part idle at the back of the base-line, make wild flourishes at occasional returns, and give vent to long-drawn "ohs!" when they miss them. Good as much of the "single" play is, how rarely do we see, away from the recognised headquarters, anything like a fine double game of lawn-tennis? And yet, the pleasures of the four-handed style are not to be denied. Mr. Baddeley declares that some of the very best men get as much fun out of a "double" as they do from a "single." The "double," too, is the form of play at nearly every garden-party; and that man who could raise the standard of it would be little short of a social benefactor.

Most of the bad play in "doubles" is the result of want of combination. Men go out too frequently with new partners whose style of game they do not know. They add to this an utter want of system so far as position in the court is concerned. Very frequently a suburban game consists in the two players charging each other, and then wrangling as to which of them had the right to miss the stroke. It never occurs to them to have an understanding by which they shall divide the court between them and make no mistake over any possible return. These people should

at once read Mr. Baddeley's little book. There can scarcely be any styles of double play which he does not take into account. He is particularly clear when laying down the law for the partnership between a gentleman and a lady player. In nine out of ten such cases, it will be the man who is the strong volleyer, the lady who can do best from the base-line. Ergo, the man should play altogether at the net, trusting that his partner will pick up those stray balls which pass him down the side-lines or are lobbed over his head. On the other hand, if the lady be good on the volley, she should stand near the right-hand side of the net, her male partner taking the left-hand side and both of them should meet all balls on the volley. When it is the turn of the lady to serve to the opposing lady, the man will stand up to the net in the hope of bluffing his gentler opponent into giving him an easy return; but when the lady is serving to the opposing man, her partner will keep well back on the base-line to look out for hot shots. Or again, when the man is serving to the opposing lady, his partner should cover up her weak back-hand—for all ladies are weak on the back-hand—by standing right in the angle of the court. These are the little points which the common run of players overlook altogether. But they are the points which constitute the chief strength of prominent four-handed teams.

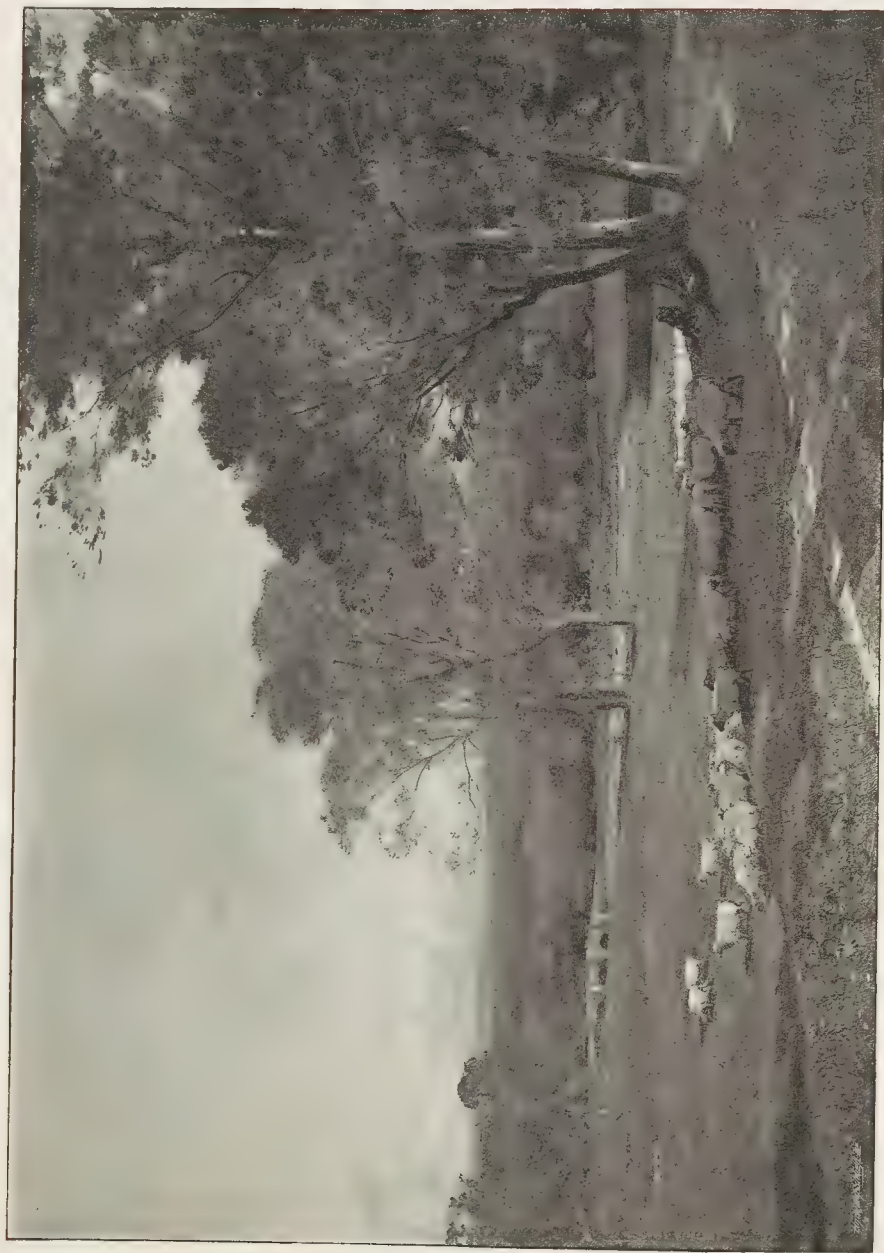
When two men are partners against two men, there is, in Mr. Baddeley's opinion, but one correct style of play. The partners should stand about five feet from the net and should volley every ball sent over. The only difficulty then will be to decide which of the two shall take returns coming down the centre of the court. Mr. Baddeley's plan for this is very simple. Let it be a rule, he says in effect, for the server to deal with all balls coming thus while he is making his way from the base-line to the net. And when both players are up at the net, let that player who has made the previous stroke take the centre ball, unless such a previous stroke has thrown him out of position. As to the question, where should your partner stand when you are serving? Mr. Baddeley is equally explicit. Let him stand close to the net during your first service, he says, and if that fails, let him run back to the base-line to be ready for the hot-shot which will follow your weaker stroke. Or, it may be asked, if you are striker out, where is your partner to stand while you are awaiting the service? Here the rule is plain. He must stand back while you await a hot service, but must run up to the net if your opponent's hot service fails and a weaker second attempt is to be expected.

All this is very simple it must be admitted. The pity of it is that the suburban young man has neither the leisure nor the inclination to heed such advice. He is far too busy, as a rule, explaining to his friends the precise reasons which have prevented him entering for the championships.

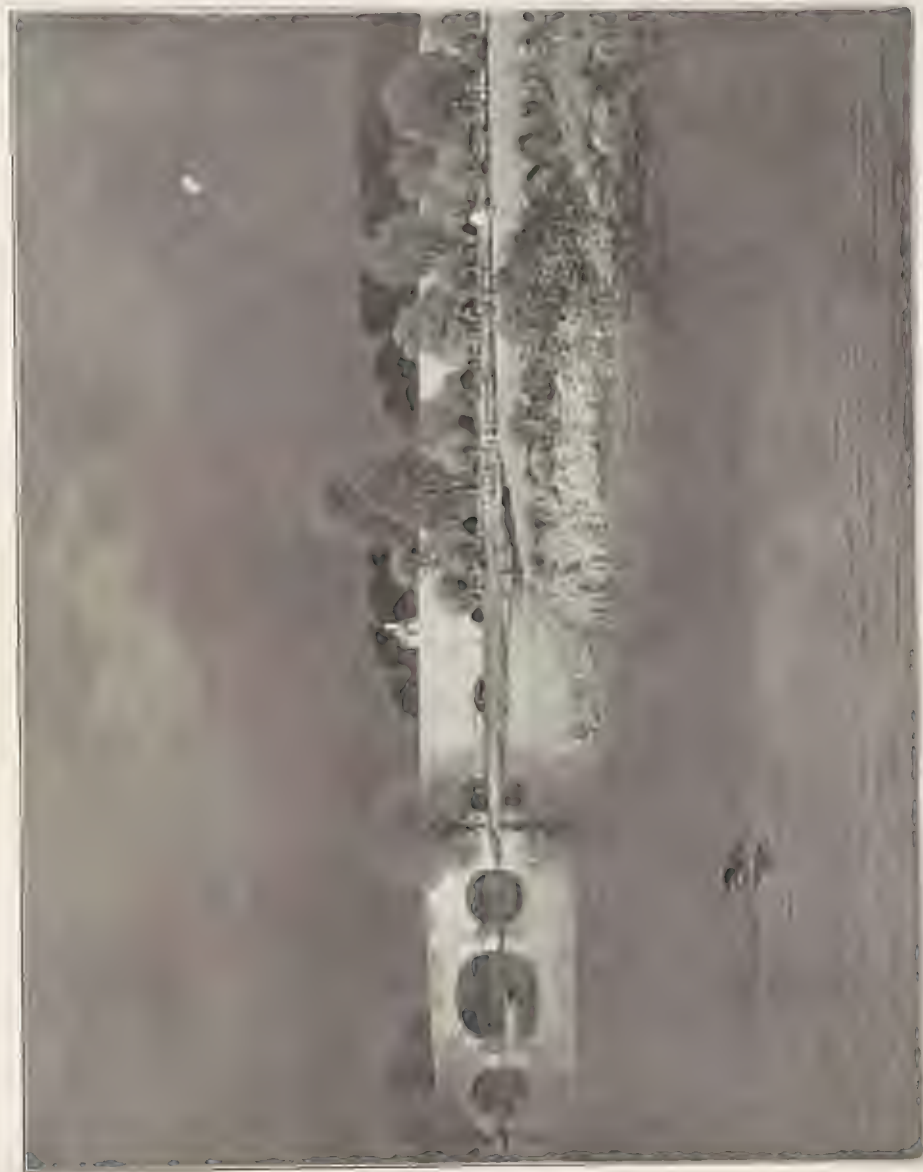
MAX PEMBERTON.



HENLEY AT REGATTA TIME.
PHOTO BY FRITH & CO.,
REIGATE.



"MIDLAND MEADOWS." BY ALFRED
EAST. NOW ON VIEW AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.



"NOTWITHSTANDING" BY G. D.
LESLIE, R.A. NOW ON VIEW AT
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



M^DME. SARAH BERNHARDT brought her London season to a characteristic and—which is the same thing—a romantically effective close. In one week she appeared as the fairy-tale princess, the idol-woman, of M. Rostand's poetic drama, *La Princesse Loïtaine*, and she gave a thousand pounds for the wrestling lion at Earl's Court. I confidently look forward to her appearance with the lion in the next piece M. Sardou builds up for her. I feel that the wrestling lion is only our due after the disappointing tiger in *Gismonda*, which was heard but not seen. M^dme. Bernhardt will now be able to give Dcña Sol's famous line in *Hernani* a new significance:—

Vous êtes mon lion, superbe et généreux—

and a new reading—"superbe et très-couteux." By the way, if the lion should happen to devour M. Sardou (there is every chance of it—M. Sardou always superintends the rehearsals of his own plays), I shall be grieved as a man, of course, but as a playgoer I shall be relieved at the thought that there can be no more *Gismondas*. I see that the excellent M. Mayer is pained at the irreverence with which the London press has treated that remarkable play. He thinks it, and, indeed, called it in the advertisements, a "masterpiece." What English playwright, he asks, could produce such a piece? Not one. I agree with M. Mayer with a deep and abiding sense of thankfulness.

M. Mayer refrained from advertising *La Princesse Loïtaine* as a masterpiece. Perhaps that was why I was half-tempted to think myself half-minded almost to half-like it. You see it was a play about troubadours, and I have always had a sneaking fondness for that gallant brotherhood. In a brutal age they were enthusiasts, visionaries, idealists, worshipping women as goddesses, and illustrating, by anticipation, the Scotchman's pleasing theory of "love in the air-track." They were amateurs of the unattainable and the intangible, perceiving—a point of wisdom that many people who are not troubadours have since acquired—that the mistress of a man's heart is most likely to remain so when she is inaccessible, the central figure of a dream. This is the sort of love cherished by Joffroy Rudel, the prince and troubadour of M. Rostand's play. Joffroy has only heard of the fair Princess Mélissinde, held prisoner in her own castle of Tripoli by the Emperor of Byzantium; pilgrims returning from the East have reported her wondrous beauty, and though what the pilgrims said—like what the soldier said—is not evidence for a Mr. Justice Stareleigh, it is quite good enough for a Prince Joffroy Rudel.

Ils en parlèrent tant que soudain, se levant,
Le prince, ce poète épris d'ombre et de vent,
La proclama sa Dame, et, depuis lors, fidèle,
Ne rêva plus que d'elle, et ne rima que d'elle.

And so Joffroy, though sick unto death, took ship for Tripoli, so that he might have sight of his "Dame" before

he gave up the ghost. But when, after fighting the Turk and weathering storms, he arrived in port, "lean, rent and beggared by the strumpet wind," he was too ill to disembark; and therefore, on the principle *qui facit per alium facit per se*, he sent his friend and fellow-troubadour, Bertrand d'Allamanon, ashore to interview the Princess on his behalf. And lo! Bertrand bowed his way through all the guards of the Emperor of Byzantium, and cut down their leader, the Knight of the Green Armour, and whirling his sword round his head as he executed a graceful pirouette, he sank bleeding at the prince's feet, whereupon this remarkable dialogue ensued:—

Mélissinde. Messire . . . Ah! . . . Qu'avez-vous à me dire?
Bertrand. Des vers!

and, Bertrand proceeding to recite a ballad of his friend Joffroy's composing, the princess joined in; and the duet only lacked Verdi's music. Then, of course, the inevitable happened. For troubadours, after all, were but men, and Princess Far-aways but women, so that the lady fell in love with the messenger, and the sick prince lying out in the port was forgotten. Here was a chance, the only chance in the play, for M. Rostand to develop a really dramatic *motif*—the struggle in the breasts of Bertrand and Mélissinde between their love and their obligations of honour to the absent Joffroy. But no; M. Rostand even here remained perversely undramatic. For the window, flying open with the breeze, revealed to the lovers the prince's bark in the distance, and a black sail was hoisted as a sort of bulletin to show that he was, in the language of bulletins, "sinking." Thereupon the princess and her lover were recalled to their duty and went down to the port to visit the couch of the dying Joffroy Rudel. The prince could hardly believe his eyes and ears when the princess of his dreams was realised in the flesh. But she made up for her momentary disloyalty by what the physicians call "a good bedside manner," thus:—

Mél. Voici les mains que vous chiez, voici mes mains!
Et voici, puisqu'il fut votre but de l'entendre,
—Écoutez bien—voici ma voix, soumise et tendre!
Joff. Ils vous font peur, mes yeux déjà gris et vitreux?
Mél. Et voici maintenant mes lèvres sur vos yeux!
Joff. Mes lèvres vous font peur, que gerçèrent les lèvres?
Mél. Et voici maintenant mes lèvres sur vos lèvres!

whereupon Joffroy died quite happily, clasping one of Mélissinde's tresses, cut from the golden hair that was hanging down her back; and Bertrand departed to the Crusades, while Mélissinde returned to Tripoli and, I presume, ultimately married the Emperor of Byzantium. M^dme. Bernhardt looked very charming, and murmured M. Rostand's honey-sweet lines, as was to be expected, melliflously, as the *princesse loïtaine*. And now, once more, so far as London is concerned, she is an *actrice loïtaine*.

A. B. WALKLEY.



MADAME RÉJANE AND COMPANY
IN "MADAME SANS-GÊNE," NOW
BEING PERFORMED AT THE GAR-
RICK THEATRE. PHOTO BY
NADAR, PARIS.



BEAT BY A SWELL

BY ARCHIE ARMSTRONG.

COWES Regatta was over, and the yachts which had gathered from all the parts that are homes for yachts in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere, were returning to them, or off to distant waters, or simply slipping away before the south-easterly breeze "Westward Ho" with a view to future engagements. Many, of course, were going west to see others race. A cruise along the West Coast, with a few regattas thrown in to make things lively, and a harbour at night to ensure tranquil sleep, should suit the most lukewarm lovers of a life on the ocean wave. Jack Beach had said good-bye to his friends, who had stayed with him for Goodwood and Cowes, and proceeded by himself as far as Portland, where he coaled. He stayed with his friends the Poultons, near Dorchester, during that somewhat dirty episode in the existence of a small but well-found steam yacht, and in return for their hospitality invited them down for a picnic when it was over, going on ahead of them to get things ready.

And so it came to pass that Mr. John Beach stood on the railway platform at Weymouth one sunshiny morning and waited for the arrival of the Poultons of Pottletown. His cook and steward were catering, with orders to spare no expense, but bring the best of everything on board; but the Poultons' train was late. He asked a porter the cause of the delay, got an unsatisfactory answer, and swore a nautical swear as he turned on his heel. A tall young man immediately afterwards asked precisely the same question, and swore a military swear when he got the same reply. The military swear had something in it about shooting the anathematised person; the nautical one was too technical to be worth repeating.

Jack Beach, however, recognised something familiar in the other man's tone, and slewed himself round, as he would have put it.

"Billy Jarvis, by the powers!" he said. "How goes it, old man?"

Mr. Jarvis grunted, and shrugged his broad shoulders.

"What are you doing here?" asked Jack Beach.

"Portland, two years' penal servitude; done a month of it," said the other.

"Oh, you're quartered at the Verne, are you? I meant to have asked what regiment was there; how's little Miss Greenleaf?"

Mr. Jarvis shook his head gloomily. "I'm giving myself up for lost there, old man," he said. "They are coming down by this train, you'll see them; they've been spending the summer here, and have been away for a ball at Sherborne."

"That's all right," said Mr. Beach, "why didn't you go?"

Mr. Jarvis faced round, "I've come here, Jack, to meet them casually—as if I did not know they were coming;

they've got a fellow called Baskerville hanging on to them; I want to see if he and she are engaged, if I can."

"Cutting you out, eh?" said Mr. Beach, and his friend nodded.

"Money?" asked Mr. Beach, briefly.

"I doubt it, but her mother thinks so; I believe he's after what she's got; he's a sharpish sort of chap—clever you know, in a way."

"Bounder?"

"Average; talks about a lot of swells he says he knows in town, and fetches the old lady; and talks about all the new books and that sort of thing, and fetches Rose."

"Oh, she lies him, does she? Then he has regularly cut you out?"

Mr. Jarvis winced. "That's what it looks like, but I believe it's only what they call a 'temporary aberration,' old man, indeed I do; if I could only go for him, and kick him, and show her what a little squirming cad he is, she'd be all right; she's fond of me, really. But I can't talk learnedly; I'm all right at Handley Cross and Sponge, but Browning beats me. I've tried him for her sake!"

"Telegram for you, sir," said one of Mr. Beach's men, who had been to the post-office for letters, touching his hat. His master frowned as he read it: "Hang it," he said, "it's too bad; the Poultons can't come; I'd got everything ready for them and was going to take them for a picnic; look here, Billy, old boy, I can't bear to see you down on your luck—you come instead and bring some pals and we'll have a time of it. No place like a yacht on a fine day for a jamboree."

"But the Greenleafs—their train is just signalled, I must know what they are going to do."

"Bring them, and we'll carry them off to the Scilly Isles; best place for you and them; insist on marriage and the thing will be done."

"But Baskerville is with them."

"The Lord has delivered him into our hands—we'll drown him."

"By gad," said Mr. Jarvis, "we might."

His friend laughed. "We shall have you in Portland in a new capacity, Billy, soon, I can see; that is, if they can reduce it to manslaughter; but what sort of a cut of man is he?"

"Well, she says he has Greek features, and all that; he has a big head, is inclined to be fat, eats too much I should think; he'd drown fast enough, I expect, if he did fall overboard."

"Bilious?"

"I should think so; but she says he's beautiful, so he must have his points; anything wrong in a man's appearance always puts her off him, I know"; and Mr. Jarvis squared his shoulders and looked daggers at the train as it slowed into the station.

Miss Greenleaf was quite surprised to see them on the platform; and not quite pleased. She knew Mr. Beach, however, of old, and said she was glad to renew his acquaintance. In a few minutes he had given her and her mother an invitation to start in an hour's time on board the R.D.Y.C. Steam Yacht "Swishtail" for a cruise to Swanage and back. Miss Greenleaf was delighted, she loved the sea.

"Might she bring a friend? Mr. Baskerville—Mr. Beach?"

"Certainly." And the thing was arranged.

Mr. Baskerville thanked Mr. Beach for his invitation rather nervously. Perhaps it was Mr. Jarvis' glowering eye

which frightened him. Still he turned up with Greenleafs on board the "Swishtail" which was waiting for them off the pier-head in a brand new yachting cap of the newest pattern, bought for the occasion. Miss Greenleaf had on a most bewildering yachting costume, but then she was always ready for emergencies.

"Why did we ask the brute?" groaned Mr. Jarvis. "He's not going to leave her side. I heard him say the sea was delightfully smooth and his enjoyment perfect."

"Let's have lunch," said Jack Beach. "It's too late to get to Lulworth and land for it."

And they had lunch, while the screw of the "Swishtail" justified her name as it drove her along through the smooth water.

"Capital cream, that," said Mr. Baskerville, piling it on to a jam tart.

"Rather rich," murmured Mrs. Greenleaf, declining a second helping.

Mr. Jarvis munched a dry biscuit and drank champagne. He passed the cigars, too; Mr. Baskerville took one and lit it as they went on deck to admire the view.

"It is lovely," cried Miss Greenleaf. "St. Alban's Head looks as if you could hit it with a stone, doesn't it? And how lovely the water looks as one rushes through it. It is not quite so glassy calm here."

Mr. Baskerville seemed to enjoy looking at the sky rather than the moving water.

"It's rather rough out yonder, isn't it?" he said, apprehensively.

"I hope it is!" cried Miss Greenleaf. "Smooth sea is so dull."

"Which way is the tide running, Newbolt?" said Mr. Jarvis to the captain as he walked aft in search of his host.

"Three-quarter flood, sir," said the yacht's skipper.

"Not much wind, is there?"

"Wait till you get outside, sir; we're under the lee of St. Alban's Head just now, and if the governor holds on we shall be in the race in ten minutes."

"Rough, eh?"

"Bit of a loup, sir, where the wind meets the tide."

Jack Beach was steering. "How's the old lady?" he said, "she was shaky just now, perhaps you'd better get her daughter to go and see after her; tell Baskerville to stay where he is; now we're in it."

As Mr. Jarvis staggered along the deck the "Swishtail" began to pitch and roll with a suddenness which would have astonished anyone not knowing the difference between a sheltered bay and the more or less open channel.

"I think your mother wants you," said Mr. Jarvis to Miss Greenleaf. "You, sir, had better remain here if you feel sea-sick, he added, turning to Mr. Baskerville; there is no accommodation below except in the cabin, to which we are going to take Mrs. Greenleaf."

"Mr. Baskerville is not sea-sick," said Miss Greenleaf, opening her blue eyes in surprise, "are you Mr. Baskerville?" He was not smoking. She thought he had thrown away his cigar, and stopped talking in order to admire the view in eloquent silence.

Five minutes later they came up on deck again.

"Do you think he really was feeling bad?" she asked, as they walked forward together, and she added, "you are

certainly steadier on your legs than he is, certainly Mr. Jarvis; oh what a plunge—oh!!"

Mr. Jarvis had caught her up with one arm as he steadied himself against a corner of the deck-house with the other.

"How strong you are," she said. "Mr. Baskerville tried to lift me over a stile yesterday and could not do it." She felt his arm with an inquisitive finger as he held her above the inch or so of water which had flooded the deck and was running out through the scuppers. "Have you done it—has he gone?" whispered Mr. Jarvis to his host who had just handed over the vessel to the captain and splashed towards them.

"I think that I finished him," answered his host with a laugh. "Anyhow, we'll go and have a look at him, if he's still on board."

Poor Mr. Baskerville! the "green sea" coming on board just where he lay had finished him with a vengeance. He was a sorry sight.

"I think your friend feels ill," said Mr. Beach politely to Miss Greenleaf, as if a new idea had dawned upon him.

Mr. Baskerville groaned. Mr. Beach was looking closely at Mr. Jarvis. "Billy, old chap, you are beginning to look a bit green, too, about the gills," eh? Go and shout to my steward, and get him to give you a tumblerful of the same fizz we had at lunch, with a thimbleful of brandy in it and a dash of cayenne—quick! I'll bring Miss Greenleaf back presently. Your friend," he added, with emphasis on the word, turning to Miss Greenleaf, "feels ill."

As Mr. Baskerville was lying, drenched to the skin, and groaning, with his head on a coil of rope and his eyes closed, the remark seemed unnecessary. "I think he is speaking to you," Mr. Baskerville was murmuring "Rosy—Rosy!" faintly; Miss Greenleaf was looking down at him with curling lip, holding on with one hand to the bulwarks, with the other to Mr. Beach's arm.

"Shall I leave you alone with him?" he asked, with a fairly obvious smile on his sunburnt face.

She turned very red. "Certainly not," she said; and he did not apply the word "fool," which he heard her murmur under her breath, to himself; but he led her back to the deck-house, under the lee of which two chairs were placed as the "Swishtail," retracing her course, re-entered the calm waters she had left, and coasted along under the lee of the cliffs.

"Steward," said Mr. Baskerville later in the afternoon, putting his head out of the door of his host's cabin, "where are we?"

"Lulworth Cove, sir; the two other gentlemen and the young lady are landing for tea, sir. The old lady does not feel up to it."

"Get me my clothes."

"You keep that blanket round you, sir, else you'll catch cold. Your clothes is drying in the hengine room; the master said you was not to have them till they was thoroughly aired."

"But I shall be too late," exclaimed Mr. Baskerville; and as he struggled into his shrunken garments, about 8 p.m. that evening, and learnt that Mr. Jarvis was going back to supper with the Greenleafs and he was not, he again exclaimed, "I shall be too late!" and so he was.



MALAGA.

SOME sixty miles from Gibraltar, between a natural bay and the western end of the snow-clad Sierra Nevada mountains, Malaga looks out on the Mediterranean Sea. The journey overland from "Gib" calls the old-fashioned Diligence into service for some half the distance, and after that horses are usually requisitioned. By rail the route is long and tedious, as might be expected on lines where express speed is under 20 miles an hour, and the best way to reach Malaga is by sea. There is a fine harbour, a hideous Custom House, and a large, unfinished Cathedral, started nearly four hundred years ago and never completed. To-day it stands dejected and alone, as though conscious of the fact that, by the help of a little more money, it might have rivalled the other architectural marvels of the country.

Throughout the long hot hours of the day-time the streets

are practically deserted, and the appearance of an occasional cab or tram is the only sign of life to be met with outside the main street. Towards evening the inhabitants flock into the two fashionable promenades, the Alameda and the road to the lighthouse. Nobody seems particularly conscious of the fact that the town is beautiful, that the climate is perfect, that the Malaguenas are the most beautiful women in Andalusia. The natives take the gifts of Nature with quiet content; they are happy with their *manzanillas*, their guitars, and an occasional Fiesta de Toros. For the rest, they only desire to rob foreigners and keep out of the sun. Of course, there is business, and at times the port is crowded; but nobody hurries, and the Custom House officials smoke their cigarettes while on duty, and do not despise a whiskey and soda half as much as they despise the Englishman who gives it to them. A strange town, lacking the grandeur of Seville and the strange dead aspect of the cities in north and



MALAGA—THE BULL-RING (on the right).



MALAGA—THE HARBOUR AND CATHEDRAL

central Spain, but in many respect a paradise for invalids and idlers of all nations, who, did they once recognise its merits, would flock to Malaga every winter in preference to the south of France.

On the eastern side of the city, close to the harbour, stands the Plaza de Toros, a fine building capable of comfortably seating ten thousand spectators. When matadores like Guerrita or Mazzantini, bring their *cuadrillas* to Malaga, the people are packed sardine-wise and prices are raised; but after the beginning of June the amateur can see a fair amount of bloodshed at a moderate price. The natives of the town are not so enthusiastic as the good people of Seville, but the ring is well patronised.

Beyond the hills lie the pleasant vineyards, in a plateau teeming with palms, olives, and oranges. All who know the country will agree that it has wonderful undeveloped mineral wealth which, were it properly managed, would make the district rich and prosperous beyond the dreams of avarice. Nature does all she can to reveal her treasure house, rare springs with medicinal properties rise among the mountains, rich veins of metal and signs of fine marble are abundant. They appear to pass unnoticed. The Bay is full of fish; there are some special little ones about the size of small sprats or large whitebait; they are called "boquerones"; they deserve a better name if they would care for one. The sherry is delicious; all through the summer fruit, which seems to hold the very heart of wine, is at a discount. In the country round Malaga, the harvest festivals, with their dances and merry making, will stir the dullest English heart to a frenzy. The sunsets are themes for the painter; the moon, in harvest time, must be seen to be believed. Certainly description would appear to be exaggeration, and could do no justice to the sights.

There is, however, little more than a pastoral interest attached to Malaga. One can visit the ruins of the Castle of Gibralfaro and the more modern fortifications, which may be popularly supposed to guard the port. There are several other ruins reminiscent of Moorish occupation, and there is a mass of the mixed architecture of many epochs to be studied in the Cathedral.

Life in Malaga has for the occasional visitor no intellectual side. There are no art treasures, there are few interesting or historical remains. The place is one for lounging, for repairing the ravages of civilisation, for coming once more into Nature's fold, and learning to take fresh delight in country life. It is a town in which ambition finds little scope; where I have often watched beggars, with scarce a rag to cover them, singing aloud out of very joy of life. You may walk for miles without seeing a frowning face; and when a native robs a visitor, he does his work with so gracious an air that robbery loses half its sting. Englishmen and Americans are the lawful prey of the Malagenians, who hail the arrival of a ship or a railway train with a joy similar to that experienced by hungry seagulls when they catch sight of a shoal of sardines.

I well recollect on my first visit to Malaga meeting a dear old gentleman, off whom Spain seemed destined to get a living. He came to me one afternoon with a parcel. "I've got the better of these rascals at last," he said, with a smile of satisfaction. "The shopkeeper wanted a dollar apiece for these walking sticks. I took half a dozen, and gave him a sovereign. When he wanted more I pretended to walk out of the shop, and he gave in."

I took the parcel and examined the contents. The price for the six, to a Spaniard, would have been about nine shillings rather less than more.

THEOCRITUS.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



AS I have previously had reason to observe, I am not like the Israelite of history; there is a sale; no, there are a hundred sales, and I am in possession of a catalogue; no, of a hundred catalogues. Everybody is selling off. The spirit of liberality which has entered into the minds of the British merchant is little short of remarkable. Indeed it is remarkable. The word stares you in the face in every shop, from East to West, from North to South of London. There "remarkable bargains," here "remarkable reductions"; and most of the people are selling "regardless of cost." And strange to say, these facts are not only announced in large letters, but they may be realised when you enter any of the shops. I believe implicitly in the sale. Always providing you are a wise woman and know what you want, you may be safely trusted within the portals bearing the legend "Sale now on." Be you, however, an unwise woman who would purchase the merely cheap, disregarding its claims to the useful, then let me advise you to turn round and go the other way. I don't know exactly which other way, for sales are everywhere: but perhaps it would be best for you to go and sit in the Park under the trees, when, however, if you are unlucky, you will meet a dear friend who has just bought a bargain, of which she will tell you volubly, and you will promptly get to the nearest gate, and into the nearest hansom, and try and follow in her more or less good example. Quite the cheapest things to be met—and I know because I have been to interview them all—are the muslin blouses. The

authorities have decided that these are not to be kept over till next season; therefore the bodice which yesterday was 25s. 9d. is to day 12s. 6d., and it bears upon it not the least trace of its two months' existence in the world of fashion.

The model French gowns should be selected with discretion when you meet with them under reduced circumstances; several of them, being all lined through with silk, and made with the new shape of skirt, may be written down as eminently desirable. But if you want a real bargain you should go into the Silk Department at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street. Here there are odd pieces of light silks, fit for bodices or petticoats, at about 2s. 11d. a yard; there, too, are some lengths of brocade very little more expensive which offer themselves persuasively for tea-gowns, or skirts or dresses, which shall in due course be provided with lace and chiffon bodices.

The chiffon bodice half draped with lace threatens to remain amongst us for quite another season. It is not a very alarming threat either, for surely no bodices were ever more becoming than these, unless, of course, those which will follow them in the world of fashion. But this is in the near future; let me remain in the present. Oh, if we only could for ever! not that I am certain I should like it, though; even perpetual youth would, I suppose, be desperately monotonous, but this is a digression.

Ribbons are eminently desirable purchases at the moment. The best qualities exhibit pleasingly lessened prices, and as ribbons are so useful for sashes, for neckbands, for trimming



A CREAM MUSLIN GOWN.

hats or petticoats, and will indeed serve a variety of purposes, when found cheap they should be bought at once regardless of your immediate need of them.

A garment which may be very cheaply snatched, too, at



A MOURNING DRESS OF HENRIETTA CLOTH AND CRAPE.

these summer sales—I say advisedly “snatched,” for that is the method most women adopt when buying on these occasions—is the cape, which is a very serviceable article of attire, if not entirely elegant. Every woman who indulges herself in violent exercise—tennis, golf, boating, or what you will—should possess a cape, and several that I interviewed this week, which are eminently worthy of regard, bore upon them the price of 21s. These are mostly made in grey or fawn cloth, machine stitched; some of them are lined with silk, while some are single and others are double, but they are all deserving of attention, for they are so extremely comfortable to fling on or off at a moment's notice. Amongst the things to be avoided should be the half-soiled ball dress, and yet you can see a crowd of women eagerly competing for the privilege of buying this. What possible charm there can be in a half-dirty gown, however much the label French may be stamped upon it, I shall never know. Surely one of the prime attractions of a dress should be its cleanliness, and a white tulle gown which has solemnly taken unto itself a dust-grey tint cannot be reckoned a valuable addition to the wardrobe.

But talking of dust-grey tints reminds me of the mourner and recalls to my mind a capital dress I met at Jay's. I am always meeting capital dresses at Jay's, believing with a perfect faith in this establishment; and having made up my mind now for many years that when Providence grants me that liberal income I so richly deserve, I shall dissipate at least a third of it at this corner of Regent Circus. It is a strange thing that there should be fashions in mourning—strange, though true. Yesterday we used somewhat to disregard the charms of crape, but to-day we wear it with more enthusiasm—well, we won't say enthusiasm; it is the wrong word under the circumstances—but we recognize that it is the sartorial emblem of woe, and adopt it on every occasion when affliction unfortunately suggests its wear. Jay makes whole bodices of crape, and very well they look, too, in the overhanging style, with Henrietta cloth sleeves and skirt, and a few folds of the crape emerging on either side of the collar band. Jay makes them, so it is almost superfluous to say they fit well, for crape needs to be handled by the expert. But once secure this, and buy your crape of the



THAT PINK SATIN DRESS.

best quality, and the old-fashioned fallacy that crape won't wear well will vanish from your mind for evermore, as my writing must for the moment. Space, you demon! how perpetually do I long to avoid your limits!

PAULINA PRY.



THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH, 1674.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1690.



THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG, 1691 and 1693.



THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 1711.



THE EARL OF STAIR, 1744.



GENERAL WADE, 1745.

COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.



EARL LIGONIER, 1757.



THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY, 1766.



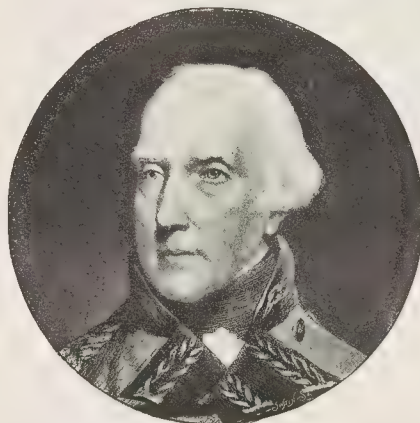
LORD AMHERST, 1778 and 1793.



FIELD-MARSHAL, THE HON. HENRY CONWAY, 1755 and 1792.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, 1795 and 1811.



GENERAL SIR DAVID DUNDAS, 1809.

COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1827 and 1842-1852



LORD HILL, 1825-1842.



SIR HENRY HARDINGE, 1852-1856.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, 1856-1895.
PHOTO BY WALERY.

COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.



IN the story of Sonya Kovalevsky, Ibsen, writer of plays, has a story made to his hand. It is a variant of "Hedda Gabler." Hedda was a girl who wanted always to have a hand in the threads of a man's destiny. Sonya was consumed by the passionate assertion of woman's intellect. She wished to be a great mathematician, and, at the same time, to have the full satisfaction of her heart in a man's devotion. Unluckily for her, the man did not come into this scheme of empire. Whether it was that Sonya's intellectual achievements chilled him, or that he had at no time any strong attachment to her, it is impossible to say, for so far he has not favoured the world with his story. He seems to have been a spectator of this strange woman's triumph, when she received the highest prize from the French Academy of Science; and, perhaps, it was just this part of spectator that he did not care to play. I can hear the ardent champions of woman exclaim, "How like a man! He was no lover; he was a jealous professor—jealous because Sonya was so distinguished. He broke her heart because he would not yield to her intellectual supremacy!" Yes, but even if this surmise be true, it seems to sustain the melancholy proposition that a woman's heart is a terrible incumbrance when she engages in the struggle for power. Like Hedda, Sonya desired to subjugate and not to be subjugated, and when the man she cared for would not accept these terms, she had to pay the penalty. Hedda blew her brains out. Sonya killed herself with overwork and unappeasable longing.

The professor's story, as I have said, we do not know, but he is doubtless flourishing and tranquil. He may have had more than one romance since he saw Sonya crowned by the Academy of Science, and since he declined to enter into a bond which would have made her paramount. His callous selfishness may be the theme of indignant eloquence at the Pioneer Club, where, I am told, vitriolic odium is poured upon man and all his works every Thursday. But the lamentable fact remains that in spite of her brilliant career as a mathematician, Sonya did not conquer in the duel of sex. She began life with a matrimonial experiment designed to free her from the thralldom of parental authority. An old-fashioned father interfered with her projects of liberty; so, by a breach of decorum, she forced him to sanction her marriage with Vladimir Kovalevsky. This union was at the outset merely a form. At that time Russian girls who yearned to be free persuaded students to marry them and then behave like brothers. Vladimir fell in with this idea, but he was too brotherly for Sonya. She expected him always to be at her beck and call, though he was her husband only in name. When he left her and applied himself to his own studies, she fretted and fumed, while he—another miserable egoist!—was perfectly serene. Sonya was a woman, indeed, after the heart of the most advanced Pioneer. She had abilities recognised by Europe; she had the most determined independence; she was utterly and

gloriously unhappy. Over her husband she had no authority whatever; the professor who roused the real passion of her life declined to submit to her will. If the emancipators of woman make anything to their comfort out of Sonya Kovalevsky's history, I wish them joy; but I fancy there are multitudes of women, without any pretensions to her intellect, who have vastly more influence in the world.

I am indebted to Mr. Gilbert Parker for a very graceful and moving little romance. It was a daring idea to make Valmond a son of Napoleon, born at St. Helena, brought up in ignorance of his parentage as a valet to Lucien Bonaparte, and inspired in a little town in the province of Quebec to lay claim as an impostor to a lineage which he does not know to be his own. This quaint and *bizarre* conception is carried out with so much skill, with so fine and tender a fancy, that it is more than plausible even in its most audacious moments. When Valmond meets the sergeant of the Old Guard, who was a drummer at Austerlitz, and a corporal at Austerlitz, and who comes to expose the impostor, and then to hail him as the Great Emperor's son, it is impossible to read this admirable scene without a stirring of the pulses. The recruiting in Pontiac for the army which is to cross the seas, and restore the Napoleonic dynasty, is redeemed from utter absurdity by Mr. Parker's sympathetic insight into the simplicity of the people whom he has so often described. The pity and the irony of the delusion which captivates Pontiac are so skillfully blended that it seems needless to have made Valmond Napoleon's son at all. It is pathetic that he should die without knowing his origin; but the story might have gained something had the imposture been absolute, and had Valmond been presented to us as an adventurer transfigured by a great idea. This I took to be the motive of the work until the details of Valmond's supposed birth at St. Helena were produced to rehabilitate his character and justify the devotion of his friends—a conclusion less impressive, I think, than the other.

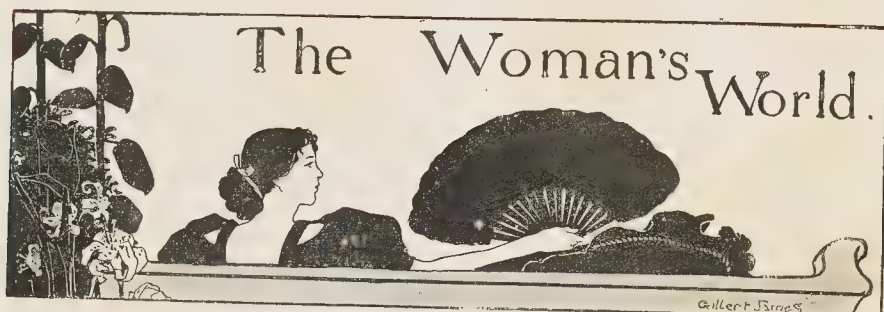
Is there any appetite left for the fiction which is merely the crudest lying? Munchausen was a delightful liar, but imitators of Munchausen are flat and tedious. What would be the fun of saying that I jumped out of the fourth-floor window and that my descent was checked by a violent explosion of gas in the street below, which blew me back with such precision that I returned through the window, and landed gently in the lap of a housemaid who had just sat down in my easy chair to read my private correspondence? Anybody can write that sort of thing by the yard, and it would be just as artistic and entertaining as the volume which records the performances of a gentleman named Jones.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Sonya Kovalevsky." A Biography. By Anna Carlotta Lefler. T. Fisher Unwin.

"When Valmond came to Pontiac." By Gilbert Parker. Methuen.

"The Adventures of Jones." By Hayden Carruth. Chatto & Windus.



THE first summer meet at Sandown is always a favourite occasion with womankind, as, following closely on the heels of Ascot, it gives opportunity for a *rechauffé* of the millinery triumphs created to grace the bigger gatherings. The last Thursday and Friday of June out-Heroded all previous achievements of primary colour with which eyes have ached this season, and the lawn was a mass of brilliant tones, made doubly so by brilliant sunshine. Punkahs were going all the time during lunch, but did little to relieve one's melted mood, which was somewhat assisted, however, by various weird concoctions—continuously applied—at the American bar. As was expected, St. Frusquin carried off the gold cup easily, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's well-advised followers looked justifiably bland immediately afterwards. Lady Curzon looked nice in a pretty arrangement of black and white. Mrs. Ernest Speer, of Sandown Lodge, wore grey; Mrs. Hoare, blue, with steel sequin embroideries. Dozens of girls appeared in the white muslins to which we have reverted with such fervour and effect, but *voyant* hues were in the ascendant, and a bird's-eye view from the stand gave back what an artist in his jargon might pardonably describe as some startling blots of colour.

Lord Alington's youngest daughter, Hon. Mabel Sturt,

was married on Wednesday at St. James', Spanish Place, to Mr. Vincent Corbett, of the Diplomatic Service. This was one of three weddings which took place on the same day, and at which many of the same guests were due, so that there was a constant exchange of frocks and faces between 101, Eaton Square, where Mrs. Green-Wilkinson received on the occasion of her daughter's marriage with Lord Teynham, and Lansdowne House, where Mrs. Wombwell was at home, after her daughter's marriage with Lord Camarvon; or again Alington House, where Lord and Lady Alington welcomed their friends. Both Miss Sturt and Mr. Corbett became Catholics about two years since, so there was a considerable gathering of both sides at the reception. The Princess of Wales sent a brooch of sapphires and diamonds, but was unable to be present through an official engagement. Lord Alington has lent the young people Crichtel for their honeymoon.

PRINCESS HÉLÈNE'S WEDDING PRESENTS.

It is said that the jewels presented to Princess Hélène on her marriage with the Duc d'Aosta already form one of the most unique collections in the possession of any European Royalty, by reason of their extreme beauty of design and their intrinsic value; three amongst the bridegroom's gifts



THE DUCHESSE D'AOSTA IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.
PHOTOGRAPHED AT ORLEANS HOUSE BY BYRNE & CO., RICHMOND.

to his bride as nearly approaching that indefinite stage of value understood by priceless, as it is possible to reach. One

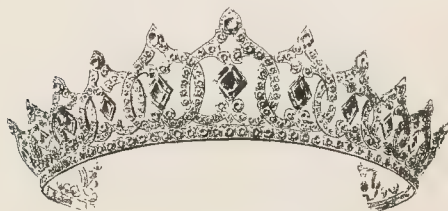


PEARL AND DIAMOND NECKLACE, ONE OF THE BRIDEGROOM'S GIFTS.

of these is a string of pearls composed of thirty-two large beads, perfect in both size and colour, which were selected from thousands that have passed through the Ponte Vecchio, Italy's great pearl market at Florence. Another necklace contains eleven rows of smaller pearls, and a third to form either bodice trimming or necklace, is composed of splendid nut and pear-shaped pearls and diamonds. The ring of massive gold had one large sapphire and brilliant set quite flat by a skilful Italian lapidary. King Humbert's truly Royal present is a diadem of antique diamonds, all of great size and purity, the height of which measures six inches in front. The Duc d'Aumale gave a tiara of large emeralds and diamonds, which also forms a parure, together with a necklace *en suite* of very massive design, each great square-cut emerald surrounded with a frame of brilliants. Besides a diamond brooch with pear-shaped emerald pendants of great size, as well as a diadem and aigrette to match, the Duc d'Orleans also gave his sister



NECKLACE OF EMERALDS AND BRILLIANTS GIVEN BY THE DUC D'AUMALE.



TIARA OF EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS GIVEN BY THE DUC D'AUMALE.

a necklace of extremely beautiful design, which is illustrated here, and has been considered an achievement of the lapidary's art, great pendants of precious stones hanging from one side, while festoons of brilliants are substituted on the other. The Duc d'Abruzzi's splendid diamond necklace was the centre of much admiration also,

while still another neck ornament of the first importance took the form of a diamond and pearl collar, sent by the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres. The Queen's gift was a



DIAMOND TIARA GIVEN BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

diamond bracelet, with the Bourbon fleur-de-lis in rubies and brilliants. The Prince and Princess of Wales were joined by both Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duke and Duchess of York, in presenting a very lovely caducean brooch of diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

Baron Hirsch's presentation was a diamond and turquoise aigrette, while several historical jewels gave an added interest to the cases in which this wonderful collection of precious stones was displayed. Prominent places were also given to a diamond collet necklace with immense turquoises, sent by the King and Queen of Portugal; a diamond bracelet, the gift of Queen Isabelle II. and King Don François d'Assisi; while amongst all the rest, interest lingered most around a matchless group of jewels, 100 in number, all differing, and mounted as pins, which was given to the bride by her mother, the Comtesse de Paris.

The rarest stones, star sapphires, star rubies, black, pink, grey pearls, and diamonds of various



NECKLACE GIVEN BY THE DUC D'ORLEANS.

colours, were included in this collection, which will, no doubt, become historical.

VERA.



THE OPERA
SEASON.

THE opera season at Covent Garden this year has emphatically been a season of "stars," and the Patti nights have eclipsed all others in glory. Last year was marked by the production of a few really interesting new operas, and it was hard at first for the enterprising musician to reconcile himself this summer to an ancient bill of fare. *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Le Prophète*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*—are they not written in the Book of Mummies? But the magic of a Patti can galvanize them into life, and *La Traviata*, one of the weakest of Verdi's many weak operas, has been the pronounced success of the season. It is interesting to note that operas of the old school which have great music, are sure of immortality in spite of their meaningless libretti and their defiance of dramatic form. *Don Giovanni*, which has given us an opportunity of seeing Patti's fascinating impersonation of Zerlina, has also given us an opportunity of putting this to the test. The brilliant beauty of the music of *Don Giovanni* is all the more striking because Mozart adhered so strictly to the conventions which Wagner denounced in *Oper und Drama*. The absence of continuous music, the disconnected arias, trios, and duets, which are tiresome in the operas of meaner men of his time and later, never strike us as old-fashioned or out of date in Mozart. For—

If you get simple beauty, and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents,

and no revolution in idea as to form, such as has passed over opera since Wagner, can affect it. The canons which Mozart honoured are dead, but the beauty of his music will always be fresh and green.

There is no denying, however, that we who want to believe in modern opera, have had rather a trying time of it at Covent Garden this summer. Last year, M. Massenet's melodious *Werther*, and his intensely dramatic *Navarraise*, and M. Bruneau's *L'Attaque du Moulin* showed us that France has two composers who can write a music-drama. Then we had Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* which, while it had all the glaring faults of the young Italian school, was yet a clever bit of work. But this year we have only had *Harold*, and the most conventional of the old operas shines bright by comparison with that extraordinary performance. We must complain, too, that Wagner has been unaccountably shelved lately. At one time *Tristan und Isolde* was promised in German, with M. Jean de Reszke as Tristan, but sad to say that incomparable artist is not coming to England at all this year, so *Tristan* will not be heard

at Covent Garden, nor in all probability will *Meistersinger*, as De Reszke's wonderful impersonation of Walter would be grievously missed.

With this one great exception Sir Augustus Harris's galaxy of opera stars is indeed a brilliant one. The combination of Tamagno and Maurel in *Otello* made us realise that no one man, not even when that man is Tamagno, can make an opera. With an inferior Iago, the scenes between the passionate Moor and his Machiavellian tempter were robbed of half their power. Maurel seems to us to be one of the most intellectual singers living, and both as Falstaff and Iago this season, he has done splendid work. The baritones have, by the way, been more striking than the tenors. Signor Ancona is a tower of strength; and in *La Traviata* particularly he sang extremely well. Mr. David Bispham is another useful baritone, and is perhaps as good a musician as anyone else in the company, or—as we are talking of stars—in the heavens. His versatility is extraordinary. He can make a great deal of *vieux jeu* like *Fra Diavolo*, and can save a drawing-room duke like Sir E. Malet's and Mr. Cowen's Duke William from being contemptible. But his real ability as a dramatic singer has not been exploited this summer. If *Meistersinger* could be given before the end of the season, a better Hans Sachs than Mr. Bispham could not be found. MM. Alvarez and Bertran and De Lucia have taken the principal tenor parts, and have always been adequate, if not particularly striking. M. Alvarez's Romeo is beautiful musically, but dramatically it leaves a great deal to be desired.

Of the *prime donne*, it is hardly necessary to mention Patti, whose return to the operatic stage has given such *éclat* to the season. Madame Melba's wonderful voice, recalling in its liquid beauty Carew's line about the nightingale,

For in her warm dividing throat,
She winters to keep warm her note,

gives, however, more pleasure than Patti's now, and her acting which was so terribly stiff, is decidedly less wooden this year. An interesting *début* has been that of Madame Bellincioni, the original Santuzza, when *Cavalleria Rusticana* was produced at Milan. Mdlles. Lejeune, Brazzi, and Bauermeister have all done good service. The latter's clever performance as the nurse in *Romeo et Juliette* is as good as ever. And two of our most gifted singers, Mmes. Eames and Calvé, are to infuse fresh life into the opera season, now that the Patti nights are over. Not only are we again to hear those wonderful middle notes of Madame Eames's, but to see once more how dramatic talent of the highest order can be united with musical in the attractive person of Madame Calvé.

R. C. SAVAGE.

Singers of the Opera Season.—Second Series.



MISS FLORENCE MONTEITH.
PHOTO BY ALFRED ELLIS.

Studied at the London Academy of Music, winning three scholarships, the silver and gold medals, also one for harmony and counterpoint, and the certificate for high proficiency in pianoforte playing. As a pianist was popular at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, St. James's Hall, etc. Studied singing in Italy, and made a successful appearance, as a singer, in Belgium. Her soprano voice is rich and flexible. Her repertoire comprises Elsa in "Lohengrin," Margherita in "Faust," Juliette, Carmen, Nedda in "Pagliacci," and Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Made her debut at Covent Garden last season as Michela in "Carmen."



SIGNOR ANCONA.
PHOTO BY DUPONT,
NEW YORK.

Studied singing in Milan under Giuseppe Conia. Made his first appearance, two years ago, in Trieste, in "Le Roi de Lahore." Has since sung in the principal Italian cities and in those of the United States. This is his third season at Covent Garden. His repertoire consists of the baritone rôles in "Le Roi de Lahore," "La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Ernani," "L'Amico Fritz," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "Sigua," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Die Meistersinger," "Aida," "Carmen," "Manon Lescaut" (Massenet), "Guglielmo Tell," "Les Huguenots," "Rigoletto," "L'Africaine," "Faust," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Le Cid," "I Puritani," &c.



MADAME FANNY MOODY.
PHOTO BY CHANCELLOR,
DUBLIN.

At first was chiefly heard at ballad and promenade concerts, and in oratorio. Is a particular favourite in Scotland. Married Mr. Charles Manners, himself a singer of repute. Recently offered £100 as a prize for the best opera newly composed under certain restrictions.



SIGNOR ALVAREZ.

Born in Bordeaux. Principal tenor of the Grand Opéra House, Paris. Made his debut at Covent Garden in 1893, as Don José to Mlle. Calvé's Carmen. Has sung Faust and Romeo this season, and will also sing Dominique in Bizet's opera, "L'Attaque du Moulin." He will sing Tannhäuser in French this season in London, and, in the autumn, in Paris. He created the principal tenor rôle in "L. i Navarraise."



MADAME EMMA EAMES.
PHOTO BY H. S. MEN-
DELSSOHN.

Is a particular favourite with Parisian audiences. Has a very strong soprano voice, and good style. Married Mr. Story, the artist, and son of the American sculptor. Is one of the most youthful prima donnas before the public. Sang in Mr. De Lara's "The Light of Asia," when it was produced in London in 1892, and in Massenet's "Werther" last year. Juliette and Elsa in "Lohengrin" are among the rôles in which she has won signal success.



MDLLE. BELLINCIONI.
PHOTO BY BROGI,
FLORENCE.

Italian by birth, she has literary as well as musical tastes. She first sang in London at Her Majesty's Theatre, in June, 1889. She was Siebel in "Faust." Since that time she has toured with success in Italy and in Germany. She was the original representative of Natalia in Samara's "Le Martire." Her singing as Santuzza is very effective. She has composed the libretto to an opera.



SEÑOR ENRICO BERTRAN.
PHOTO BY AUDOUARD,
BARCELONA.

Born at Barcelona in 1865. Joined a dramatic company when eighteen, but, discovering that he had a voice, entered the Municipal Academy of Music at Barcelona, gaining the principal prize in the first year, and, in the second, a scholarship. In 1889 made his debut, in his native town, as Don José in "Carmen," drawing crowded houses for fifty performances, thus proving that the old adage about the "prophet" is not always true. Sang in Naples, in "Carmen," and in Spain, in "La Bella Fanciulla di Perth," "L'Africaine," etc. Went to South America, and then sang at La Scala, Milan, meeting with warm recognition in "Lorelei," "Rigoletto," "Lucia di Lammermoor," etc.



MADemoisELLE ROSITA OLITZKA.
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE.

Born at Savagossa in 1872. Began her career in the winter of 1891-92, at Brunn. In 1892-93 she sang in Hamburg, and, in 1893, was engaged for Covent Garden Opera House. This young singer, who is possessed of much dramatic power, in addition to the charm of her voice, has her future before her, but she is already a favourite with the public. Her voice is of such compass that she sings true contralto parts, such as Fides in "Le Prophète," and Ortrud in "Lohengrin," while her repertoire contains mezzo-soprano parts like Carmen and Mignon. Appeared with success in Berlin last winter.



MR. DAVID BISPHAM.
PHOTO BY ALFRED
ELLIS.

Born in Philadelphia, of an old Quaker family, a circumstance which prevented him from studying singing. Made his debut on the stage in 1891, as the Duc de Longueville in "La Basoche." Was then engaged by Sir Augustus Harris, and, by singing the rôle of Kurwenal in "Tristan and Isolde," in the place of an absentee, passed, at one bound, into the ranks of distinguished baritones. His feat of singing, in German, the difficult rôle of Kurwenal, to the Tristan of Alnary, was the more remarkable because it was accomplished without a single orchestral rehearsal. He has since distinguished himself as Wolfram, De Nevers, Pizzaro, and, finally, as Falstaff.



MADAME CALVÉ.
PHOTO BY SARONY,
NEW YORK.

Born in Arceyon, Decazeville, of a French mother and a Spanish father. Educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montpellier, at which aristocratic establishment her young voice was heard with distinction in sacred music. On the death of her father, a well-known engineer, she had to provide for herself. She sang for the first time in public at a benefit concert in Nice, singing a melody, "L'Etoile que j'aime," with exquisite effect. She then went to Paris, studying under Puget, Madame Marchesi, and Madame Rosine Laborde. The European Continent then welcomed her as Ophélie, Marguerite, and Hérodias. Since then the world has welcomed her as Santuzza and as Carmen.



MONSIEUR EDOUARD DE RESZKE
IN "ROBERT LE DIABLE." PHOTO
BY BENQUE, PARIS.

Born in 18

at the T

and the

In 1891 he visited the United States.

At the age of 18 he sang with his brother Jean

He made a successful London début in 1880, at

first in Massenet's "Roi de Lahore." Since that

time he has been in this country. His most popular rôles are

as Fernando, Mephistopheles, and Friar Lawrence



MADemoisELLE LEJEUNE.
PHOTO BY DUPONT,
BRUSSELS.

Born at Liège, in 1872. Studied at the Conservatoire there, winning the highest honours. Was then engaged for the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, where, for three seasons, she sang the chief dramatic soprano rôles, making hits as Aida, Eurydice, and Bertha. At Liège, subsequently, she sang portions of the rôle of Isolde to the Tristan of M. Van Dyck. She made her début at Covent Garden on May 15th, as Bertha in "Le Prophète."



MADAME STELLA BRAZZI.
PHOTO BY WYATT,
BRATTLEBORO.

Born at Brattleboro, Vermont Co., U.S.A., but of French extraction. Inherits, to a certain extent, her musical and dramatic gifts. Commenced studying music at the age of six. Sang in a local church choir until leaving for Europe in 1888. Studied under a famous Italian maestro for four years, learning her rôles both in French and Italian. Made her début at Bordeaux in "La Favorita." Recently concluded a successful season at Nice, singing fifty times in nine works: "Lohengrin," "Hamlet," "Sigurd," "Il Trovatore," "Samson et Dalila," "L'Illéonide," "Onégin," "Bal Masqué," and "La Favorita."



MDLLE. BAUERMEISTER.
PHOTO BY THE LONDON
STEREOSCOPIC CO.

Born in Hamburg. Studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London, winning the King's scholarship. Commenced her career as an opera singer at Her Majesty's Theatre. Soon acquired a most extensive repertoire, rendering her a singer of great use in an operatic company. Has been with Sir Augustus Harris in all his Italian opera seasons, and with Messrs. Abbey and Graw in their seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. During her recent engagement in America she sang, owing to the indisposition of another artist, the Queen in "Les Huguenots," receiving the warmest praise from press and public for her rendering.



M. CASTELMARY
PHOTO BY GANZINI,
MILAN.

Born in Toulouse, in 1840, the son of a doctor, whose profession it was intended that he should follow. This, however, was not to his taste, and he took singing lessons, without his parents' knowledge, at the Toulouse Conservatoire. On the death of his father he went to Paris, where he studied under Levasseur, the celebrated basso, who created so many basso-roles in the works of Meyerbeer. After singing in various provincial towns, he was engaged for the then Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra, where he made his début as Saint Bris in "Les Huguenots." He sang for the first time in London in 1873, at Drury Lane, as Lohario in "Mignon." Has been engaged since 1889 by Sir Augustus Harris for the important posts of primo-basso and régisseur, a position which he also fills in the winter in New York.



MONSIEUR JEAN DE RESZKE
IN "FAUST." PHOTO BY
MIECZKOWSKI.

Born in Warsaw in 1833, he received early musical tuition from his mother. He first appeared in London in 1875, thereafter singing in Paris. His voice having changed from a baritone to a tenor, his success was greatly increased when he next appeared in Paris, about 1883, where he sang at the Grand Opera with Patti. In 1887 he sang at Drury Lane, and has since then been annually engaged. In 1891 he visited the United States.

The Album

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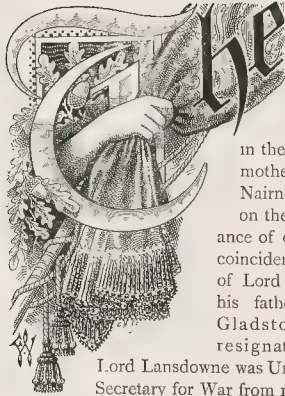
JULY 15, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.
PHOTO BY W. & D. DOWNEY.

The Rest of the Cabinet.



His **MARQUIS OF LANS-**
DOWNE, who has
 become Secretary of
 State for War, is a
 powerful and experi-
 enced politician, just
 in the very prime of life. His
 mother, who was the Baroness
 Nairne in her own right, died
 on the eve of her son's accept-
 ance of office; a parallel for this
 coincidence occurred in the case
 of Lord Tweedmouth, who lost
 his father on the day of Mr.
 Gladstone's
 resignation.

Lord Lansdowne was Under
 Secretary for War from 1872
 to 1874. He was Governor-General of
 Canada, 1883 to 1888, and subsequently
 Viceroy of India. He declined Lord
 Salisbury's invitation to join his last
 Ministry. His brother is the scholarly
 Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice.

Viscount Cross, who is Lord Privy
 Seal, was a great friend of the late
 Mr. W. H. Smith. He is a "safe"
 rather than a clever statesman. His
 Parliamentary experience extends back
 to 1847, when he began to represent
 Preston. Twice he was Home Secre-
 tary, and in the last Government he
 held the office of Secretary for India.
 He was created a Viscount in 1886;
 previously to that *Punch* nicknamed
 him "Grand Cross." He makes fight-
 ing speeches in the Provinces, but can-
 not be called eloquent. He once "heard
 a smile" in the House of Commons.

Mr. Chas. Thomson Ritchie, as Presi-
 dent of the Board of Trade, can now put into practice
 many theories he has held as a successful man of business.
 Rather pompous, with Mephistophelian eyebrows, and a
 soldierly bearing, Mr. Ritchie is a courteous debater with
 tact—a fact exemplified by the way he piloted the Local
 Government Bill through the Commons. He cares not for
 long speeches, nor for some of the time-wasting traditions of
 the House, and in Dundee and the City of London he is a
 favourite.

Lord George Hamilton has been "a promising young
 man" for the last twenty years. He is the younger
 brother of the Duke of Abercorn. Since 1868 he has been
 M.P. Lately he has presided over the School Board for
 London. He is fifty years old, and would be a good

speaker if he would prepare more thoroughly. His eyes are
 as blue as the waves at Brighton, his birth-place.

Lord Ashbourne, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland for the
 third time, was known to a previous generation as Mr.
 Edward Gibson. He is an eloquent, cultured speaker, and
 graceful as every Irishman should be. He is now in his
 fifty-eighth year.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, the new Home Secretary, had
 so brilliant a career at Harrow and Balliol College that his
 contemporaries have wondered at his comparative lack of
 recognition. More than twenty years ago he was Under-
 Secretary in the office of which he is now the head.

Sir Henry James has deserved well of his country, if only
 because since the rift in the Liberal party, he has uttered no
 bitter word in public. We owe the
 Corrupt Practices (Parliamentary Elec-
 tions) Act to him, and he has arbi-
 trated in not a few trade disputes to
 the mutual satisfaction of master and
 man. He now takes *otium cum dig-
 nitate* in the shape of the Chancellor-
 ship of the Duchy of Lancaster and
 a peerage.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary
 for Scotland, is a canny Scot, with a
 good record of conscientious work.
 He is forty-six, and a Scottish repre-
 sentative peer.

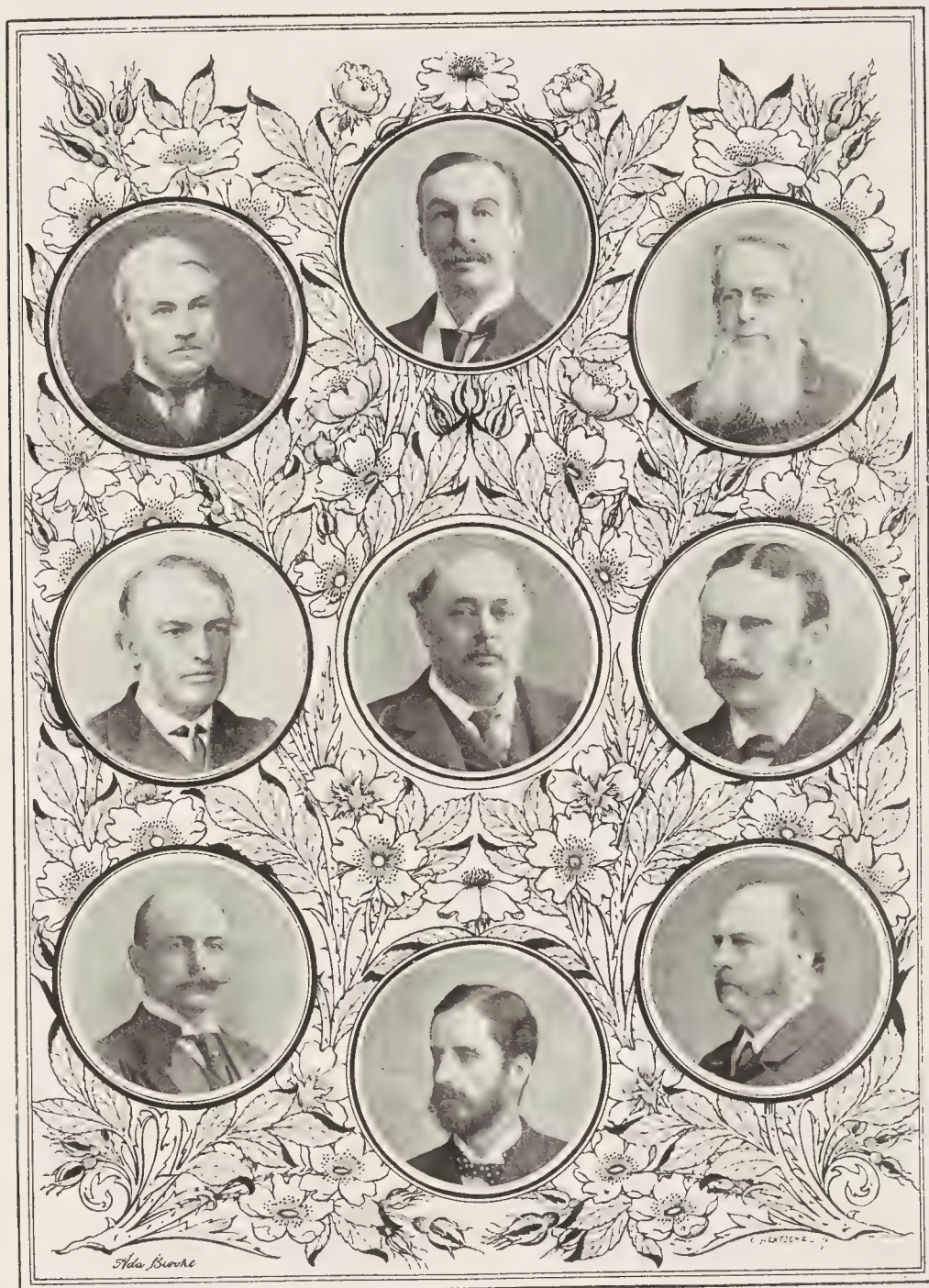
It is right that Mr. Aretas Akers-
 Douglas, who has served the party so
 faithfully as Chief Whip, should now
 be allowed to drive a Departmental
 team. In becoming First Commis-
 sioner of Works, he will not be so
 engrossed as to lose all sight of
 tactics. He is forty-four, and has had
 ten years' experience of "whipping."
 It is fifteen years since he entered
 the House of Commons as M.P.
 for a Division of Kent.

The last to join the Cabinet is also its youngest member.
 Mr. Walter Long has only just passed his forty-first birth-
 day, but the Board of Agriculture will have in him a
 President who has a wide acquaintance with farming. His
 father was a Member of Parliament, and he himself has sat
 in the House of Commons, with a brief interval, since
 1880. He has a pretty country seat at Trowbridge, and his
 wife is a daughter of the ninth Earl of Cork. D. W.



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.
 Photo by Hoffmann, Calcutta.

The portraits given on the opposite page are from photographs as
 follows:—Lord George Hamilton, Sir Henry James, Mr. Akers-
 Douglas and Viscount Cross, by Messrs. Russell & Sons; Lord
 Ashbourne and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, by Bassano; Sir M. White
 Ridley, by Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. Ritchie, by Bender,
 Croydon; Mr. Walter Long, by Elliott & Fry.



LORD ASHBOURNE.
SIR HENRY JAMES.
MR. WALTER LONG.

MR. C. T. RITCHIE.
SIR M. WHITE RIDLEY.
LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

VISCOUNT CROSS.
MR. A. AKERS-DOUGLAS.
LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

THE REST OF THE CABINET.



YOU, SOME PAINTERS, AND THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

A LITTLE boy who was once asked to write an essay on snakes produced the following: "Snakes is of two sorts; one is poisonous, and the other don't."

Similarly pictures are of two kinds, and among those that "don't" flat portraits of ill-favoured personages must certainly be included. Of pictures of pretty women the world will never grow tired, but of middle-aged merchants, and of dull-eyed members of the aristocracy the cry "Enough! enough!" goes up each season. And yet one drop of our pity should be given to the struggling painter of uninteresting portraits, for his task is not light, and his burdens are many.

Have you ever stood in a studio when the family and the relations are foregathered for a special private view of papa's portrait? First there is the ominous silence—a silence more eloquent than living, tripping words. Then one of the family, a little bolder than the others, says—"Yes, an excellent likeness, but don't you think there should be just a *trifle* more colour in the cheeks?" The painter foolishly begins to explain, when another breaks in—"You've caught the dreamy expression in the eyes *beautifully*, but isn't the right ear just a *little* large, and I'm sure I've never seen father hold his glasses in his right hand, does he mother?"

"No, my dear," mother replies, "and" (in a whisper) "your father's hair is not so thin as that. Still it's an excellent likeness" (aloud) "but don't you think the picture is just the least bit in the world empty—a few books, or even a microscope on the table, would give it that suggestion of homeliness and comfort which, pardon me, I think it lacks."

Other remarks follow till the painter fumbles with his brushes, and the family, taking the hint, withdraw, father himself lagging behind to whisper furtively in the painter's ear "Er—er—that crease in the collar of the coat—could you—oh—thanks so much."

These are among the woes of the poor portrait painter,

who is determined to endure to the end. But fortunately second-class painters who allow this sort of thing from the family, are not particularly sensitive, and a sound cheque goes a long way towards soothing irritation. It is to modern commonplace portraits that the world objects—but the old portraits, the portraits of men and women who have long gone forth into the night, but who, being dead, yet speak, whose deeds call to us to-day—the world has need of them, however commonplace they may be; which brings me to my theme, to the remark that soon will be opened in a house that will be worthy of them, what is surely to Englishmen and English-



CUPID AND PSYCHE. BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

women, just about the most interesting collection they could desire to see. The National Portrait Gallery has lived an odd variegated life. For many years I had a vague idea that somewhere in the East End of London, there existed long galleries filled with austere portraits of men and women who have helped to the making of England, but why they were buried at a place called Bethnal Green, and how you got to Bethnal Green when you wanted to get to



"ANGELS EVER BRIG'IT AND FAIR." BY W. E. F. BRITTEN.
Now on view at the New Gallery.

with anywhere in the world. Then, no doubt, some feverish newspaper will ask its readers to proclaim what they consider to be the finest portrait in the world. Which will it be? Moroni's immortal tailor, some grave admiral by Velasquez, the Walter Crane of Watts, a sombre masterpiece by Whistler, some wine-bibber by Franz Hals, a Botticellian lady, one of Rembrandt's mysteries, or that Miranda—provocative, spiritual, elusive—tossed by Hoppner upon canvas in his hour of genius? L. H.

Bethnal Green—I knew not, for nobody I knew had ever been there.

Then my hour of knowledge came in the simple, round-about way that knowledge does come to one. It came by way of *The Times*, for opening that sheet one morning I discovered that there had been nice goings on among the National Portraits at Bethnal Green. Some rain had come through the roof and beaten upon the pictures which prompted a watchful lover of the arts to ask these pertinent questions in the columns of *The Times*. Why are these priceless portraits hidden away in the upper galleries of the Bethnal Green Museum, and why, anyway, isn't the roof water-tight? The matter became "a national scandal." It was called "A National Scandal" by the press, and a national scandal it would have probably remained to this day had not Sir John Millais tilted furiously into the lists, and in Dryden's burning words:—

"Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced
Her back."

The due victim was, of course, the Government of the day—their excuse that they had not the money to build a proper home for the national portraits.

This, of course, made Sir John very furious. "It's a scandal outright," he cried, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, the fight was over; for a voice was heard—the voice of a generous, anonymous Englishman, who, without any fuss, offered a sum of a hundred thousand pounds wherewith to build a national portrait gallery, on the condition that the Government provided a site. The Government provided a site at the back of the National Gallery, and there, in that splendid building that meets you as you walk down Charing Cross Road, our national portraits have found a home worthy of them. And when it is opened—probably this autumn—you will find within the walls just about the most interesting collection of portraits to be met



"THE PILGRIM AT THE GATE OF IDLENESS." BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES.



THE Ducal Court Company of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha deserve hearty gratitude for one thing at least—and that is their introduction to an English audience of Smetana's opera, "Die verkaufte Braut." Quite recently I referred in these columns to the genius of the Bohemian composer, not knowing that it would shortly be my good luck to hear one of the most characteristic of his works at Drury Lane.

The audience seemed chilly and unappreciative, but it may have been only seeming. It would indeed be deplorable if English people were incapable of recognising the charm and humour of Smetana's work. "Die verkaufte Braut," is emphatically of native growth and native origin. It deals with the picturesque humours of village life. It is racy, not with the elaborate vulgarity of burlesque, but with the simple raciness of genuine and unaffected peasant fun. There is little wonder that Smetana has been almost canonized by his people, for he devoted his genius to bringing treasure out of the popular soil, and turned away from classical forms to catch the popular ear.

The sparkling overture to "Die verkaufte Braut" has often been heard before under the name of the "Lustspiel" overture. Nikisch gave a wonderful rendering of it at his third concert. It is safe to say that the body of the opera is not a grise less attractive than its prelude. Every phrase has a wonderful quality of distinction. You feel that no one else could have devised the themes, or handled them in the same deliciously funny way.

The German company entered into the spirit of the thing, and Fraulein Wassiliewitz and Herr Mahling could not have been better. But one longed for an audience of Bohemians, thrilling to the spirit of their own wild dances, and laughing at the exquisite fun of it all. There were very few laughs at Drury Lane; in fact, I gathered from the criticism of a wiseacre behind me that he thought it small beer. People without any humour cannot understand that "excellent fooling" in music or in literature can never be trivial. The master does not show himself in sublimities only. "The Bartered Bride" is none the less a masterpiece because the genius of its composer has concentrated itself in the little homely details of life. And it should always be remembered that the man who has a contempt for the small is unlikely to succeed in the great.

"Wer grosses will, muss sich zusammenraufen,
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister."

The last of the five Wagner concerts, organised by Mr. Schulz-Curtius, has taken place at the Queen's Hall, and the Nikisch concerts, too, have come to an end. Comparisons between conductors are hopelessly unsatisfactory. If you try, for example, to measure Nikisch against Mottl, and remember in the middle that Richter is a giant too, you find yourself murmuring that there is one glory of the moon and another of the stars. And that is the only possible conclusion.

Nikisch certainly has a magnetism all his own. I doubt if anyone else could have made an orchestra play Tschaikowsky's tragic Fifth Symphony as he did. It was like Despair conducting, with Death in his hand for a bâton. In fact, Nikisch ranks with Mottl and Richter and Levi, and criticism

of all the four must be made with "bated breath and whispering humbleness."

But one ought to speak out on the subject of Siegfried Wagner who appeared again at one of Mr. Schulz-Curtius's concerts. Of course he is young, and his father was Richard Wagner, and his grandfather was Franz Liszt. But old Montaigne wisely said about youth:—

"Si l'espine ne pique quand naît
Il ne pique jamais,"

and there is not the smallest promise that Siegfried Wagner will ever become what he is not now—a good conductor. Decidedly his concert was the worst of the five, and his Symphonic Poem "Sehnsucht," the basest of all the musical crimes committed in Richard Wagner's name.

R. C. S.

MADAME SEMBRICH.

AFTER a prolonged absence of ten years, this artiste has returned to us in full possession of her vocal means, and appeared at the Royal Opera on June 28th, as the heroine of Verdi's tuneful opera of "La Traviata." Madame Sembrich is not only one of the most accomplished singers of the day, but she combines the qualities of a cultured musician, and she is an admirable performer on the violin and pianoforte.

Indeed, it was in the latter capacity that she first made her mark, for we find before she had reached the early age of six, little Marcella appeared at a concert given at Lemberg, and performed solos on both instruments with marked success. She was born in 1860, at Lemberg, in Galicia, and appears to have inherited her musical gifts from her father, a native of Poland, and an excellent performer, and from her babyhood they journeyed from place to place giving concerts, and sharing a truly Bohemian existence.

At the age of fifteen Madame Sembrich entered the Conservatoire of her native town, and commenced a course of studies under the guidance of Professor Wilhelm Stengel. Subsequently, she went to Vienna to complete her musical education, and while there, she met the most fascinating of all musical men, Franz Liszt, who prophesied a brilliant future for the young artiste.

It is a somewhat curious fact that up to this time no trace had been discovered of the singularly beautiful voice which, from the very moment she commenced to sing, charmed all who heard her. She was advised to seek Lamperti, and she accordingly studied with that famous master at Milan, for two years, after which she made her début, at the age of twenty, at the Royal Opera, Athens.

From that period to the present time, her career has been distinguished by a series of successive triumphs both in Europe and America. In the autumn of 1884 Madame Sembrich won the hearts of the critical Parisians by the beauty of her voice, the charm and simplicity of her manner, and by her efforts in the cause of charity. The Royal Society of Milan has conferred upon her the diploma of honour, with an appropriate artistic present, while the Royal Conservatoire of Rome presented her with a diploma of honour with gold medal.

Madame Sembrich is endowed with a voice of remarkable range and sweetness, which, with indomitable perseverance, she has succeeded in cultivating to its present high standard of excellence.

F. F. B.



MADAME SEMBRICH.
PHOTO BY PASETTI, ST.
PETERSBURG.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

WHICH capable historian is going to devote him or herself to the biography of the blouse—its shapeless birth, its gradual advance into civilisation, its

final attainment of luxurious perfection? I would suggest the task to Mr. A. B. Walkley whose vagabond reflections are occasionally lost in admiration of the genius evinced by the chronicler of costume. Alas, though, I am afraid if he undertook the task he might be disillusioned, for it would be necessary to introduce him to his subject—say at Peter Robinson's in Oxford Street—when he would realise that in writing about clothes women do not, as he suspects, make bricks without straw.

Straw is supplied here in abundance; and the most imaginative of men or women might halt for words to express appropriate admiration of a white glacé silk bodice, whose front is striped with pale yellow lace at intervals, and whose sleeves are gored and outlined with frills of lace in points which disappear at the elbow; while the veriest tyro could recognise the special charms of such a bodice at the price of 59s. 6d., and what can be more suited for wearing in the evenings at the seaside than this? Unless, perhaps, it be another bodice here made of the finest cream-coloured lace yoke and insertions sewn together with blue and white and black ribbon in stripes, these being permitted to form a sort

of zouave, while the upper portion of the sleeves are elaborately trimmed with lace frills. It is easy, indeed, to appreciate the attractions, too, of a bodice made

entirely of silk and lace set horizontally; while the most determined dullard might be relied upon to brighten into enthusiasm over a blouse of *chiné* silk in mauve and white, with a large collar of lace frilled with chiffon. This is a veritable *édition de luxe* of its kind, and the original model, which was trimmed with real lace, cost seventy guineas, and fretted its hour at the Grand Prix in Paris. The scoffers who describe "the blouse" as a "feckless" thing ought to treat it with respect when these figures are known. Such a price! But then it was for such a blouse! But, by the way, speaking seriously, the blouse ought to be re-christened; it is no longer deserving of its graceless name. I shall offer to stand godmother to it, I think, and shall go and interview Mr. Peter Robinson, who, if not its author, is certainly its most successful publisher; but, as the circumstances are somewhat unusual, the christening cup shall, I propose, be bestowed upon the sponsor. But this is a solemn subject, and I must not jest upon it. The blouse bodice is an idol to be worshipped, and in its continued popularity you may

read the truth of the immortal doctrine of the survival of the fittest; indeed, it does survive when it is best fitted.

The most pleasing literature of the hour is offered by the



A SERGE DRESS.

sale catalogues. These come to us by every post, offering remarkable reductions, and luring us to the immediate purchase of things we do not want. I suppose there are some things in the world of dress which we do not want, but I realise that they are few and far between. Amongst my immediate personal desires is a costume of serge like the one on the opposite page, which has a skirt of dark blue, trimmed with a fanciful galon in white, interwoven with blue and red; an underbodice of plain red, with the pinafore portion outlined again with the galon. Of course, completed with a sailor hat, it would do admirably for the river, while the coming event of Cowes might also suggest its purchase. Talking of Cowes, reminds me of the

But it is desperately old-fashioned to mention the word Ascot in the month of July, when the thoughts of the racing woman are bent on the coming joys of Goodwood, when, doubtless, many of the gowns which saw the light at Ascot will put in a second appearance; unless the July sales have tempted us to be sufficiently economical (?) to cast these aside, and permit the bargains, by the cheapness of their attainment, to attract us to their use at once. It is very strange to observe amongst the bargains, by-the-way, so many soiled clothes, tumbled muslin blouses, half-dirty models of ball gowns and petticoats which, without wishing to be unkind, we may justly assert have lost their pristine freshness. But these are not bargains, properly speaking; they



THOSE BLOUSES AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

terrible mistakes the amateur dressmaker yet perpetrates in gowns for such occasions. She never realises the insolent advances of the wind, making her skirts of too light a fabric to bear this with equanimity, and not paying sufficient attention to linings. Linings are quite as important as gowns for yachting, which recalls to my memory one dress which went to Ascot, lined with silk, and decorated up to the knees inside with innumerable frills of accordion pleated chiffon, these, of course, being made to show when the wearer walked up the stairs of the bus, or climbed the coach which she adorned with her presence. Chiffon as a lining cannot be recommended to the economical, but the prodigal may consider its charms.

are white elephants—or grey elephants, the dust fiend having intruded upon their charms.

But I am off to the river, leaving all the other women in full and free possession of the field of remnants.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

"ROSE GIRL." The only colour to go with that pink is white. You can buy white soft silk at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, for a shilling a yard. You will find this quite good enough.

"MEFA." Black silk stockings for 5s. 9d., at Jay's, in Regent Street, are what I always recommend, because I always wear them. They have double soles and heels, and are very comfortable. But no silk stocking that I have yet discovered will wear really well.

PAULINA PRY.



AN American critic has complained that English story-tellers have sacrificed art to the marvellous, that, as Mr. Howells once said, they have progressed no further than Jack-the-Giant-Killer. On this it may be remarked that the marvellous still holds its place in romance, and that if America has produced greater story-tellers than Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote marvels to some purpose, the names of the new masters are not known on this side the ocean. One of the greatest works of fiction in the present century, as Mr. Saintsbury reminds us, is Balzac's "*Peau de Chagrin*," of which an excellent translation has just been published, the first of a Balzac series. This indisputable genius served his apprenticeship in the fairy tales which Mr. Howells despises. For ten years he wrote stories of pirates, bigamists, disguised noblemen, and then he began to write masterpieces. Mr. Saintsbury insists that although Balzac has been regarded as the father of modern realism, his strength lay in the purely fabulous. He invented far more than he observed. "In part, no doubt, and in great part, the work of Balzac is dream stuff rather than life stuff, and it is all the better for it. What is better than dreams?" Here Mr. Saintsbury carries the cult of the marvellous rather too far. Dreams are impressive enough when the dreamer is a prodigy like Balzac, but they are apt to be unsatisfying when fashioned by inferior artists. A little prosaic contact with the world we live in creates at least a wholesome variety in fiction. Besides, in Balzac there is really a stupendous knowledge of life behind all the phantasmagoria, and if it were not for this knowledge the "dream stuff" would not hold us so strongly.

The "Wild Ass's Skin" is a fantastic legend of a talisman which a dissolute young man who has gambled away his last piece of gold finds in a curiosity shop. He is warned that the talisman will give him every desire of his heart, but that it will shrink with the satisfaction of every demand, and his life will shrink with it. In the execution of this fable Balzac contrives to show more insight into humanity than you will find in any conscientious study of Boston society. The colouring is rather lurid, and what Mr. Saintsbury calls the "special intoxication of Balzac"—the "heat and hurry of observation and imagination"—is somewhat bewildering; but it makes you feel that life has fiercer currents than those which cause gentle eddies in the novels of Mr. Howells and the mild perplexities of New England in Mary Wilkins. Amidst a good deal that is exaggerated and even monstrous, Balzac rarely fails to carry you to the heart of things, and make you a spectator of the elemental forges of the passions. It is not often a pretty picture, but unless, like Mrs. Oliphant, you pride yourself as a writer on disregarding human nature, and assuming that "in the lump" it is beautiful, there is nothing gained by reproaching Balzac with his pre-eminence of vice and folly.

Of course, there is not a little of the marvellous in fiction which has no particular philosophy. I do not find very great profundity in "An Imaginative Man," but it has an idea which is distinctly fascinating. How much happier the world might be if we could make a great experiment of silence, if men, and especially women, spoke little or not at all! In Louis Stevenson's "Olalla," the hero, you remember, when he hears the girl mourning over his wounded hand with beautiful dove-like sounds, thinks them far more affecting than speech. To Denison, in Mr. Hichens's story, the majestic immemorial silence of the Sphinx is infinitely more impressive than the babel that rises from the haunts of men. I cannot deny a certain philosophy to this parable: and the man who finds in the Sphinx an immense comfort without any colloquial exercises, has my sincere sympathy. The misfortune is that it unhinges Denison's mind, leads to misunderstanding with his wife, and ends in a catastrophe of delirium. Silence, I suppose, must have its martyrs, but I can't help wishing that Denison had remained sane, inoculated Mrs. D. with the doctrine of speechlessness, and started a mission for the conversion of rhetoric to dumb show. As it stands, the book is a very clever performance, written with genuine dramatic force, and in a style which fills me with gratitude. An English story-teller, with a sense of literature, and the patience to write well, is so rare a phenomenon that I would shower upon him honours and rewards. To the vast majority of novel readers, style is no matter, and therefore the determination to cultivate distinction ought to be accounted to Mr. Hichens as a virtue of great price.

There is no such account, I fear, for Mr. Benson. He, too, comes into my budget of marvels with a rather weak story of a portrait in which the artist reveals his own wicked past for the edification of his wife. With the help of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and an old *café chantant* programme, he puts his own Hyde on the canvas. Mr. Benson deserves some credit for acknowledging the Stevensonian inspiration to say nothing of "Dorian Gray" so artlessly; but, unhappily, this negative virtue does not give any interest to his tale. An artist who cannot paint other people's portraits without borrowing the personality of the sitter, and who cannot paint his own portrait without showing what a bad young man he was in Paris, is too silly even to be entertaining. Of his wife I read that "a blessed sense of humour coming to her aid, she broke out into a light laugh." To be married to an impossible idiot, and yet to be able to laugh, proves that she was a very enviable woman.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"The Wild Ass's Skin (*La Peau de Chagrin*). Translated by Ellen Marriage. Introduction by George Saintsbury. Jas. Dent & Co.
"An Imaginative Man." By R. S. Hichens. W. Heinemann.
"The Judgment Books." By E. F. Benson. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.



MR. FREDERICK YORK POWELL,
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN
HISTORY AT OXFORD. PHOTO BY
RUSSELL & SONS.

Was born in London of Welsh parentage in 1830, and was educated at Hastings, Ely, and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a first-class in Law and History in 1872. Two years later he was called to the Bar. He joined Vigfusson in the production of a history of Old Northern Literature, in a reading-book of Icelandic, and in their "Corpus Poeticum Boreale." His first book on English History was his "England up to the Norman Conquest." With Mr. Poole he founded the "English Historical Review," and had been a leading lecturer in Law and History at Oxford for some time before he succeeded Freeman as Regius Professor.



MR. AUGUSTIN DALY has returned to the theatre which bears his name. Amateurs of the rococo will be glad to hear that he still wears the same hat, still (to judge from his prospectus) believes in *The Honey-moon*, and still describes the characters in the pieces which he conveys from the German in comic labels affixed to their names in the programme, something in this way—

"Judge So-and-So . . . (and a good judge, too—of Latour, '70) . . . Mr. Thingamy."

These are only a few of the reasons why it is impossible not to like Mr. Daly. He has the courage to be naive and old-fashioned, and innocent of the wicked ways of the modern drama. Rip Van Winkle is one of my favourite heroes in American fiction, and here he is bobbing up again in American fact. Of course, he has not forgotten to bring the incomparable Ada Rehan back with him, and those evergreen veterans, Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and that steady all-round player, Mr. George Clarke. But where, oh where is Mr. John Drew, the alert, the cheery, the dry, whose very nose inspired confidence? Other noses as satisfactory may take the place of his—

Uno naso avulso non deficit alter—

but his other qualities are not so easily to be supplied. However, there is Mr. Frank Worthing, an Englishman, to do his best to take Mr. Drew's place, and, all things considered, he does very well. Mr. Daly's opening piece, *The Railroad of Love*, is quite beneath criticism, but for all that, is none the less amusing, so long as you do not see it more than once in seven years, which is the period that has elapsed since its previous performance in London. After all, how

many of the world's masterpieces can bear being seen more often than that? It is not a play, but a sequence of scenes for Miss Ada Rehan. She plays in turn the woman of the world, the coquette, the "agreeable rattle," and the woman of heart. She is always delightful, but, at her best, perhaps, in scenes where make-believe and fun merge into sincerity and seriousness. Her character is that of a merry widow, who begins by playing the game of love with a gallant lieutenant (pronounced "lew" tenant at Daly's) in the United States Army, and, meeting her match, finds the game turned to real earnest—the familiar case of Benedict and Beatrix transposed (if I may use musical jargon) from the key of Shakespeare to the key of Daly—when it is not the key of Fr. Von Schonthan. One of the scenes between the pair is a little

masterpiece of comedy. The lady and her lover are on opposite sides of a half-opened door. You may talk but you mustn't look, is the idea (the gentleman has called at an indiscreetly early hour); and so the courtship takes place, so to speak, round the door; photographs pass, hands are squeezed, kisses applied by each to the door-panels—in short, the door is to this couple what the wall was to Pyramus and Thisbe. Nearly as good as this is the ensuing passage in which the "lew" tenant is lured into undertaking a piece of Berlin wool-work (by-the-way, that seems an appropriate description of the whole play, a piece of Berlin wool-work)—"one, two, three, cross over."

Her performance showed that Miss Rehan had lost none of her attractions, nothing of her essential femininity, and, I must add, nothing of her old tendency to over-act, to deviate occasionally from pure comedy to mock tragedy.

Mr. Frank Worthing was the "lew" tenant, and, as I have said, does very well. He is manly and lively, a little too "intense," perhaps, too prone to romanticise—but these, I fancy, are faults which the ladies will readily forgive.

There are some droll interludes for Mr. Lewis and Mr. Gilbert; and a couple of heavy fathers in the play would have delighted Dickens, an indefatigable collector, you will remember, of that particular sort of curio.

A. B. WALKLEY.



MISS ADA REHAN AS HELENA IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT DALY'S THEATRE.



MISS ADA REHAN, AS VIOLA,
IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."
PHOTO BY BASSANO.



LONDON GOLF LINKS.

THERE are some rabid Scotchmen who declare that no Cockney who has not been north of the Tweed, has played the game of golf. These men have nothing but profound contempt for such links as the suburbs can offer us; and while they make use of our grounds upon every possible occasion, they do not cease to malign them and to sound the praises of sand-bunkers and of the sea-shore whenever they can find an audience. So fierce, indeed, has been their denunciation of some new links, where a large enthusiasm has struggled heroically with a small acreage, that many purely London golfers are beginning to ask themselves if there is anything in the diatribe, and if those men who have never played far away from Richmond, or Blackheath, or Northwood, do know anything of the oldest and the newest pastime. Such people should hasten to be reassured. It is not three days ago since I heard a St. Andrew's man confess that the links at the Neasden Club were amongst the most difficult he had played upon. Though they lack whins, though there are no creeks to fizzle into, yet their many awkward hazards, their countless bad lies, and their demand that the player shall go straight, combine to present difficulties which few natural links can rival. My Scotchman, in fact, wound up his criticism with a statement of his conviction that a man who could play at Neasden could play "onywheres."

If any defence of London golf links were necessary, it could be found, I think, in the performances of many London players who take their clubs with them when going for a holiday. At Cromer last season, some of the most astounding drives of the year were made by a man who had come fresh from Neasden, and had never played on any other ground during his golfing career. Similarly at Sandwich, some of the best amateur play was shown by men from Richmond and from Northwood, and from other so-called suburban artificialities. If practice in town had done nothing else for these men, it had taught them to drive well and to keep a straight course. We in London lack, it is true, any knowledge of the difficulties of wet sand; a good many of our courses are far too free of bushes, but against this must be set the abnormal prevalence of long grass and the extreme confinement of some of the grounds. Put a man on the sea-shore, with a fine plain of sand all around him, and it does not very much matter whether he slices a little or pulls outrageously. The same fault in town may send his ball through the window of a jerry-built mansion, or into the gardens of a splenetic anti-golfer. There are many courses within five miles of Charing Cross where golf is only possible to a man who can drive presentably. More than this, many town greens are outrageous, demanding a skill in putting which few Northerners could surpass. And yet with it all, we are gradually producing a number of performers whose play is a flat denial to the nonsense talked about the needs of a boyish apprenticeship, and of a seven

years' youthful training for any man who would excel in the finer arts of golf.

Of all London links, I should name Richmond as the most popular, though the precise cause of that popularity is not easily discoverable. All the "common" links are now handicapped by County Council restrictions, in which respect the South is infinitely worse off than the North and West. The Prince's Club, at Mitcham, has, it must be admitted, a good name; and for a natural course, Wimbledon finds many partisans. Going a little further out, the comparatively new links at Northwood are being very highly spoken of. The course is only thirty-five minutes from Baker Street Station, and is one of the most picturesque about town. Its bunkers are many—a watercourse, whins, a pond, trees, hedges, ditches, and a famous hole, known as "Death or Glory." Like the greatest of all courses, Northwood has its highlands and its lowlands, formed by a steep bank twenty to thirty feet high, and running from north to south the whole length of the ground. Though only a nine-hole course, it is two thousand eight hundred and thirty four yards in length, and possesses a pavilion luxurious enough to be resented by the pious founders, who used to hang their coats upon a tree and use flower pots as linings to the holes.

Northwood is now dubbed the "Doctors' Links." Many members of the Club are medicals, engaged in the beneficent task of prescribing golf as a specific for all ailments. Neasden, on the other hand, proud of its latest member, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, is the resort of the busy city and literary man. It is reached in some time under twenty-five minutes from Baker Street Station, and possesses, perhaps, the finest club-house in the kingdom. Search where you will, I doubt if you may come upon prettier links than these. Running at one time by the banks of the Welsh Harp, now carrying you through a perfect home park, bordering again upon the famous Dollis Hill, Neasden is blessed with a landscape which alone is worth a journey to see. It adds to these natural advantages a garden ripe with roses and rare plants, a fine dining room, a billiard-room, stabling and bedrooms. Tennis courts have been prepared recently for backsliders; but, happily for the prestige of the club, they are for the most part deserted, and that waning of enthusiasm, which is resented by so many captains, is unknown to the Society.

Latterly, I hear good things of the new links at Hampstead. No play is now possible on the Heath, but a few enthusiasts have a place up by the Spaniards, and although the course is very small, energy may soon mend this, and establish a really great club in a position where one is needed badly. There are two good clubs at Finchley, and a small venture at Willesden, about which no one seems to know anything. The proposition to establish a course in Hyde Park, coming to the ears of the Duke of Cambridge, is said in remote circles to have occasioned the Commander-in-Chief's resignation. The man who made it was evidently a few years before his time.

MAX PEMBERTON.



JACK TARS AT PLAY.
PHOTO BY CHARLES KNIGHT,
NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.



WHEN Miss Rachel Gurney's engagement set all the smart world talking a few seasons back, it was very much questioned if the family traditions would be so well supported in the matter of personal beauty by the second Countess as the first. But when Lady Dudley took her place in what we recognise as *The World*, it was immediately apparent that in Lord Dudley's choice, that standard was well preserved. Society quickly took the pretty bride to its airy affections, though this season has seen less of Lady Dudley than any since her marriage in 1891, as both she and her husband have been yachting with such enthusiastic perseverance that their summer quarters may be so far set down as Cowes and thereabouts. Their small daughter of three, Lady Gladys, is also on board.

The number of persons who now try to get into Society by the well-worn method of giving a big ball and allowing a social luminary to issue their invitations, increases apace. I can count, at least, a dozen functions within the past month, where the hostess and her guests—or a big majority—have met absolutely for the first time, with a certain tolerant curiosity on their parts, and a gratified but uneasy courage on hers. Somebody comes to town—Colonial, Transatlantic, Provincial, or what not—with money, ambition, and, above all, tact in the use of a good introduction. By what means it matters not, a competent personage is negotiated, a ball is given, and if the giver is pronounced at all passable and possible, her fond anticipation becomes accomplishment.

It is much more difficult to open the social oyster when one has been a resident nobody in town than for a newcomer absolutely, as then old acquaintances have to be dropped, and for every friend buried out of sight, a coterie of enemies springs fully armed with awkward facts into existence. I know of one ambitious lady who had one party given for her to which society freely came, and another which followed as a sop to the Cerberus of her former "set," who indignantly refused the attention, however, while the others have also since declined to take her seriously. So the unfortunate woman is at the moment in Coventry. But there are dozens such. Is it worth the struggle, one cannot help asking, even with the dread responsibility of marriageable girls?

There is very justifiable lamentation at Battersea concerning the number of the carriages which continue to

infringe so greatly that "byking" has no longer a fair field for its morning operations. Many have taken to Regent's Park as a consequence, but the going is rougher up there. Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, with the Misses Stanley, are amongst the wheeling elect, by the way. Everybody, indeed, to whom the word in its most accepted sense might apply, even an exalted churchman—whose name must, however, be unnamed—takes the vesper hour on wheels. Princess Maud is an adept at Sandringham, but the Prince has not yet allowed his daughters "the run of town," in which matter the Duchess of Connaught has an evidently freer hand, for H.R.H. was seen negotiating the uneasy reaches of Brompton Road lately in the wake of a lumbering road car.

Buckingham Palace is to undergo the ordeal of an autumn clean, reversing the usual order directly the season is over. Nor is the projected renovation by any means premature, for in front the stucco, of by no means snowy whiteness, is peeling off in great flakes, and the Palace altogether will be the better for prolonged attention from the British workman. Before that indispensable person arrives, however, several State functions are due—notably the Garden Party, which will be held by the Princess of Wales, and for which 4,000 invitations will be sent. Also, a big reception to the Shahzada before His Highness leaves us for Russian hospitalities, and a State dinner to several Royal visitors—notably the newly-married Duke and Duchess of Aosta, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt.

An open-air function is always popular in the summer solstice, more particularly if there be a spectacle attached. So the Shahzada's visit on Wednesday evening to the Imperial Institute drew a large number of Fellows and their families to South Kensington. Sir Frederic Abel and Sir Somers Vane received His Highness at the main entrance, very prettily decorated with flowers and palms for the occasion; and after an inspection of the building, a move was made to the gardens, where His Highness was speedily provided with a self-appointed circle of admirers who followed him, with the most polite but persevering curiosity, from one point to another. Herr Strauss excelled himself, but one longed for something older or newer than "The Blue Danube," and its contemporary melodies from his incomparable band. A new and very prettily scored march was vouchsafed, which had been specially written for the occasion, shortly after which the Shahzada left for Park Lane. Miss Lillias Hamilton, who is attached to His Highness's suite, was amongst the guests; so, too, Miss Louisa Abel, Count Gleichen, Mr. Leslie Ward, Lord and Lady Iveagh, Mr. and Mrs. Hoare, and many others of the well-known, including many of the Ministers and their wives, who came on from Lady Salisbury's very crowded reception in Arlington Street.

VERA.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.



FAIRIES.

CHILDREN, unless they are children of rather exceptional temperament, do not believe in fairies.

To pretend that they believe the fairy stories that are read to them, seems to be one of the little conventions of the grown-up. Fairy stories are, to most children, a pleasant fiction, and the fiction would be lost if there were any illusion. Nor is it easy to understand what pleasure any reasonable man or woman can find in trying to induce a child to believe what is not true, on the plea of fancy and imagination. Fancy and imagination are precisely the things that are denied by so prosaic a deception. Besides, "belief" is too grave a word to be thus wantonly risked and tampered with.

Children are all masters of fiction by nature; and your dull elder would spoil the play by attributing to them a mere mistake of fact. It is easy to deceive children; but why should they be deceived? It is true that in listening to more or less realistic stories about other boys and girls—stories, generally, that were not worth any author's inventing—children are apt to ask, "Is it true?" But, in this they show the right instinct. The stories which they desire should be true, are stories purporting to be records of experience, and usually lack any other excuse for the printing.

But place a child frankly in the world of fancy, and he will cease to ask, "Is it true?" It never occurs to him to believe in metamorphosis until the affected tone of *naïveté* in the voice of the grown-up reader seems to suggest it, and then, if he is a child of character, he will proclaim his perfect knowledge of the truth that imagination is one thing and fact another.

Mr. Ruskin is delighted to tell us—and he certainly delights us in the telling, he does it so finely—of forests hard by the birth-place of Joan of Arc; forests many leagues deep, in which the fairies could not be kept at all in order unless the priest went once a year to celebrate mass in the glades. Mr. Ruskin obviously never believed in fairies himself. Why, then, was he so eager and happy to find that men less well-informed believed in them, and were seriously deluded?

Anyway, the people who set up their altar as far in the French forest as they dared to go were prosaic and quite grown up. They were probably afraid that the fairies would milk their cows or let the sheep into the cornfield, or do some other mischief—bad, but not quite bad enough to be attributed to demons. The pleasure which a fine modern mind discovers in that situation is the pleasure of humour—nay, even of derision; but the French peasant saw no humour in it. Now, a child takes things more lightly.

The great fairy stories were all romances once—novels for readers long past their childhood. They never treated of children until Hans Christian Andersen's time; their heroes and heroines were men and women. Modern children are the inheritors of the discredited love-stories of other ages.

Thus little girls who are not allowed to read the love-romances of the real world, have the love-romances of enchanted princes and princesses amongst their earliest and their most harmless literary recollections; and to them the whole thing is a gay and deliberate pretence. They have never taken any part of it seriously. If they hear their elders speak of the children's "faith" in fairy land, they wonder why grown-up people should be so insincere.

Pathos that is intentionally prepared is out of place in a good fairy-tale; and those cast-off romances that have survived so long as fairy-tales for little children, doubtless owe their immortality in part to their freedom from any real emotion of that kind. Such momentary passages as the sorrow of the Beast at the delay of Beauty do not break this rule, nor is the reader at any time in doubt as to the issue. All the troubles of the transformed, the imprisoned, the oppressed, are most easily borne by the healthy child, who has never had the weakness to believe in them, and who,

though he likes the happy ending, would, perhaps, not be greatly troubled by an unhappy ending.

It is quite otherwise with those stories from the north which in other respects so fitly continued the good traditions. A part of Hans Christian Andersen's work is exceedingly sad. Its pathos disconcerts children who read for play. They are conscious of a kind of discord between the fiction of fairies and the reality of grief. It is something like the introduction of real gilding into a picture. Andersen's pathos makes all sensitive children feel very shy. They grow uneasy and restless at hearing it, and nothing will induce them to talk of it.

On the other hand the greater number of Andersen's stories have no pathos whatever. They are wiser than they



JASMINE.

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.



"ON THE LOOK-OUT."

Photo by Lavin, Eastbourne

seem, and gay throughout. A child must insensibly become familiar with some rules as to the relation of fancy and fact by much early reading of these happy stories.

Little has succeeded them, besides the few but precious things done for children by Dr. Macdonald. "The Light Princess" remains one of the best of fairy-stories, ancient or modern, a story full of tradition and also full of freshness.

Other modern writers are not at the pains of inventing and constructing a sound story. They are apt to content themselves with an impression, intended to be delicate but too often merely thin.

Yet it is less for the sake of events narrated, or fortunes followed, that children are fond of their fairy-stories, than for the sake of the sense of power. Full of obstruction is the material world, bound by laws that are grievous, to a child of enterprise, not so much by what they inflict as by what they hamper and prevent. That simple fact about the impossibility of eating your cake and having it stated in this proverbial form with so much unimaginative and almost vulgar acquiescence by the grown-up—is in itself a disability to which the liberal child cannot accustom himself but by time.

Those mere laws of physics that are written in bruises, scratches, and scrapings, from knee to ankle, are less hard to bear than those which hinder a sudden awakening in China. A different state of things is naturally thinkable. The fairy overcomes the obstacles of the world. It is delightful to imagine, without believing in, such a victory; and the child continues the fairy-stories in his own dearest day-dreams.

ALICE MEYNELL.



A PRIZE-WINNER AT THE ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY'S FÊTE IN REGENT'S PARK.

Photo by Russell & Sons.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

A TALK WITH MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS.

MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS occupies a unique position in English literature. Has there been any parallel to it? A foreigner, a Hollander, he has leapt to fame as a writer of fiction in English.

His new novel, "My Lady Nobody," is just out, at the moment he has been here on one of his visits. This is a talk I had with him; but first to introduce it, a single word on the personal note. Unassuming, broadly sympathetic, with a swift turn for humour and the true inwardness of a subject, speaking our language with a melody many of us might envy—that is my little vignette of him. He is charming.

"This time," he told me, "I have been trying to see something of England—of the English country, I mean. My previous visits have, for the most part, implied London, which, perhaps, I now know superficially, and certainly greatly like."

"Then have we been good to you?"

"Exceedingly good. I am almost ashamed of the courtesy I have received from time to time at the hands of English authors and literary people. But it seems to me, you know, that there is always in England a special graciousness towards foreigners who may be working in any branch of English life."

"Some day, perhaps, you'll come and make your home here?"

"Ah, that's another matter. But assuredly London resembles a magnet, in the way in which it draws men to itself from all parts. Only it is the centre of the world—is it not?—and that's the explanation."

"Your novels so far, I think, have all dealt with Dutch life?"

"Had a Dutch setting, but have dealt, I hope, with men and women, and human nature; and these, surely, are more or less the same the world over. Geography and race and language mean, of course, differences; but in the essence, human nature with its strong points, its weaknesses, its emotions, its conflicts—whether it be in Holland or in England—is just human nature. But an English setting for my stories—no, not yet; not for a while, at least. I don't believe in writing of a country or of a people on an acquaintance, so to speak, of a few days."

"How did you come to write fiction at all—especially fiction in English?"

"I had been to England as a boy, and later I travelled a good deal, having a considerable amount of leisure on my hands. It was meant that I should go into politics, but I am thankful I have found my activities in another direction—in literature, that is. True, I am a graduated barrister, but that was really part of my training for public life, and I have never practised. During one holiday, then, I wrote in English my first story, 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh,' and sent it over here to ascertain if any publisher would have it. A bold proceeding, wasn't it?"

"Well, and did you find a publisher?"

"I hardly expected that I should, and I didn't, but eventually I published the story at my own risk. Everybody thought it was a translation of a Dutch story, and I fancy that a misapprehension to this effect still exists in reference to my novels. Many people regard them as translations. As a matter of fact, a translation of them into Dutch is only now being made, and I may add that they are also being translated into German."

"You preferred, from the artistic point of view, perhaps, to write in English?"

"Yes. Dutch is very fine for higher prose or poetry, but for lighter literature, I think, English is superior. It is more flexible, nimbler; only don't suppose, as I saw it stated somewhere, that the Dutch peasants know English. Oh, dear, no; but still the Dutch are very good linguists. My second book, 'An Old Maid's Love,' Bentley published, and with the exception of a short novel—'A Question of Taste'—he has issued what else I have written. 'God's Fool' is my own favourite, but many people appear to think that 'The Greater Glory' is a better book."

"I don't know that there is anything of the story-with-an-object behind your fiction?"

"None whatever, I hope, in the sense you mean. Simply, I endeavour to write stories which shall, as closely as I can make them, be reflections of real life. The extent to which I succeed in that, is the extent to which I am content with what I write, and the interest the books have created has naturally greatly gratified me. The more I think of it, the more I am amazed at this interest; and it is not in England only that it exists, but also in America."

"Why should you say that?"

"Well, you see the circumstances are so unusual—a Dutchman appealing to English speaking people. In writing English, too, there is the disadvantage of being unconsciously betrayed into Dutch forms of expression. For the rest, my position stands by itself, of course, and in that alone there is an enormous advantage."

"What do you think of the manner in which the English public judge books—fairly, ably, what?"

"Both fairly and ably; and more than that. Apart from what may be called the usual channels by which literature is estimated, there is a small English public of singular insight in literary matters. I should judge that its influence carries the greatest possible weight, and deservedly so, for it represents the opinions of the best men."

"A last question, and neither a personal nor a literary one—what strikes the cultured foreign students of London soonest and most?"

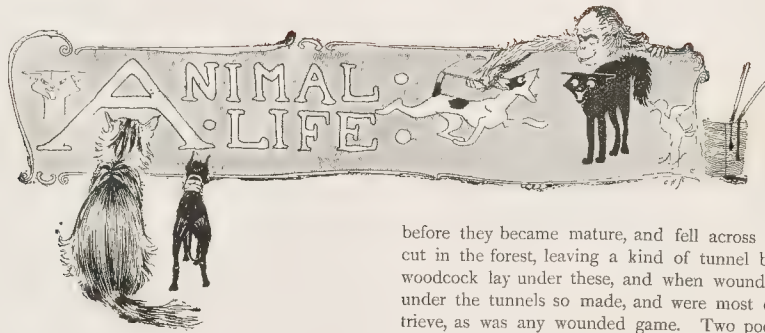
"I have no new answer. It's the policeman's finger and the waiting traffic; representing the people's love of, and submission to, order, combined with so great an individual freedom."

A contrast between our roaring streets, I thought, and Mr. Maarten Maartens' quiet home in the Dutch province of Utrecht.

M.



MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS.
PHOTO BY MENDELSSOHN.



A DIS-CONSIDERED DOG.

POODLES, if not actually despised by the general British public, are still without the honour which their merits deserve. Though not looked upon solely as canine mountebanks, as they were until recent years, they enjoy a "disconsideration," such as is meted out to no other class of dog of such obvious activity and cleverness. No Englishman ever thinks of keeping a poodle for use in sport, which is the mission in life of the large poodles of Northern Europe; and those seen in this country are usually kept, as ladies used to keep negro page boys, as a striking and grotesque foil to the elegancies of every-day town life. Ninety-nine country-bred Englishmen out of a hundred would avow, if pressed, that, in their opinion, keeping a poodle was a piece of posing—an affectation; and that those who did so, unless for the purpose of winning prizes in dog shows, were neither genuine dog-lovers nor genuine sportsmen.

Nine-tenths of this prejudice against the poodle is due to ignorance; though, perhaps, the last fraction may be set down to the foreign origin of the dog. The poodle is in *body* a highly-specialized continental form of water-dog. In *mind*, it is the brightest, most receptive, and most sensitive of all the dog kind. For the set purposes of sport, such as finding partridges and grouse, the *inherited* instinct of the setter, *plus* training, is a more useful instrument than this adaptable cleverness of the poodle. But as a retriever, or an aid and intelligent coadjutor in such work as wild-fowl shooting in marshes or rivers, the trained poodle is unapproachable. It realizes the situation like a human being; and is the perfection of a single-handed dog. The corded poodle, like that in the illustration, is taught to float down a stream towards a flock of wild duck. It floats with all its curls extended and floating, like water-weed, upon the surface, and only its eyes and muzzle above water. It will then gently swim to right or left, and rising suddenly in the water, barks, and flushes the duck in the direction of its master hidden on the bank.

The "nose" of the poodle is as keen as that of the most highly-bred setters, and being less specialized its power of scent is available for very different and more numerous uses. It will set and point when needed. An acquaintance of the writer had a sporting estate in the sandy district of the Llandes, near the mouth of the Garonne. There, by preference, he shot with English dogs; but for his wild-fowl shooting and woodcock shooting he always used poodles. The woodcocks were found in some thick young plantations, in which the pine trees were constantly cut

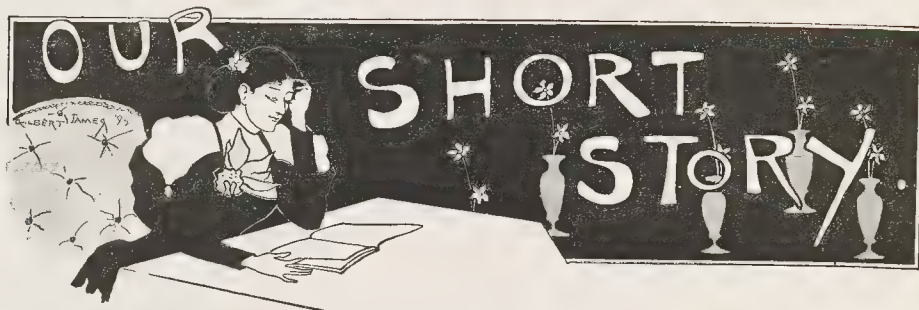
before they became mature, and fell across shallow drains cut in the forest, leaving a kind of tunnel beneath. The woodcock lay under these, and when wounded would run under the tunnels so made, and were most difficult to retrieve, as was any wounded game. Two poodles—one of the large, the other of the small breed—soon discovered a way out of the difficulty, and worked in this special vocation for years. The big one would quietly smell out the wounded bird, and stand still. The small poodle then ran a few yards below, and slipped into the first opening, where the fallen pines did not cover the drain. The big dog then dashed where it conceived the bird or rabbit was, and if it did not catch it, sent it rushing down the drain, where it was snapped by the smaller dog in waiting.

Probably the greater number of the wonderful tricks of selection performed by poodles, who pick out cards, letters, colours and pictures, are done by their power of scent discrimination, the objects being impregnated with different odours. Truffle dogs are generally poodles, though not always well-bred ones. "Idstone," the author of one of the best of the minor treatises on dogs, was much interested in the truffle-hunting poodles, and described their training. The women of the house teach the young poodle to fetch a worsted ball which has been *kept in the truffle-bag*, and, consequently, has the truffle aroma well soaked into it. After a time they bury the truffle-scented ball in the earth, where the poodle scratches it up. Praise and rewards are the stimulants given in this, as in all poodle-training, the dogs being so sensitive to praise or blame, as to need very little other encouragement. But no French poodle has ever so entirely entered into the business and needs of its owner as that which belonged to the shoe-black on the Pont Neuf. It was trained to dirty the boots of the passers-by, that its master might have the benefit of cleaning them. There are two main varieties of poodle, the curly-coated and the "corded," of which the illustration—a portrait of a prize corded poodle, the property of Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.—is a fine example. In the "corded" dogs the hair hangs in perfectly straight, equally sized rolls, falling parallel from a parting down the spine. It is clear that for the mere comfort of the animal, in any conditions except those of constant immersion in cold water, it must be clipped. Fashion here steps in, and decrees a different method of clipping to the "leonine" treatment of the curly poodle. The latter has its muzzle shaved, except a tuft on either side of the nose, to resemble a moustache. The rest of the head, the neck, chest and forearms, are left coated with curly wool. The rest of the body is then shaved, except a patch on the outside of each thigh; and the hind legs and all the feet are clipped. The corded poodle's beauty lies partly in its coat. But a small part is shaved on the back and hips, and *underneath*, below the hanging fringe of curls, the dog is carefully trimmed; otherwise, its coat would be a source of discomfort to itself, and become "felted" and unsweet.

C. J. CORNISH.



"CHAMPION ACHILLES,"
CORDED POODLE. PHOTO
BY GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.



MISS BILL OF "THE BUGLER."

BY ARCHIE COBHAM.

SCENE.—*The study of Mr. Richard Haregreaves, the celebrated novelist, looking out over Regent's Park. Mr. Haregreaves and his sister Lucy are breakfasting in the large window*

Lucy.—This is certainly the best room for breakfast in the whole house. I'm glad we made the change, Dick.

Mr. H.—Yes, it isn't bad, but how long will you be here to pour out my tea for me, eh, Lucy?

Lucy [blushing].—Oh, a long time yet, and besides, there will be a Mrs. Hargreaves very soon, won't there?

Mr. H. [with decision].—I never heard of her, and who-ever she is she will never be equal to my little Lucy.

Lucy.—Dear old Dick, I'm afraid I don't look after you half as much as I ought.

Mr. H.—I can't make out how you do it. People always think I'm a married man, I look so settled and comfortable. And it has been just the same since *l'affaire Dunlop* began. I see you have the usual corpulent letter, he always uses grey envelopes. But he isn't grey inside, is he, Lucy? Burning fiery furnace, I should think. Ah, well, he's a lucky man.

Lucy. Oh, Dick, how selfish of me to think of leaving you! But I'm determined not to marry till you do, or at least till you're engaged. I told Freddy so in my—in my last letter.

Mr. H. [tragically].—Poor old Dunlop, he'll have to wait a long time! What does he say to the scheme?

Lucy [sternly].—Never you mind, sir! No, no, hands off, Freddy's letters are private, even from you!

Mr. H.—What a shame! And I want some love-letters to stick in my next novel, some of the real thing you know would be such a god-send.

Lucy.—Oh, what a wretch you are, Dick! Fancy publishing Freddy's. But I know you're only laughing at me! Why, if you want love-letters you should write them yourself to some real person, some nice girl you know.

Mr. H.—But if she was really nice, as you are nice, for instance, she wouldn't let me publish them, would she?

Lucy.—Well, I suppose not! And yet perhaps if she saw the proofs—

Mr. H. If she saw the proofs she'd take out every bit of interesting stuff, I know.

Lucy.—You don't know, you haven't tried! I'll ring.

[*Ma'd enters and clears away breakfast things.*]

Lucy [going up to him].—Dear old Dick, I wish you would find someone really good enough for you.

Mr. H.—That's the worst of you lovers. You always want the rest of the world to go mad in your way. Such blind egotism.

Lucy.—I am happy, Dick, and I do want you to be too, especially after—after, you know—after I'm gone.

Mr. H. [lighting a cigarette].—You are a dear girl.

Lucy.—Call some other girl "Dear" as well, Dick.

Mr. H.—Yes—but—er—

Lucy.—Dear old Dick, don't be angry with me, but there was dear little Angela Wyatt that winter at Nice and I did so hope that something would come of it, but I didn't like to say anything.

Mr. H. [neglecting his cigarette].—Lucy, I wrote to Miss Wyatt afterwards when she went back to London and she never answered, so I didn't like to say anything.

Lucy.—Oh, but I can't understand that. I'm sure she really would have—

Mr. H.—She never answered. We needn't talk about it any more.

Lucy.—I won't Dick, dear. But I am so sorry. What are you going to do to-day?

Mr. H.—Oh, an interviewer.

Lucy [with pride].—See what it is to be famous! What's the paper.

Mr. H.—*The Daily Bugler.* I wish they would leave me alone, but I suppose it's a good advertisement.

Lucy [jingling her keys].—Of course it is. Make the interviewer stay to lunch and then he'll say such nice things about you. Cook shall propitiate him with an *omelette soufflée à merveille*, and you must get on with the novel. [Exit.]

[*Haregreaves sits down before his type-writer with a smile, and for some time nothing is heard but the monotonous clicking of the machine. Enter Maid with card inscribed "MISS BILL, JOURNALIST."*]

Mr. H. [to himself].—Miss Bill, indeed! H'm. I'll get some fun out of this. [*To the maid.*—Show the lady up, please.

[Enter Miss Bill, a pretty little woman, rather pale, neatly but not very fashionably dressed. She starts on seeing Mr. Hargreaves, who also betrays his astonishment. They both wait till the maid has gone out.]

Mr. H.—Miss Wyatt!

Angela [vaguely].—Oh, Mr. Hargreaves! But I came to see Miss Dicka Greaves? The maid said she was at home.

Mr. H. [amused].—She is here, at your disposal.

Angela [gasping].—Then you are Miss Dicka Greaves?

Mr. H.—I write under that name, certainly.

Angela [energetically].—I never knew, no one ever told me! Someone ought to have—

Mr. H.—Not many people do know.

Angela.—Mr. Hargreaves, I must apologise for this unfortunate mistake, and I will not take up your time any longer. [Going to the door.]

Mr. H. [eagerly].—No, no, don't go. Lucy said I was to keep my interviewer to lunch. If you won't interview me, you will at least stay to lunch, won't you? [Taking her hand.] I want to interview you really, you know. [Angela submits to the stronger will and allows herself to be given a chair.] But what are you doing on *The Bugler*, and why are you Miss Bill?

Angela [smiling].—I write under that name, certainly.

Mr. H.—I suppose you couldn't take a man's name as I have taken a woman's. Oh, what a clumsy thing to say! But, Miss Wyatt, you really don't like the work, do you?

Angela.—Oh, I'm very lucky! I make such a lot of money sometimes!

Mr. H.—But I thought—

Angela [firmly].—No! It all went smash. Practically nothing left. I didn't care about governingessing.

Mr. H.—I should think not; anything rather than that. [An awkward pause.] Er—er—Miss Wyatt, I don't want to dwell on a painful subject. But everything in that letter I wrote to you after you left Nice is still—

Angela.—You wrote! I never received it. Oh, Mr. Hargreaves, what must you have thought of me all this time?

Mr. H.—My darling, what should I think of you? Angela, you will not say ho, will you?

Angela.—No!

[Osculation.]

Lucy [coming in hurriedly].—Oh, Dick, what have you done with— Why, Angela! My dearest girl, why haven't you come to see us long ago? We quite lost sight of you after you left Nice.

Mr. H.—Lucy, Angela has promised to pour out my tea for me when you've gone.

Angela [skyly].—I suppose I shall be Mrs. Dicka Greaves, then.

Lucy.—Oh, I shall go mad with joy! Which of you am I to kiss first, you darling creatures?

Angela [suddenly].—Oh, but what about my interview?

Lucy.—Eh?

Mr. H.—Oh, yes; I didn't tell you that Angela has been masquerading as Miss Bill, of *The Bugler*. Angela, my darling, I'll write that interview for you.



MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR. BY GEORGE E. ROBERTSON.
Now on view at the Royal Academy.



QUEEN OF ALL

THE present year will long be memorable for its bounteous wealth of rose blossoms, as all who visit the flower-shows or who take their pleasure in gardens will know—

Now that milch cows chew the cud,
Everywhere are roses, roses;
Here ablow, and there a-bud,
Here in pairs, and there in posies.
Roses from the gable's cliff
With pale flaky petals strewing
All the garden paths, as if
Frolic summer took to snowing.

Which last is no mere poetic figment, as those who grow that rampant climber bright "Maids-of-the-Village" will bear me out. The foregoing reminds me of Mr. Alfred Austin's delightful book, "The Garden that I Love," and of how the poet waxes enthusiastic over his tea-roses—not coddled under glass, not even clinging for protection to sheltering walls, but boldly and bravely planted by the hundred in open beds; there, notwithstanding twenty-eight degrees of frost, flourishing so successfully that the summer following, Mr. Austin writes: "These tea-roses are absolutely faultless. Their stems and their leaves are as graceful as their buds; they bloom continuously for six months; not one of them is of a bad, vulgar, or tawdry colour; and they never suffer from blight, fly, or mildew." Flora seems certainly unusually benignant with our poet-gardener; for most cultivators of tea-roses in the open are not able to cut, "a branch a yard long, beautifully curved, of radiant colour, and surmounted by a perfect posy of large delicate flowers." Who does not yearn for such a rose garden? The more so when Mr. Ruskin informs us that the "evil one" is most mortally afraid of "roses and crocuses,—of roses, that is to say, growing wild," which are not synonymous with wild roses, those pink-petalled blossoms of the wayside flowering-briar. To many it will be news that there are white flowering dog roses; these I have met with in the lanes around Farringford; and the late Laureate, in more than one place, I believe, speaks of these pale varieties which grew by his home. That rectory garden, so attractive to flower lovers, which Mr. Wilks, of "Shirley Poppy" fame, has brought to such perfection, contains a fine example of the cultivated single white rose. Who-soever having a garden, is careless about rose-growing, should right away get "A Book about Roses." After reading Canon Hole's vivacious work, beware of being stricken with ruinous rosomania. Here I cannot forbear quoting how the then Dean "was driven out of London

by a rose!" He bought a common moss-rose-bud from a ragged flower-girl—some "Poor Peggy," who, so Hood tells us, "hawks nose-gays from street to street, Till, think of that, who find life so sweet—She hates the smell of roses!" "But," wrote the Dean, "... when waking next morning, I saw it in my water jug—saw it as I lay in my dingy bedroom, and heard the distant roar of Piccadilly, instead of the thrush's song; saw it, and thought of my own roses; it seemed as though they had sent to me a messenger, whom they knew 'I love, to bid me, come home, come home.' Then I thought of our dinner-party overnight, and how my neighbour thereat, a young gentleman who had nearly finished a fine fortune and a strong constitution had spoken to me of a mutual friend, one of the best and cheeriest fellows alive, as 'an awful duffer—buried alive in some dreadful hole, because he has no taste for robbing or being robbed at races ... and has an insuperable partiality for his own wife, ... and though I had taken my lodgings and arranged my plans for three more days in London, I went home that morning with the rose in my coat."

In view of the fact that the thirty-sixth annual National Rose Show was held on Saturday, 6th July, it is here meet to record that it was the worthy Dean aforesaid who originated these festivals by the memorable display held in 1858, at St. James's Hall. He also, at the request of the late John Leech, wrote a more or less witty account of the festival for *Punch*. Since when the protean flower has put on shapes and colours which none of these early rosarians could have dreamed of. To name only the finest of the new varieties would exhaust this page; enough that the immortal commander-in-chief of the rose army, Maréchal Niel, only came into existence in 1864, since which what memories have clustered round this much-favoured lemon-tinted blossom?

To-day the fashion is for wall and pillar roses, such as the well-esteemed Waltham climbers and the climbing *Queen of Queens*. Another and most commendable aim is to add perfume to show roses. Who has not bewailed the scentless desolation of the otherwise magnificent blossom of Baroness Rothschild? Flowers and most of all, roses—should be not merely pictures, but—literally—nose-gays, compendiums of fragrance.

Comus bids you—
Bind your locks with rosy twine
Dropping odours,

and not with blossoms which, for all the scent they yield, might be only things of paper or of wax. And so growers are giving us such treasures as *Princess May*, a pale pink-flowered novelty which is strongly tea-scented.

HECTOR MACLEAN.



SOME PRIZE ROSES.
PHOTO BY R. FROST,
LOUGHBOROUGH.

"Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last."—*Dryden*.



IN granting the request of an "inconstant reader" who desires to hear something about screens, I find myself in half a difficulty. The word "screen" covers a multitude of things—there is a painful suggestion of pun in the



No. 1.

statement. For instance, one may mean a riddle or sieve, a fish-breeder's instrument for preventing the passage of fish up stream; the large scarf that the heroine of the heart of Midlothian or her sister did not wear, because, according to Sir Walter Scott, she did not possess one; or a rood-screen, organ-screen, choir-screen, perclose or other architectural

feature; and last, and most likely, the house-screen, used to keep off draughts and heat, to assist dramatists—where would Sheridan be without the screen that hid Lady Teazle?—to enable rooms to be tidied swiftly, and for many other purposes that I might name. However, I suppose that only the architectural or the domestic are in the running, and I suspect that the latter is the real subject. Yet I wish I could speak of some church screens that I love. Last week I wrote about the choir stalls of Amiens—I should like to say a few words concerning the screen round the choir with its fascinating painted wood pictures, less notable than the stalls within, yet charming; or the carved marble screen enclosing the choir at Chartres, the cathedral that delights me most of all. To think I can remember the hideous screen that used to mar the cathedral of Notre Dame at Rouen! Speaking of Notre Dame, may I ask some travelled person to tell me what has become of the little stone picture of Salome dancing, that till lately was one of the humours of the wonderful Western façade. Last year, when I went to look at Salome to see whether she was still turning a "catherine-wheel" before Herod, I could not find her—has she been restored out of existence?

However, one is not obliged to cross the Channel in order to see splendid screens, for our land is rich enough, and I might name dozens—such as Durham, Lincoln, York, and the beautiful one before the Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral. I wonder how many of my readers who visit Devonshire go to the Haberton, near Totnes, to see the lovely wooden rood screen in the parish church?

There is hardly a piece of furniture that can so easily make or mar a room as a screen. Legitimately one can unite the skill of the painter, the cabinet-maker, and the metal worker in producing a thing of beauty. One might have had pictures by a Fragonard or Chardin—delightful artists, unrepresented, alas, in our splendid National Gallery, whose poverty in French works is lamentable—combined with wood-work by the famous Riesener and enriched by the metal-work of the admirable Gouthier, *ciseleur et doreur du Roi à Paris*; or the tapestries of Gobelins, Beauvais, or Aubusson, framed by Roentgen, Carlin, or Leleu.

Of course the inimitable *Vernis Martin* was utilized for screens of remarkable beauty that are as yet undimmed by time, and nymphs and goddesses, pastoral scenes and languishing beauties were painted on the lustrous lacquered surface with charming effect. Hepplewhite's enamelled wood, quaintly painted with wreaths and ribbons are graceful frames to soft-coloured brocades and delicate silks, and Chippendale's smaller fire screens of dark mahogany with tiny shelves to hold the "dish of tea" over which the woes of "Clarissa Harlowe" and the perfections of Sir Charles Grandison were discussed with as much vigour as Max Nordau's "Degeneration," and "The Heavenly Twins," by the latter day maiden, are delightful relics of the days when the New Woman and the Pioneer Club were still undreamt of!

Nowadays we have screens innumerable—chiefly from the land of Madame Chrysanthème. Some of them that fascinated me at Liberty's, notwithstanding the very few

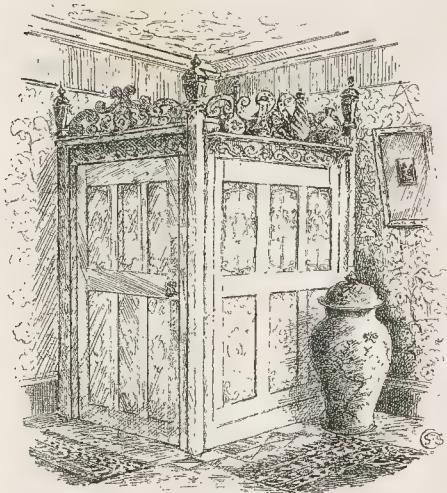


No. 2.

shillings at which they are priced, are delightful. Given a branch of hawthorn, two or three birds in full flight, a cloud scarcely suggested, and the Oriental with his needle and a few touches of paint can create colour scheme of real decorative beauty, sufficient to fill without overcrowding a four-fold screen.

By-the-bye, as a pastime for a rainy day in a country house, there is a certain pleasure in inventing tales suggested by the quaint figures and sketchy background of Japanese fans and screens, and the giving of a prize, by the hostess,

to the most skilful "story-teller," would be an incentive to imagination. Two months ago, in the *Pull Mall Magazine*, there was a really delightful *Conte Japonnais*, inspired by an Oriental vase, and written by the clever and amiable Mrs.



No. 3.

Oscar Beringer. Though we cannot all hope to be so brilliant as *raconteur*, there are infinite possibilities in the subject which should tempt the wits of the average girl, and relieve, for a few hours, the hostess from the irksome duty of entertaining a house full of weather-bound guests.

Screens, however, may be considered from another point of view, and I have had some drawings made which, I think, will furnish my readers with hints not altogether valueless. No. 1 would serve admirably to separate a day from a night nursery, or a bedroom from a dressing-room, leaving free circulation of air between the two rooms. At very little expense a similar screen, six feet in height, was added to my bedroom. On the dressing room side a small shelf was placed against the wooden partition a few inches from the ground for boots and shoes, and large hooks were fixed near the top to hang dresses, the whole hidden and protected by a cretonne curtain, hung on rings to a small brass rod. The screen was Aspinall's white; the centre panel holds a sheet of looking-glass, whilst all the others are filled in with quaint bits of embroidery; the effect is very pleasing and the arrangement decidedly convenient, as in winter the fire in the bedroom will serve the double purpose of warming both rooms equally. The idea was originally suggested by the curious old kitchen screen at Abbots' Hospital, Guildford. No. 2 is a variation that might serve to cut off a library from a dining-room, and in oak panelling would lend itself to good decorative treatment. There is a fine example of the pierced screen at Slyfield Manor House, Stoke D'Abernon.

For a draughty room of good size, the arrangement indicated by No. 3, masking the original door, would be a valuable addition. The sketch has been adapted from a Jacobean portable door screen, still in existence at Lytes, Cary Manor House. The original was carefully built up to

the ceiling for an 18th century householder. The sketch, as it now stands, would have seemed a gratuitous temptation to eaves-droppers on the look out for plots and news of Bonnie Prince Charlie. No. 4 gives an idea of a mauresque screen arrangement for a hall.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If "ANGELA" finds the glare from her suspension lamp trying to the eyes—and complexion—she should arrange a small strip of coloured silk round it. Better still, she should see those that Peter Robinson's have in stock—strips cleverly arranged, with clamps to catch in the mounting round suspension lamps. One I saw in silk—yellow would look best in ANGELA'S room—was covered with gauze, on which a flight of swallows was embroidered. It was very effective and surprisingly cheap between 2s. and 3s. Another of pale green silk, with a border of daisies, would look delightfully cool on a hot summer's evening. I believe ANGELA would find small candle Shades to match.

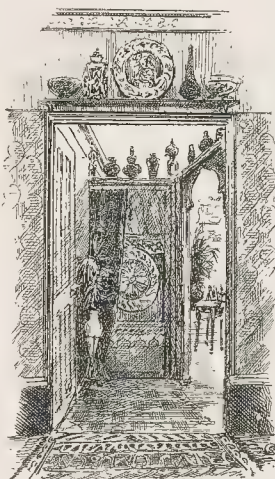
"MARIE" tells me that, as a souvenir of a pleasant visit to Flanders, she brought home an old copper disk beautifully pierced, formerly part of a warming pan, and wishes to know if it can be used in any way. Of course, it would look very well placed on a shelf over the door, with a few Delft plates and jars next to it. A still better plan, I think, is to have a two-branched candle-stick, also of copper, riveted on the disk, which will reflect the light charmingly, and also, in course of time, get an iridescent blue tinge—such as one sees in Gubbio's beautiful lustre ware—from the smoke of the candles.

I can understand "DAISY'S" annoyance at finding that the beautiful strip of embroidered yellow satin that is used for the centre of her dining table, was ruined by the drippings from the candles. "DAISY" need not worry if a similar incident happens again, for five minutes of her time and a few drops of Benzine Collas will repair the mischief, and leave no trace behind. Let "DAISY" put a piece of white flannel under the satin, and rub briskly in ever-widening circles, and the grease will disappear as quickly as my weekly housekeeping money, alas!

"CHATELAINE!"—Yes, it is possible to have one's crest woven in the damask used for table linen, and I know that Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, do it very successfully. Personally, I prefer the monogram or crest embroidered on the linen, and Robinson and Cleaver's *brodeuses* are very clever with their needle—in fact much of my

lingerie bears evidence of their skill, but of course, if "CHATELAINE" prefers weaving to embroidery she can easily get it done by the Irish firm I have named.

Some days ago I got some charming candle-shades at Peter Robinson's, and I am sure that "COUNTRY ROSE" will find something to delight her in their large stock. I must add that after buying twelve golden-hued shades, with flights of birds prettily painted, I was agreeably surprised at the smallness of my bill. For July's "Eau de Nil" candle-shades, water lilies with their own glossy foliage, and a white satin strip for the centre of the table, with the crest or monogram embroidered at either end in tender shades of green,



No. 4.

would give a delightfully cool appearance to the dinner table. I hope "COUNTRY ROSE" will not carry out her intention of using "masses of billowy chiffon" to surround the centre piece and satin strip. If she does, her table will look like a small edition of Fuller's tempting shops.

GRACE.



RACKHEATH PARK, NORFOLK.

IT is a pleasant drive of four-and-a-half miles in a N.E. direction from the ancient city of Norwich to Rackheath Park; those, however, who prefer to travel behind the "iron horse" can get within three miles of the demesne by alighting at Salhouse. The character of the country through which one passes, is from a sportsman's point of view, quite ideal; the light sandy soil affording the best of rearing ground for partridges, while the character of the fences and long stretches of grass land constitute a splendid hunting country, of which packs of stag and fox-hounds and harriers avail themselves.

Great and Little Rackheath are in the hundred of Taverham, and at one time the village was divided into two parishes with a church in each, but now they have been consolidated. There was formerly a priory in the neighbourhood, and it is interesting to note, as demonstrating the disproportion in the value of money between olden times and the present, that the temporalities of 500 years amounted to the gross sum of forty-one shillings and threepence.

Presently one reaches the elegantly designed iron gates of Rackheath Park, a property which, with the outlying farms, amounts to 3,000 acres. The old lodge-keeper promptly "throws ope the portal wide," when you at once catch sight



RACKHEATH PARK. ONE OF THE RECEPTION ROOMS.
Photo by Shrubsole, Norwich.



RACKHEATH PARK. THE APPROACH TO THE HOUSE.

Photo by Shrubsole, Norwich.

of the mansion fully a mile away, lying bosomed in a grandly timbered park of 230 acres. The great square building in front of you suggests, for a moment, Norwich Castle itself, but closer inspection acquaints you that the house is of the Italian style in architecture, with three wide frontages, one overlooking a rose and Dutch garden. An imposing porte-cochère gives access to a good-sized hall. Indeed, all the rooms are spacious, and comprise dwelling-rooms of fine proportions, with bed-rooms enough to entertain a large house-party, while the stables afford accommodation for 15 horses.

It is one of the most charming country seats that has been in the market of late, and from many points of vantage on the estate one gets the loveliest

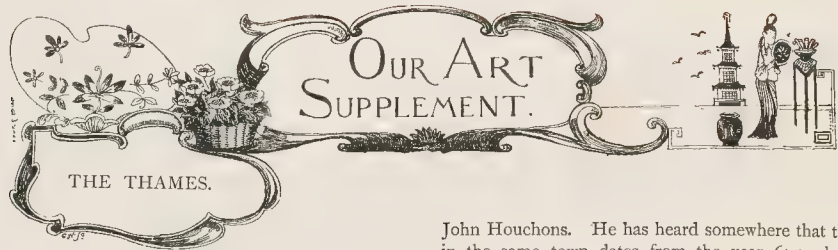
views. The ornamental lake, spanned by an elegant bridge of three arches; the main avenue of forest trees; the lesser avenue, now

a vast bouquet of rhododendrons on either side of the path; with the rockeries, ferneries, and conservatories, show the hand of taste in their construction. One might possibly weary the reader with a description of the decoration of the interior and by giving a catalogue of the pictures. Such detailed information can be obtained from Messrs. Hampton & Sons, Cockspur St., S.W. It must suffice to say elegance and comfort go hand-in-hand, and one feels that a home in its fullest sense might easily be made here, away from the maddening crowd, yet for all that with telephonic communication with the city of Norwich.



RACKHEATH PARK. IN THE GROUNDS.

Photo by Shrubsole, Norwich.



THE THAMES, FROM OXFORD TO HAMPTON COURT.

TO "go up the river" is for many people as much a social duty in the summer of the year as that other pilgrimage to the often melancholy watering-place or spa. It would be difficult, perhaps, to name the precise date at which the so-called aquatic revival became a fact, but it is not the new thing that many people would have us believe. There are engravings extant which depict for us the house-boat of the twenties and the thirties; Garrick's Villa at Hampton, and the history of scores of old houses on the river's bank, tell of our forefathers' recognition of the Thames. It has remained for the last decade to witness the growth of an enthusiasm which is almost a mania, and the triumph of the English river over the superiorities of those fine people who are always ready to champion the "wide and winding Rhine." Grandeur she may lack, and the dignity of those splendid castled crags which moved Byron to sonnets; but for woodland scenes and the ripeness of tree and flower, for nestling villages and dreamy hamlets, the Thames remains pre-eminent, and retains the love of the many thousands to whom her waters give health and rest and the joy of life.

Though the great river can show us many beautiful scenes above Oxford, it would not be amiss to describe the latter town as her Mecca. Thence to Hampton come thousands of oarsmen every year. Gigs and skiffs, outrigger and inrigged ships, punts, canoes, launches, carry them in their varying moods to the Palace of Wolsey or to Twickenham. Few, it may be, of the more active care to know anything of the historic monuments which they pass; few have any thoughts but for the sweetness of the air and the freshness of the woods. Yet to such as care to dig and delve by the way, the river's banks must prove a feast. Scarce, indeed, is Oxford left when history is touched at the lovely Nuneham Park, the historic seat of the Harcourt family. From that point onwards, churches, abbeys, old-world towns, quaint villas stand, the finger-posts of a rich antiquity. Side by side with the hideous atrocities of the jerry-builder and the hotel-company, we find the crumbling ruins of cell and cloister. Saxon towers abut upon Georgian infamies; legends write themselves above the sign-boards of inns; the ghostly shapes of abbot and of prior stalk the falling barns and the tottering halls. But the past wrestles everywhere with the present, and her victory is not to be disputed.

If, however, these things do not interest the average riverman, it is safe to say that he comes down from Oxford rarely without remarking the more prominent landmarks. The lovely Nuneham Woods he knows. He has a dim idea that Abingdon Bridge was built in the fifteenth century, though he could not tell you that its architects were John Brett and

John Houchons. He has heard somewhere that the Abbey in the same town dates from the year 675, when it was founded by Cissa, Viceroy of Centwine; and if he possesses a guide-book, as he rarely does, he may care to learn something about Dorchester, which was a cathedral city in the year 634, when Birinus went there by direction of Pope Honorius. Possibly, he will stop the night at Wallingford, and they will tell him that the town was a fortified place in the time of the Saxons, and was occupied by Simon de Montfort before he fled to France. At Goring and Streatley, he will think only of the magnificent green hills, unconscious of the fact that to Goring came the gouty and the dyspeptic of the last century, where they drank the waters of a stream which now pours its poor tribute humbly into the river, and is esteemed of no man. Nor from this point, through the lovely lock at Pangbourne will that pestilent fellow, the "well-informed man," trouble any hearers he can find. Not until Mapledurham is reached, and Hardwick House—so full of the history of the Blounts, and glorified by the traditions of Charles II.—appears does record speak with any certain voice again. She has much to say of Reading Abbey, it is true; but rare is the riverman who looks upon Reading in any other light than as a place where they make the biscuits. Rather, he avoids the town, sculling on hastily to the shelter of the woods at Sonning and the islands of Shiplake, whence the oldest or the youngest inhabitant may point out to him the church upon the hill in which Tennyson was married. As the building is of no particular interest apart from this fact, and as Shiplake offers no inducement for further inspection, it is not surprising to learn that few pilgrims trouble her, the majority going on to Henley for the night, and pushing (or pulling) their way next day to Maidenhead or to Staines. Nor is this one of the least interesting stages of the pilgrimage. The noble hills of Hambledon; the relics of Medmenham Abbey, bestowed by King Stephen on the Cistercian Monks; Bisham Abbey, founded by William de Montacute, in the year 1338; the sweeping reaches at Marlow and Cookham; above all, Cliveden Reach, make this one of the best days that can be spent upon the Thames. Easy would it be to write feelingly of the magnificent woods and perfect waters of Cliveden. But all the world knows them nowadays; and few there are who have not the guide-book fact that the first Cliveden House was built by Charles Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and that there was Milton's masque of "Comus" first performed.

From Boulton to Hampton Court, the river is often commonplace, if not absolutely ugly. Windsor and Eton redeem it, and there is Magna Charta Island, and the Palace at Hampton, and the temple which Garrick built. The latter now lacks the statue of "Davy" which it once contained, but is none the less a pleasant landmark, as it is the last which the oarsman cares to remember.

The Thames,
From Oxford to Hampton Court.



BÖULTER'S LOCK, ABOVE MAIDENHEAD.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



OXFORD—THE COLLEGE BARGES.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



ABINGDON, FROM BELOW.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



BENSINGTON LOCK AND WEIR.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



MEDMENHAM ABBEY.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO.,
REIGATE.



HENLEY AT REGATTA TIME.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO, REIGATE.



BISHAM ABBEY.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH
& CO, REIGATE.



NUNEHAM COURTNEY.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co.,
111, N. 1.



STREATLEY HILLS.
PHOTO BY E. FRITH &
Co. Ipswich.



PANGBOURNE WEIR.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co.,
RELCATE.



WHITCHURCH.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH
& Co., REICATE.



MAPLEDURHAM.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH
& Co., REIGATE.



SONNING BRIDGE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH &
Co, REGATE.



CLIVEDEN HOUSE AND REACH.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



CLIVEDEN -THE BOATHOUSE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



ETON COLLEGE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH &
CO., REIGATE.



RUNNYMEDE, MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



GREAT MARLOW.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH &
CO., REIGATE.



WINDSOR CASTLE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH &
Co., REIGATE.



HAMPTON COURT.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH &
CO., REGRATE.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

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JULY 22, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VAUGHAN,
ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, AND
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL LOGUE,
ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH AND PRI-
MATE OF ALL IRELAND. PHOTO BY
RUSSELL & SONS.



THE engagement of Mr. Cavendish and Lady Moyra Beauclerc, when first announced, was thought somewhat imprudent by solicitous uncles and aunts. However, the young people are determined to show that they can be happy though married and poor. Besides, Mr. Cavendish has prospects, and though prospects are not very substantial things to live upon in the present, they lighten the responsibilities of the future, which are, after all, a man's main anxiety in marrying.

Very few people have read "The Diary of an Invalid," a book which our fathers thought delightful. There are no fewer than five editions of it in the library of the writer's son, Mr. Henry Matthews. Mr. Matthews is a bachelor, so the peerage he has won begins and ends with him. The large fortune he has made at the Bar will go to the children of his sister, Madame de la Chere.

Sir Henry James, on the other hand, is not content that his peerage should pass with his own life. The reversion of it goes to his brother. Hereford people are very pleased with their new peer. The brother is a solicitor there in a large practice, and his daughter keeps house for her uncle in town.

Cardinal Logue, who came over from Armagh to help Cardinal Vaughan to lay his Cathedral foundations, speaks with an insinuating Irish accent. In politics there is nothing in common between these two princes of the Roman Church, whose portraits appear on our front page, but they were delighted to be associated together as masons, and Cardinal Logue boasted that he handled the trowel and mortar with more skill than his brother of Westminster. And the boast was not one which led to any international bickerings.

It is impossible not to sympathise very deeply with the Dowager Lady Lichfield, in the too early death of her daughter, Lady Evelyn Anson, who has been so suddenly cut off in the midst of a bright young life from all the world offers to its favourites. Lady Evelyn, while actually convalescent from an attack of measles, caught a chill some weeks since, which brought on a sharp attack of pneumonia, and which in her weakened state of health unfortunately proved fatal. Many families are thrown into mourning by this sad event, Lady Evelyn on her mother's side being connected with the Duke of Abercorn; Lady Howe, Lady Waterpark, Lady Wemyss being also near connections of the late Earl of Lichfield. A great favourite in society, where her charming unaffected manners and sweet face made many friends, Lady Evelyn's death has caused general regret as well as wide sympathy with her relatives.

In this age of very personal journalism when the "fierce light that beats upon a throne"—to borrow a mediæ-

valism—radiates also even to the very fringe of social existence, it is absolutely refreshing, though the sentiment is unprofessional, to know an actress who will not be interviewed, a ball-giver who will not advertise her "list," or a well-dressed woman who is superior to meeting her frock—with amplifications—in print. I have met with this heavenly trio in one week, and thought the better of human nature for it, until the disillusioning fact was conveyed that in the two latter cases it was a question of unpaid bills which made a partial eclipse desirable. "I should love to see that white satin described," said the well-dressed girl, "but, my dear, it would inevitably remind Madame Z. that she had made it." So the modiste extinguishes the phrase-maker and suppresses her client.

Apropos of the "fierce light" aforesaid, I only discovered some weeks since, when calling at the house of a foreign diplomat, that the Prince and Princess of Wales use visiting cards printed in French, for interchange of calls at the various Embassies as well as with all foreign powers, French being the accepted language of polite society over Europe. An amusing story was given by my hostess, apropos of the Kaiser's aversion to this established custom when over here some years since, but His Majesty had to accept the "Prince de Galles" on pasteboard notwithstanding.

An evening party given at the Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, by Lady Maitland and her sister, Mrs. Martineau, on Friday, was an extremely pleasant gathering. All three rooms, which were profusely decorated with palms and quantities of lovely flowers, being sufficiently filled with guests, while there was no overcrowding. Before her marriage with Lord Lauderdale's eldest son in 1890, Lady Maitland and her sister were known as the pretty duet, being so much alike, and constantly seen together. This sisterly comradeship has not been interrupted by marriage, as often happens, however, and even in the vexed question of party-giving, the sisters agree with admirable results, as Friday's function amply proved. Lady Maitland's red-gold hair and creamy colouring were admirably set off by a very becoming frock, in which touches of pink and green combined themselves most seductively.

At this season of the year the great literary cricket match takes place. The team is composed of several well-known literary men and artists, and they journey down into a little country village, where they play the local fire brigade. Mr. J. M. Barrie is the captain, and Mr. Conan Doyle has been known to make runs. Not the least amusing part of the affair was the publication of a little book (printed for private circulation), wherein Mr. Barrie analysed the style and the run-getting capabilities of the members of his team.



THE LATE LADY EVELYN ANSON.
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.

At Catherine Lodge fair "bykers" improve the wheeling hours in knickerbockers more fearlessly than at Battersea, where a nervous attitude is still maintained towards the divided skirt. As a matter of fact gaiters and loosely made knickerbockers are the most correct, becoming, and undoubtedly safest "rig" for wheel women, notwithstanding all qualms and quibbles of slowly vanishing insularity. Lady Norreys and Lady Feo Sturt are amongst the experts; Lady Peyton and Lady Lurgan, too, I saw at last week's musical ride acquitting themselves with distinction. I have heard it said that the petroleum carriages, when an accomplished and permitted fact, will kill off our beloved bicycles, but refuse to believe in the theory. Women have discovered that "byking" is of material assistance to a natural complexion, and this alone would keep the wheel going round, though horseless victorias run never so smoothly. One pleasing result of forthcoming events will, however, be that carriage horses will sell at a shilling each or thereabouts, and the fat family coachman pass out of the box seat into the limbo of disused ornaments for evermore.

Here is a simple but touching piece of Athenian sculpture, which Dr. Murray dates as early as the 4th century, B.C. It had a very curious history previous to finding a final resting-place in the British Museum. Inverness would be



ATHENIAN TOMBSTONE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

about the last place that anyone would go to expecting to find examples of Greek sculpture. It was from that town in the Highlands of Scotland that this piece of marble came to the Museum. But that is only the last incident that is

known of its history. It came from Jersey to Inverness. The father of the owner found it some years ago when making some alterations in the cellar of his house in Jersey. When found the sculptured face of the marble was downwards, and it served as one of the flag-stones. This has helped so far to preserve the sculpture, some parts of which are still as fresh as the day they were cut. It is supposed that some Jersey ship must have brought it from Athens,—or rather the Piræus as the port of Athens. Dr. Murray describes it "as an extremely rare example of the tombstone of a woman who has died leaving a young, possibly newly-born, infant, to the care of a nurse who holds it, wrapped in swaddling clothes. We had nothing of the sort before in the Museum, and only two or three very inferior examples of this type of subject are known to exist."

New York society was fluttered to its utmost conversational capacity by the arrival of the late Mrs. Jerome's three daughters last week—Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Moreton Frewen, and Mrs. Jack Leslie. All three sisters sailed in the boat which conveyed their mother's remains to Greenwood, where the interment took place. Mrs. Moreton Frewen has not been in her native city since her marriage in 1874; nor Mrs. Jack Leslie, who has lived principally in Ireland since her marriage eight years since. Lady Randolph Churchill spent some time there last year with her late husband. She will probably return to England immediately.

Mrs. Maitland Shaw's ball at Gledhow Gardens was one of the week's successful functions. By an excellent arrangement with a friend, the adjoining house was utilised for the non-dancing contingent, guests passing from one house to the other by a built-out balcony. With the Hungarian band and a splendid floor nothing was left for the dancers to desire; while an excellent programme of music was provided for the sitting-out contingent. A dodo of arum lilies and tall palms went up both sides of the staircase, while great globes of scarlet geraniums hung from the ceilings. This excellent scheme of red and white was carried out on the mantel-pieces, supper tables, and throughout the house. Amongst the invited guests were the Rev. James and Lady Marion Willer, Lady Emily Cherry and Miss Cherry, Lady Hart, Hon. Mrs. Stopford Ram, Captain the Hon. and Miss Yorke, Sir William and Lady Corry, Sir Augustus and Lady Hemming, Sir Vincent and Lady Barrington, Sir Edward Hertslet, Mr. Rees Davies, M.P., Mr. Nussey, M.P., The Dean of Manchester and Mrs. Maclure, General Blake, Captain Sergeant, General Davidson Smith, Miss Stanley Cary, Mr. Leslie Ward, Mrs. E. M. Ward, and many well-known others. The supper rooms were kept cool with great blocks of ice placed on the tables, which happened most acceptably, as the night was warm.

There has been a scare amongst fair and frivolous Parisians who daily drive or saunter through the shady reaches of the Bois, because some unshriven Vandal has proposed the horrid dogma of tramcars through these classic *allées*. This too utilitarian councillor has been voted out, however, and no desecrating tram-horn will echo by the sacred way of fashion, or disturb the gay seclusion of "5 o'clocks," which are now in full "afternoon swing under the famous acacias.



AT A FANCY BALL.

VOICE WITHIN (to Waiter): "I'm starving! For goodness' sake get a tin-opener. I can't get this beastly visor up."

Now on View in Mr. Phil May's Exhibition, at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street. Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of THE SKETCH.

Portsmouth has been festive to distraction in honor of our good neighbours of Italy, and the outbreak of balls, dinners, and garden parties has exceeded all reminiscence of the oldest and most frivolous inhabitant even in these gay headquarters of the "naval and military." Three



LIEUT.-GENERAL DAVIS AND STAFF, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH. Photo by Russell & Sons.

thousand cards were sent out for the Admiralty ball, and the Town Hall never looked more brilliant, with its gay admixture of Italian and British bunting, and the endless variety of uniforms and gay frocks on all sides. A garden party at Whale Island, given by Lieutenant-General Davis, Commanding the Southern District, and Mrs. Davis, was largely attended, but the lawn being quite unsheltered was disconcerting to the complexion, and one was glad to take refuge in the various marquées thoughtfully erected for shelter and refreshment. The Duke of Genoa, I must not forget to add, has won himself golden opinions everywhere by his graceful manners and effective use of our vernacular, added to which His Royal Highness dances to a miracle.

Miss Pamela Wyndham's marriage to Mr. Edward Tennant brought a smart crowd to Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, on Thursday afternoon, H.R.H. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig Holstein being amongst the guests. Baroness von und zu Egloffstein, who was in attendance, wore her favourite pink which, however intrinsically charming, does not altogether suit her extremely blonde style and brilliant color. According to present vogue, half the number of bridesmaids were children, and very sweet the four small people looked in their white satin gowns and wreaths of white roses, while Master Percy Wyndham, as train-bearer in a sixteenth century costume of green, gold and blue, made an altogether irresistible page and quite divided public attention with the bridegroom, his "new

uncle," at Mrs. Wyndham's reception in Belgrave Square, afterwards.

Can anybody really enjoy a Society function? If so, I suppose it must be the same kind of enjoyment as is experienced by those enthusiastic young men and women who fight their way into the Lyceum Theatre on a thrilling first night. It is the enjoyment of being "in the swim"—nothing more. To read the accounts of the third day at Henley, or of the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's, an inhabitant of South Shields or Wareham, in Dorset, would think that no imaginable thing outside Ouida could be quite so exhilarating and delightful. And yet—.

I was at both gatherings! So let me set down what I really saw and felt. First, as to Henley! You fight your way into a carriage at Paddington, and after sundry encounters with winged things and the dancing rays of the sun, you arrive at Henley. You engage an evil-looking man who clutches your hampers, and you make one of a long procession down to Thames-side. Then you step into the punt, and from that moment to sun-down the day resolves itself into a mimic war with your fellow-creatures, who are also enjoying Henley, varied by that most uncomfortable of all meals—luncheon in a boat.

Imagine the rule of the road abolished in Cheapside, the City policemen out on strike, and you ordered to spend the afternoon driving a four-handed team of mules to and fro between the Bank and the General Post Office, and you have some idea how it feels to be "in the swim" at Henley. Conversation consists in crying out "Look ahead, Sir!" to somebody in front, or answering, "Well, I am!" to somebody else who has called out "Look ahead, Sir!" to you. At intervals racing takes place which to the majority of the assembly simply means that all the boats are crowded suddenly in a narrow strip of the river so closely that the Thames disappears altogether. Add to this the constant glare of the sun (and the sun can glare at Henley), with the knowledge that the agony must last for several hours, and that a long railway journey looms ahead before you can stretch out tired limbs between cool sheets, and you have some idea of what it is like to be "in the swim" and to spend a rollicking day at Henley.

There is a compensation, however. Nowhere do girls look quite so nice as on the river. They clothe themselves in white, or better still, in yellow, they lean back upon coloured cushions, and even if one has chosen the safer part of misogynist in particular and in general, this kaleidoscope of young and beautiful life, in new clothes, lingers in the memory when the other discomforts of Henley have faded.

At Lord's, on the occasion of the Eton and Harrow match, try as I would I could see nothing whatever of the cricket. It is the custom to allow carriages to station themselves around the field, and alongside on a gritty path the same people you saw at Henley stroll listlessly, save that the men now wear frock coats and silk hats, and little boys, in the whitest of white collars, dart here and there. And when they shout and clap their young hands, you know that something has been done somewhere in that wide green field that you cannot see. It is hot, like Henley, with the addition of dust; and you leave the ground wondering again that anybody should ever attend a Society function.



FRAÜLEIN DIRKENS-DREWS, OF THE
DUCAL COURT COMPANY OF SAXE-
COBURG AND GOtha, IN "DER
OBERSTEIGER," PHOTO BY BELLACH,
LEIPsIC.

Fraulein Dirkens-Drews, who has been winning much applause at Drury Lane, studied singing at Berlin under Mdlle. Jeanne Meyer, and at Dresden under Mdlle. Falkenberg. She made her debut in 1891 in Berlin, as Liebseelchen, in "Sieben Raben." She subsequently sang at the Dresden Opera, and in 1893 went to the Stadttheater at Leipzig, where among other parts, she played Yum-Yum in "The Mikado."



CADIZ.

THE Tarshish of Biblical History has been praised overduly. In imagination it is poetry, in realization it is prose. I cannot find the special credit due to Spain for its situation, nor for the effects of sunrise and sunset that make the town so pleasant—from a distance. The mere fact that by proper management Cadiz might be made one of the finest seaport towns in the world, does not atone for the fact that it is at present nothing of the sort.

Let me warn victims of the guide-book mania they will find Cadiz a dirty third rate city, with an inefficient drainage system and odours that recall Cologne; they will find indifferent hotel accommodation at very high prices, very few good streets and fewer first-rate shops. Moreover, the temperature goes up and down like a jack-in-the-box as the various winds of heaven amuse themselves at the Port's expense. When the Levanter or Sirocco come out on business, the delicate ones must look to themselves.

Such Gaditanians as are met by the average visitor are of the lowest type. I freely recognise that there are probably

charming people in Cadiz as elsewhere, but I write from the point of view of the casual visitor. From his arrival to his departure, he is beset by a low-class crowd.

It is easy and reasonable to judge people by their town, and by this test the intellectual state of Cadiz shows in very bad colour. I have been through the greater part of Andalusia, and find that the majority of the people have some approach to an ear for music and an eye for art. In Cadiz there seems no future for taste or intellect. Picture galleries and libraries are few and poor, there is little music; the collections in the alleged "art" shops are appalling.

There is a fair theatre devoted to comic opera; but the bull-ring is not fashionable, and I have never seen a first-class *corrida* within its walls; the cathedral, though beautiful, may not be compared with those of Barcelona, Sevilla, or Burgos. Its ornamentation is not in good taste; the lighting is theatrical and absurd.

All the foregoing may sound cruel to Cadiz, but in the condemnation of this one town lies the vindication of the rest of Andalusia, of such charming places as Seville, Granada, and Malaga.



CADIZ.—THE HARBOUR.



CADIZ. THE MARKET PLACE.

If business, or shipwreck, or the advice of friends, or any other evils to which man is heir, should drive one of my readers to Cadiz, I would advise him or her to take heart of grace and the first train to Puerto de Santa Maria. It is less than twenty miles by rail, and is a clean town, with an excellent bull-ring. The lower classes there wear Andalusian costume, and bull-fighters, with their pig-tails rolled up under their sombreros, are as thick as thieves, though a little less objectionable. They wear the *majo* costume, short Eton jackets, tight trousers, and curious shirts, usually sparkling with gold and diamond studs. Strictly speaking, they should wear top boots, but these are seldom assumed.

Returning for a moment to reconsider Cadiz, it may be suggested that its position is responsible for its defects. From time immemorial it has been the resort of seamen

from all countries, and in days gone by seamen were among the most villainous of the earth. To-day English sailors and those of a few other countries are decent fellows enough;

but the half-bred American Spaniards who may be seen in Cadiz to-day are the lowest of the low. They bring contamination; the natives welcome it. Add to this the natural predisposition to dishonesty and frequent opportunities for being dishonest, and we find the Gadianian equipped.

A good Government, careful supervision, and an immaculate custom-house, would do a good bit towards bringing about a better state of things. Add to this a Sanitary Commission, armed with full powers. But until these things are accomplished facts,

Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry may well extend to those about to visit Cadiz.

THEOCRITUS.



CADIZ.-FISHING BOATS IN THE HARBOUR.



FLORAL BUTTERFLIES.

BESIDES those other "Sicilian delights," which, in his famous ode on contentment, Horace speaks of, we are said to be indebted to the big island over which towers Mount Etna for the flower illustrated by Mr. Frost. Such is its native beauty, that the sober race of economic botanists have, intoxicated with admiration, been tempted to describe the family to which it belongs as butterfly plants (*Papilionaceæ*). The original type was, however, somewhat of a quaker-like butterfly, with wings of slate and plum; but of late years the blossoms have taken on an amazing gaiety and variety of colour—snow-white, blush pink, dazzling scarlet, and blue-black, even Nankeen yellow self-coloured floral sweet peas may now be found in our gardens.

Nor has that ethereal fragrance which is so grateful been sacrificed to all the foregoing opulence of colour. Indeed, many of the newer kinds are stronger scented than ever.

Two interesting points suggest themselves. Firstly, why have plant-raisers for so long neglected to improve and cultivate our native variety, the meadow vetchling, which festoons the hedgerows with its abundant sprays of brilliant yellow? Picture what a gorgeous decoration such would be to arbour or garden-arch, if only the plant could be induced to burst into yellow wings as large and finely-fashioned as those of the *Lathyrus odoratus*, which is the official name of the sweet pea.

The second point is wherefore do so very few garden-lovers grow this delightful ornament? Can it be that they do not conceive how its loveliness must attract?

Tramping one hot August afternoon along some miles of turnpike, with just enough burning air to waft the powdery dust into eyes and nostrils, and to bear odious whiffs from the festering mud and decaying weed of a sea-born, sun-burnt estuary, which lay some quarter-of-a-mile away, I was suddenly refreshed by a flood of cool fragrance. Presently, peeping through an ancient wrought-iron gateway, I saw two sturdy hedges, one on either side of the pathway, of multi-coloured sweet peas; further beyond, upon a grass plot, was a ring of standard roses, mostly of dark complexion, not growing as usual upon bare briars, but the head of each plant nestling in a clump of pure white butterfly flowers, with which the deep red, buxom rose blossoms made telling contrast.

At the present moment Fashion insists that there shall be no choice between the geometrical carpet bed or the perennial border, whose rule is monotony; none the less, there are still found flower-lovers to appreciate and nurture what smaller souls scornfully call weeds, which are, more-

over, no more weeds than is that hardy annual which yields us our daily bread. Whether it be a bed of vermilion tropæoleums, or of Shirley poppies, with their daintily-fringed skirts, or of wonderfully coloured portulacas, these and other despised yearlings more than hold their own with flowers of much greater pretentiousness.

Mr. Edmund Gosse in his "Gossip in a Library," speaking of Gerard's famous "General Historie of Plants," printed 1633, stoutly declares:—"In the course of two centuries and a-half, with all the advance in appliances, we have not improved a whit on the original artist of Gerard's and Johnson's time." With this assertion let me hasten to differ. All praise and honour are due to the painter, and to the diagram maker; but they, both of them, far more often than not, give us considerably bewitched and much transfigured renderings of our best beloved flowers. And thus it befalls that the hope of floral immortality must needs centre in the camera. So that, although Herrick, in the well-sung verse, has it—

" ——— this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying,"

yet, like unto the human ephemera, its shape and fashion may endure for many a generation. To be sure, scent and colour must perish; at least invention and knowledge have so far not provided for the perpetuation of these last. But maybe it will not be long before Photography, capturing the whole spectrum, will paint the lily with all its glory of colour, as well as pride of form. And, seeing that modern science has shown us how to store up the myriad tremors and vibrations of the voice, and to bring them forth whenever we list, surely there is no extravagance in predicting that the day is not far off when those indefinable titillations which give us the sensation of perfume, will be received upon a suitable recorder, to be given out again when required, so that the sense may be juggled into the belief that the heavens rain odours upon us. Then the impalpable joy that comes from the clover-scented gale, or from wind-swept alleys of lindens; the memories of early mornings amongst the May blossoms, of hot forenoons amidst carmine peonies and musky giliflowers, or twilight moments charged with the heavy scent of the evening-primrose—all these will be ours to recapture at will, with their recollected incidents of supreme pleasure.

HECTOR MACLEAN.



"PRINCESS BEATRICE" SWEET PEAS.
PHOTO BY R. FROST, LOUGHBOROUGH.



IF the "intelligent foreigner" were asked what feature of the numerous "at homes" and receptions given this season in London struck him most, I think he would say the landings, for it seems to me that, thanks to the



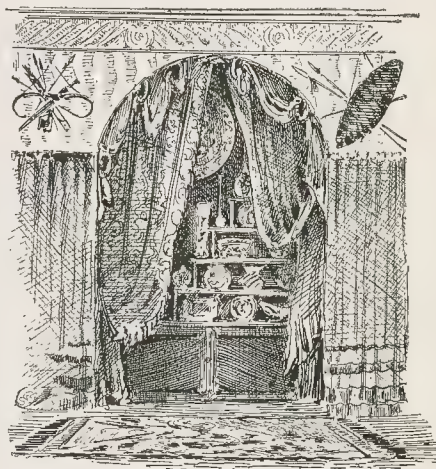
A LANDING, WITH SEATS LOWERED.

wide-spreading, possibly indiscriminate, hospitality at fashionable crushes, many of the guests never get any further. The phrase "get any further" brings to my mind not only the too-oft-told tale of the farmer and the claret, but a whole mass of anecdotes on what the French call *l'esprit de l'escalier*; perhaps the expression "staircase wit" does not convey much to English readers. It was invented by Pierre Nicole, one of the most famous of the Port Royalistes, a man brilliant with his pen but dull in speech, of whom, in fact, Garrick's line concerning Goldsmith might be used: "Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." One day, after being crushed in argument by a shallow logician in the drawing-room, he succeeded in finding the convincing answer when he got down the staircase. To the repartee or argument thus discovered too late for use, he applied the term of *l'esprit de l'escalier*. In his "Happy Thoughts" Mr. Burnand's hero gives some comical instances of the laggard wit. I cannot recollect the play in which a man declared he would not marry till he found a girl clever enough to begin a conversation with a repartee—or does the idea come in "Happy Thoughts?" However, lest my humble efforts should have a relation of *l'esprit de l'escalier* to the article, I must return to the landing—that small space that is often

so crowded, yet seems a kind of no man's land, since generally little or no trace is visible of an attempt to decorate pleasantly or furnish cosily landings or passages.

Possibly the younger members of the family are well content at the state of affairs, for the draughty, ill-furnished staircase and landings, by their very discomfort, help to scare away the chaperon, whilst Mademoiselle "sits out" on the stairs, every step of which, she hopes, is a step nearer St. George's, Hanover Square!

By-the-bye, "sitting out" on the stairs is such a purely British institution and one so completely unknown in France, that I fancy few English can guess the horror with which the sight fills a French mother. I remember a friend of mine who had lived at Avranches during the terrible Franco-German war and become great friends with a Normandy Chatelaine, who was bringing up a little girl with the intention of enabling her to earn her own living. My friend returned to England, and in due course the little girl passed the *Examens de la Sorbonne* and crossed the fearful Channel to become governess to the little ones of the family. Unluckily two days after her



ARRANGEMENT FOR A BLIND ARCHWAY.

arrival, a ball was given at the house; the next day the girl insisted upon leaving and returning to France—she refused to give any reason. A little later came a letter explaining the mystery. The French girl had seen young men and

maidens, to say nothing of young married women, sitting on the stairs up as far as the second floor, and was so shocked, so convinced by this *horreur* that the house was disreputable and herself in danger, that she resolved to fly at once.

At the present I shall leave the stairs untouched, and suggest some arrangement for the blind archway that is so common a feature in the London house.

Supposing the arch to be six inches in depth, irregular shelves can be fixed against the wall resting on a background of felt, harmonising with the curtains and carpets, and beneath the last shelf a cupboard may be placed; then, through a few very large rings of metal or of wood the curtains can be drawn. The effect is good, especially if the tone of the felt and draperies is chosen so as to be a good *repoussoir* to the plates and jars and odds and ends that fill up the shelves. An old-fashioned pierced or chased disk from a copper bed-warmer would look well half hidden by the curtain. As a hint for a shooting box, or a bachelor's den, I might suggest having the curtains passed through a collection of quaint dog-collars instead of ordinary curtain rings; against the felt backing a collection of whips and brushes and old drinking horns and in the cupboard—well nothing—for it would, I think, be a “boon and a blessing” to the lone bachelor for the general summary and tidying-up with which he welcomes the unexpected cousins and aunts.

A good arrangement for the landing just outside the drawing-room is sketched on this page.

Seats are fixed to the wall by hinges, and rest on movable brackets; the back of the seats forms a shelf for ornaments. When the seats are not in use the brackets are turned flat to the wall and the seats fall straight down, the front touching the ground whilst the up-tilted back makes another small shelf for plants and vases. The cost of such an arrangement is very slight, and with a few pretty cushions some plants, and a well-chosen *portière* for the door, the landing would form a charming *anti-chambre* to the drawing-room.

With some timidity, but not irrelevantly, I mention a fragment of conversation which I heard the other day. They were speaking of pretty Miss X., and her engagement to the Earl —, and she said, “The lucky girl has caught the biggest fish of the fish season.” He asked “Where did it happen, and how?” She replied, “She landed him at the top of the stairs at Lady Crawleigh's crush. She let down all her splendid hair, pretending it was knocked loose by the crowd, and it caught him.” He remarked, “A curious kind of net.” “Yes,”

she answered, “a landing net, or, at least, a net on the landing.”

Last week “Rita” wrote and asked me if I knew where a really fine First Empire dressing-table and washstand could be found. About ten days ago I saw in the large and valuable collection of Messrs. Edwards and Roberts, of Wardour Street, one of the finest specimens I had ever seen of the style, and the price asked, £160, seemed reasonable, considering the exquisite quality of the workmanship. As “Rita” added in her letter that she was not limited for price, I immediately thought that possibly the furniture would meet her views, and intended in this week's *Album* giving her the address of Messrs. Edwards and Roberts, but three days ago I heard that the dressing-table and washstand had been sold. Personally I envy the purchaser the possession of the dressing-table, which for beauty of design and finish is almost matchless. However, I remember seeing at Messrs. Howard's, of Berners Street, when I spent an hour there choosing parquet flooring, a very good dressing-table and washstand, of the same period, in mahogany, with the inimitable mercury-gilt *plaques* of the early years of the century. I think “Rita” would be well content with them. I may add that, as far as I remember, they are only about the third of the price of those just sold.



A LANDING WITH SEATS READY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Certainly, if “ANGELA's” means permit, I should strongly advise a frieze of tapestry above the oak panelling in her dining-room. It is possible to find reproductions of old work that have great charms. A dining-room at Messrs. Graham & Banks, of Oxford

Street, has a good example of modern tapestry; the deep frieze represents a hunting scene, well designed and of good colouring, but unlike the genuine work; the subject is painted on the material and not woven in it. However, the effect is very decorative. I am sure “ANGELA” would be delighted, not only with the tapestry, but also with the charming arrangement of the Jacobean dining-room, in which Messrs. Graham and Banks have placed it. A deep mullioned window, with seats fitted in, has exactly the arrangement “ANGELA” is anxious to reproduce, so I think that her next visit to town should include one to the splendid new place in Oxford Street, where there is much to delight the eye, and also some ingenuity displayed in designing rooms somewhat out of the beaten track.

The wall decoration that “Rita” describes in her letter to me is called *Dentelles Murales*, but she is mistaken in thinking it can only be done abroad. In fact, as it is of purely English make and a monopoly of Messrs. Howard's, of Berners Street, which firm must have decorated the walls she so much admired. *Dentelles Murales* is really a very coarse make of Nottingham lace of good design, attached to the walls and then thickly painted or treated with gold of different tints—it is very durable and handsome in effect.

GRACE.



IT is Heine who speaks of "the magic garden of Shakespearean comedy." "There we stand," he says, "with amazed eyes, and see how lords and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses, fools and sages, wander about under the tall trees; how the lover and his loved one rest in the cool shadows and exchange tender words; how, now and then, a fabulous animal, perhaps a stag with silver horns, comes by, or else a chaste unicorn, leaping from the thicket, lays his head in the lovely lady's lap." Mr. Augustin Daly from time to time invites us to re-visit this garden, and we ought to be infinitely obliged to him for that; the worst of it is that the garden is no longer, as Mr. Alfred Austin would say, "the garden that we love"; it is no longer magical, fabulous; it has become "the trim parterre," a suburban garden, in fact, where you may expect tennis parties, or strawberries and cream on the lawn, but no silver-horned stags—no chaste unicorns. Mr. Daly's leanings are obviously towards the definite, the matter-of-fact—a tendency which plays odd tricks when it comes to deal with a poet. Thus, while grateful to him, as every playgoer should be, for reviving *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which has not been seen in London for half a century or more, I cannot help wishing he had revived it somewhat differently. It is not his re-arrangement of the scenes, his re-piecing together of the text, that irk me; the comedy, written while its author was still a novice, is anything but a "well-made play," and there is no reason why anyone should treat its text as reverently as a holy sacrament. But Mr. Daly de-poetises the thing. His company, for the most part, go about their work in a downright modern, strict-attention-to-business fashion, which robs the play of its glamour—its hypnotic quality. The same lack of what Professor Bellac called the "au delà" characterises the setting of the play. Take one detail, the incidental music. Surely the music in a Shakespearean comedy should be a mere adjunct, an extra device for lulling the sense into a dream; it should be soft and suave and "heard off," as the stage jargon goes, lying in the background. Mr. Daly brings it into the foreground, interrupts the action to give us a sort of ballad-concert with full chorus; interpolates songs from all sorts of plays, set to music of the old-fashioned robustious type; and the singers attack it with the full force of their lungs, careful, so to speak, to give value for money. Hence there is some excuse for the ribald gibe that these Shakespearean revivals of Mr. Daly's are "comic operas." Even the scenery, though handsome, I admit, and doubtless expensive, strikes one as too gaudy, too much like "the building and grounds illuminated after 10 p.m.," of some modern exhibition. "The Duke's Court" suggests Earl's Court. Gondolas float backwards and forwards, laden with passengers who shout rather than sing "Who is Sylvia?" in a boisterous, Bank-holiday fashion. I whisper

to myself, "This way to the gondolas, sixpence," and I look round, instinctively, for the switchback and the turnstiles. One exception there is to the general air of matter-of-fact, and that exception, of course, is Miss Ada Rehan. She lives and moves and has her being in the true Shakespearean atmosphere; she can speak poetic lines and play a poetic part without destroying the illusion. Nevertheless, at the risk of seeming ungallant, I will confess I do not greatly care to see her in what used to be called in Mrs. Jordan's day "breeches-parts"; there is too much of the *odor di femmina* about her for those disguises which were so popular (and for good historical reasons), on the Elizabethan stage, but which the Victorian has come to associate with "principal boys" in Christmas pantomimes. But she affects these parts, as we all know, and no doubt it is because Julia is such a part that this comedy has been revived at Daly's Theatre. Every season Mr. Daly finds a new beauty for us. This time it is Miss Maxine Elliott, a lady who is not only beautiful but intelligent. She played Sylvia with distinction and discretion. I did not greatly care for Mr. Frank Worthing's Proteus, a neuropathic Proteus, a Proteus whom Dr. Max Nordau would label "degenerate." But Mr. John Craig's Valentine was manly and sane enough; and of course Mr. James Lewis made the most (notwithstanding the textual excisions due to transatlantic propriety) of Launce. Launce's dog Crab was a poodle with tricks. Obviously his name was not Crab, but Fido—a most un-Shakespearean dog.

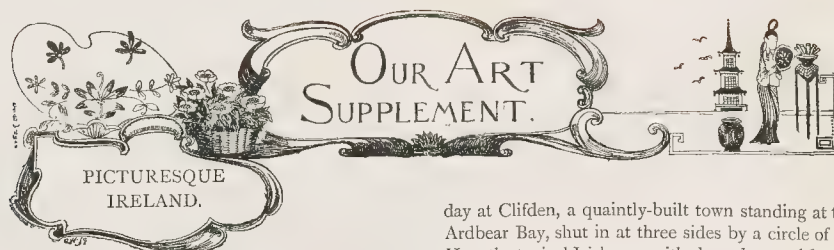
The success of Mme. Réjane at the Gaiety, last year, in *Madame Sans-Gêne*, has encouraged her to visit London again with her company from the Vaudeville. She opened her brief season at the Garrick with *Ma Cousine*, by Henri Meilhac, a pleasant little comedy, not too strait-laced. Mlle. Riquette, of the Théâtre des Folies Amoureuses, is requested by the Mme. la Baronne d'Arney-la-Hutte to exert her fascinations upon M. le Baron, so as to wean him from an attachment to another lady, Mme. Champcourtier. The understanding is that, when the Baron has been induced to transfer his wandering affections to the actress, she shall hand him over to his lawful spouse. Are these little contrivances ever planned in actual life? I doubt it; but they are very popular on the stage, because they furnish the diverting spectacle of a clever woman fooling a vain and empty-headed man to the top of his bent. This particular variant of the stock idea was specially contrived for Mme. Réjane, and her Riquette is certainly a very bewitching little person. She plays a whole act reclining on a sofa, and arranging her skirts over her toes, yet displays more variety and vivacity in this posture than other actresses would compass if allowed the full run of the stage. This is a sample of her method; literally a case of *ex pede—Rejanem*.

A. B. WALKLEY.



MISS ADA REHAN, AS JULIA, IN
SHAKESPEARE'S "THE TWO
GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."
PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

"I am my master's true confirmed love
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself."
Act IV., Scene IV.



PICTURESQUE
IRELAND.

IT is, perhaps, insufficiently realised on this side of a capricious channel, that Ireland, apart from politics, has another personality of no less absorbing interest, in the picturesque and infinitely varied character of her scenery. An annual sprinkling of artists, fishermen, and some few venturesome visitors, regarding themselves less in the aspect of peaceful tourists than in the proud position of explorers, occasionally nibble at an Irish experience, it is true. To the great multitude of holiday-makers, however, Hibernia is an unknown and unconsidered quantity, or, if ever geographically thought out, is probably classed as possessing some lakes possibly, few cooks admittedly, and a fighting population, *nem. con.* A well-proved answer to these classic arguments will be found in the fact, however, that those who once try Ireland, not only live to escape, but long to return, and generally do so, moreover. There are places still to be found where the "accommodation for man and beast" leaves much to be desired, beyond doubt. But that want is under present and most practical revision Irish hotel-keepers are awaking to the necessity of a revised *ménu*, not to mention a new order of the "towels and eggs," to which Lord Houghton so humorously refers in his eulogy of Ireland as a happy holiday land, in this month's *National Review*. Furthermore, that mythical fighting population will be found, when at close quarters, a very harmless, droll, and, above all, courteous peasantry, while the scenery through which one passes is in no way over-rated when summed up as enchanting. Most of the West and Northern coast shows a wild and rocky front to the Atlantic. Take the cliffs near Kilkee, for instance, where gigantic pillars of rock stand like sentinels along the coast, worn into strange fantastic forms by the endless effort of mighty waves.

Kilkee itself is a charming little seaside nook on the coast of Clare, where good hotels and cheerful society beguile the wayfarer. Over the borders of Galway, one naturally makes for all that Connemara offers in unrivalled mountain country and unquestionable fishing, with frequent lakes and fertile valleys like Glendalough and Ballynahinch, along whose lovely shores it is an absolute feast to wander—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

at least for the space of a summer holiday. Lough Mask runs through particularly beautiful scenery abounding in traces of ruined castles and old-time churches, a narrow isthmus connecting it with Lough Carrib, on which stands the once famous Abbey and village of Cong. In a subterranean outlet of the former lake live two holy white trout, which have swum the stream for ages without ever baiting the mundane hook of the sportsman. On the way to Kylemore, a mountain pass of unusual loveliness, even in this lovely lake-land, one should, if possible, strike market

day at Clifden, a quaintly-built town standing at the head of Ardbear Bay, shut in at three sides by a circle of mountains. Here the typical Irishman, with shrewd rugged face and merry blue eyes, will be met with, carefully accoutred in frieze coat, corduroy breeches, and the inevitable "dudeen" in his hat; women, dark-eyed, olive-skinned, many of them with traces of a Spanish ancestry, or white-complexioned and grey-eyed, like the skies of their native land, but all alike in blue and scarlet cloaks and the gay head-kerchief which still obtains in Galway. Through the Donegal highlands, an ideal happy hunting-ground of the traveller, one gradually works up towards Londonderry, where a pleasant stay might be made at Castlerock, a delightful watering place, with an endless stretch of sandy beach, gambolled over by great Atlantic rollers. A little further along the coast is Portrush, with excellent hotels, sea-bathing galore, and superb views of Dunluce Castle and the Giant's Causeway, with which it is connected by an electric tramway. This geological marvel has been well described as "a Titanic break-water, which the waves of the sea have reared against their own advance." About forty thousand basaltic columns, rising only a few feet above the level of the sea, jut out from cliffs of similar formation, rising to two and three hundred feet immediately behind them. How far they extend under the waves is not known, but this natural pier is supposed to extend to the Scotch coast, as the same formation exists at Staffa. Your Celt, never at a loss where explanations are asked, tells that Fin McCoul, a native giant, "had words" with a Scotch neighbour, who threatened to thrash him but for the disagreeable necessity of swimming across and getting wet. Whereupon the spirited Irishman built the Causeway so that his neighbour had no excuse but to walk across and fight it out, which he did, and got whacked for his pains. Rostrevor, which is within easy reach of Belfast, is a noted and very delightful watering-place, nestling amongst lovely scenery, and well set up in good hotels and creature comforts generally. Harking back to the Causeway vicinity for a moment, Carrick-a-Rede and Dunseverick Castle should be mentioned as notable points on one's way, the former place being a lonely island, which is only reached by a perilous swinging bridge. Passing on from Rostrevor and the rest of that charming coast, one comes into Louth, where splendid specimens of early Irish architecture abound. Notably at Monasterboice, where "Muiredach's Cross," fifteen feet in height, amongst others, is to be seen in splendid preservation, after the haps and hazards of nine hundred years. To Cromwell belongs the odium of having destroyed one of these famous crosses, the most interesting relics left even in historic Ireland of early Christianity.

The views given in the present supplement are chiefly representative of Northern and North-Western Ireland. A second series will appear in next week's issue illustrating the scenery of the Southern district.



I HAVE a great respect for Mr. Brander Matthews, but as a critic he is exacting. In the course of an excellent paper on the "Whole Duty of Critics," he compiles a new decalogue for us, and a good many things which, in frowardness, we may hanker after, are sternly proscribed by the word "Don't." "Don't review a book which you cannot take seriously," says one of the Matthewsian commandments, and in sooth it is a hard saying. In the course of much diligent rummaging amongst books of his time, the critic must meet a good many which he cannot take seriously; but why should he be debarred from a little harmless enjoyment? When asked by Mr. Brander Matthews why he reviews this or that work of no particular importance to him, why may he not answer with Shylock, "It is my humour"? It is with books as with human beings; we encounter many persons in the course of a life's journey, who do not present themselves to us in any serious light whatever. It would be a cold, dull world if, for that reason, there were no reciprocal amenities. We exchange the courtesies of the season; if there be a gift of badinage anywhere, it is properly employed in these slight and casual encounters. We do not say to our neighbour, "Sir or Madam, as I cannot take you seriously I forbear from any conversation with you; I desire you to direct your attention elsewhere. My intellect ponders over grave things gravely, and I cannot for the life of me perceive anything reverend in you; therefore, so please you, go your ways." Nor when the names of such persons come up in general conversation, do we decline to discuss those characteristics of theirs which glance upon the surface of the table-talk like straws on the whimsical eddies of a current. Life is a gray thing for the critic if he cannot unbend occasionally, and be whimsical with the books he cannot take seriously. So I appeal against Mr. Brander Matthews's "Don't."

I suspect this lawgiver of regarding the critic as an adjunct to the author. "In reviewing a work of fiction, don't give away the plot." A plot is a private affair between the novelist and the reader, and for the critic to proclaim it to the world is to play the eavesdropper. But if a novel depend for its interest absolutely on its plot, pray how is the critic to criticise it? Why am I to go about with it on my mind, forbidden to do more than hint at it mysteriously, extol its merits obliquely, or lament its defects round the corner? What is there so sacred in this blessed plot that I am not to lay hands on it as upon any other commodity, examine its texture, and show that it is a poor thing, in my judgment, or the opposite? Mr. Brander Matthews is assuming that the critic is a sort of shop-walker, who bows the public into the department where the plots are kept, hands the public a chair, gracefully but vaguely indicates the wares which the customer may like, and then leaves him or her to discuss the matter with the agreeable salesman or saleswoman behind the counter. My answer to this is that the position of the critic is quite independent.

If a plot obtrudes itself on my notice I must study its pretensions, and not abdicate my judgment in deference to the storyteller. So down with another "Don't."

But there is an even more dangerous interference with the critic's liberty. "Don't go off on a tangent. And also don't go round in a circle. . . . Don't write a parallel essay, for which the volume you have in hand serves only as a peg." Really, this is too much! Mr. Brander Matthews will say next that I have no right to treat his volume of essays as if there were nothing in it save "Don't." He may tell me that my duty is to take every essay and laboriously explain its purport, in order that the reader may have a voracious appetite for the whole lot, instead of being misled by misplaced banter about a decalogue. The fact is that all these essays are good; they are the work of a man who has taste and scholarship; but I recognise no compulsion to deal with them seriatim. I will choose such as it pleases me to consider here, just as Rosalind said she would kiss as many gentlemen as had beards that delighted her. I have taken Mr. Brander Matthews's book simply as a peg for a remonstrance against the tyranny of "Don't." This is not to say that the book deserves no other treatment, nor that it cannot be read with pleasure and profit; but no critic worth his salt is going to be put down by cast-iron rules about his "whole duty." He has his rights, and one of them is perfect freedom to revolve round any subject, without considering whether this suits the author under review, who may think, in his arrogance, that he has said everything on this head that is needful.

Books are set before the critic to be discussed or not, to be discussed much or little as he, and not the author, may think fit. Towards some works he will observe a politic reticence; of others he will be garrulous. Garrulity is not stimulated by Mr. Crackenthorpe, whose impressionism is carried almost to the point where interest dissolves. There was in "Wreckage" a capacity for story telling which is scarcely sustained in Mr. Crackenthorpe's new volume. The longest of these stories, "A Commonplace Chapter," moves by fits and starts; it is less a consecutive exposition than a series of detached observations, many of which might have been advantageously omitted. You feel that the idea ought to have been treated in half the space; a primary condition of art which it seems impossible to establish in this country. Is it because ideas are so scanty that they are spun out to unconscionable length? That "rigorous suppression of non-essentials" which, as Mr. Brander Matthews says, is so marked in the prose tales of François Coppée, is not entirely absent from Mr. Crackenthorpe's mind; he seems to be really striving all the time to leave something out; but the organic continuity, so imperative to the short story, is frittered away.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Books and Play Books." By Brander Matthews. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

"Sentimental Studies." By H. Crackenthorpe. W. Keinemann.



CHILDREN IN BURLESQUE.

DERISION, which is so large a part of human comedy, has not spared the humours of children. Yet they are fitter subjects for any other form of jesting. In the first place they are quite defenceless, but besides and before this it might have been supposed that nothing in a child could inspire the equal passion of scorn. Scorn is a contemptuous sense of inequality between (more or less) equals. Between real unequals it is not even suggested. Its derisive proclamation of inequality has no meaning and no sting where inequality is natural and manifest. The faults, shortcomings, and defects of children, when they are not positively lovely and touching, are not of a kind to rouse the indignation of even the least tender and least imaginative of men. Still less, surely, are they of a kind to stimulate his sarcasm. Children fill the house, the garden, and the field with adult laughter, but in all that laughter the tone of derision is more strange a discord than the tone of anger would be, or the tone of theological indignation and menace. These, little children have had to bear in their day, but in the most grim and serious moods—not in the play-time—of their elders. The wonder is that children should ever have been burlesqued, that the grown-up should ever have thought them fit subjects for ironical mirth.

Whether the thing has been done anywhere out of England, in any form, might be rather a curious point of enquiry. It would seem, at a glance, that English art and literature are quite alone in this incredible kind of sport.

And even here, too, the thing that is laughed at is probably always a kind of reflection of the parents' vulgarity. None the less is it a singular thing that even the rankest vulgarities of father or mother should be resented, in the child, with the implacable resentment of derision.

John Leech used the caricature of a baby for the purposes of a scorn that was not angry, but familiar. It is true that the poor child had first been burlesqued by the uncouth and unchildish aspect imposed upon him by his dress, which presented him to the world without the beauties of either nature or art, and gave him over to all the ironies.

Leech did but finish him in the same spirit, with two dots

for the childish eyes, and a certain contour of face which is best described as a fat square containing two circles—the inordinate cheeks of that ignominious caricature. Such is the child as the *Punch* of Leech's day has preserved him, the last item of the then prevalent domestic raillery of the domestic.

In like manner did Thackeray and Dickens, in spite of all their sentiment. Children were made to serve both the sentimentality and the irony between which those two writers, alike in this, stood divided. Thackeray, when he writes of snobs, wreaks himself upon the child. There is no worse snob than his snob-child. And there are snob-children, not only in the book dedicated to their parents, but in every one of his novels. There is an infant female snob-child in "Lovel the Widower," who may be taken as a type, and there are snob-children at frequent intervals in "Philip." It is not certain that Thackeray intended the children of Pendennis himself to be held exempt from the common vice.

In one of Dickens's early sketches there is a plot amongst the humorous *dramatis persone* to avenge themselves on a little boy for the lack of tact whereby his parents have joined him to a steamer excursion. The funny man frightens the child into convulsions. It is the success of the day, and the incident is obviously intended to have some kind of reflex action in amusing the reader.

In the work of lesser novelists than these two, children had a very small part. It is hardly to be wondered at that Charlotte Brontë, having no natural love of children and being compelled to teach them, should show no sympathy with them in her works; but it is somewhat to be wondered at that her lack in this respect should have passed very generally unnoticed amongst her contemporaries;

it is, at least, significant of the common indifference.

George Eliot's tenderness was the great exception. It was as unlike derision as it was unlike sentimentality. Her humour never turned to irony for children; it found in them that gay comedy which is not burlesque.

Otherwise English popular literature and popular illustration had for a time this singular habit—that they did deride young children. Our glimpses of children in the fugitive pages of that day are grotesque. A lumpish baby stares; a little boy flies, hideous, from some less hideous terror; a little girl makes priggish answers. In Dickens the burlesque little girl imitates her mother's illusory fainting fits. In *Punch* she talks something worse than slang—the talk of her dowdy mother with the maids.

ALICE MEYNELL.



MARJORIE.

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne





A STRAY SHOT.

BY ARCHIE ARMSTRONG.

A GOOD cook, champagne galore, and a cigar cabinet standing open in the billiard-room, may not increase the number of rabbits and cock-pheasants shot on the morrow, but they reconciled any guests who might be disposed to be critical to the fact that the cream of the Redbury Hall shooting had been enjoyed by others before Christmas. Each of the squire's daughters, too, was a hostess in herself, and the efforts of the Misses Brodribb to entertain were ably seconded by their bosom friends, the De Villars, who are accustomed to helping them on such occasions.

Mrs. Brodribb, being an invalid, her chaperonage was of a somewhat shadowy description, which did not, however, diminish the gaiety of the party. There was one drawback, however, in the opinion of Captain Markham, in spite of his known admiration of the eldest Miss Brodribb. The ladies were charming girls, but—they walked with the guns. It is true their father always said, "You don't mind my girls going out with us, do you?" but he did it in a perfunctory sort of way half way through breakfast, with his daughters and their friends sitting listening, dressed ready for the fray, and in such dresses, too; "suits," perhaps, would be the more appropriate term, and it was the one used by their tailor, who, no doubt, knew all about it. His advertisement in the *Field* stated that they "enabled the wearer to combine masculine activity with maiden modesty and reserve, scale a five-barred gate with ease and a precipice without a blush."

The man who could have hinted a word, under such circumstances, against the presence of ladies at the covert-side, must have had a heart of adamant and brow of brass, and—he would never have seen Redbury Hall again. At and after Christmas the Misses Brodribb issue the invitations; their father can do what he likes earlier in the season. So Captain Markham chewed his moustache in silence, and glared at his hated rival, Mr. Gordon Stubley, who, by the way, had been asked by Miss Brodribb, in deference to her parent's wishes, under the firm impression that he was bound hand and foot by an invitation to his friends, the Wother-spoons, and safe to refuse. But he had accepted and come, and Captain Markham's heart was very sore thereat, for Mr. Gordon Stubley's gold weighed heavy in the balance against him with Mr. and Mrs. Brodribb, and even Miss Brodribb was not altogether above accepting a Covent Garden bouquet for the county ball, such as Captain Markham could hardly have afforded to bestow. Under such circumstances, in addition to a general objection to the presence of ladies either when hunting or shooting, Captain Markham felt that either Miss Brodribb would prefer to be with his rival altogether, or that if he himself were honoured by her company, she would have an additional reason for critically watching his performance. He was not a first-class shot by any means, though as "keen as mustard," and she was a judge

of such matters. However, he said nothing about it, and as he had lost his cartridge magazine on the journey, got her to borrow some of her father's for him.

"Captain Markham," said Miss Brodribb, severely, as they were crossing a rather sticky ploughed field after an almost unproductive visit to a small spinney near the house, "do you *always* carry your gun across your left arm?"

"I beg your pardon," he said, shifting it hastily to his shoulder. "I never do it, as a rule; I hate men who do. I must have been thinking of something else."

"A penny for your thoughts, then," she said, cheerily. He looked rather crushed by her rebuke, and she knew that. Though no one likes a gun muzzle in a position to rake their ribs, some people do not like being told so.

"They are not worth it," he said, with a gloomy smile.

"Why, were you thinking of me?" It was not a very witty rejoinder, but it made him get very red. "I do believe you were," she said, as he tried to stammer something. "Thank you, Captain Markham, for your opinion of my value; rabbit in front of you!"

He did not answer, and the bunny went through the nearest hedge, with more shots in the neighbourhood of its little white tail than it relished, but not enough to diminish its agility.

"Miss Brodribb," said Captain Markham, "do you *always* talk out shooting?"

He was slipping in fresh cartridges as he said it, and as he viciously snapped to the breech, he turned and saw her walking towards her father, who was on their left; outside the next covert she went and stood by Mr. Stubley, but he was not in a very genial mood, after the neglect she had shown him, so she returned to her father who was a kind old man, and more glad to see his unmarried daughters round him than some fathers with larger rent-rolls than his. It was a dull, foggy, depressing day; the only exciting incident was the shooting of a woodcock, which flew pretty well all along the line, and was finally killed by Mr. Stubley.

"Might have let me have a bang at it," muttered old Mr. Brodribb, bringing down his gun regretfully as it fell almost in front of him. "We don't often get woodcock here at this time of the year. That friend of yours is rather a greedy shot, Blanche."

The old gentleman in his chagrin seemed to forget that it was his wife and he who had been instrumental in inviting Mr. Stubley, and who had been pointing out his merits to their daughter at intervals for the past eighteen months.

The last covert was reached. It was only a narrow strip, and slightly on the slope.

"Beastly dangerous place," murmured Captain Markham to the man next him, "if there are any pheasants here they all get up in a bunch at the end, and everyone blazes at once; old Brodribb is a bit too casual about it."

Mr. Brodribb was at the extreme end of the covert in the middle. He was in a hurry to get home, and as the head-keeper was in bed with the influenza, there was no one to keep the guns at the sides from closing up and shooting in the direction of the guns at the end of the covert. As a matter of fact, there was very little to shoot, till about half-a-dozen old cock pheasants made up their minds to leave the dry ditch along which they had been running, and rise in a bunch with nearly a score of their wives and neighbours following their example. Then for something short of a minute there was a fusillade, a perfect *feu de joie* on all

sides, and Mr. Brodribb when it was finished looked proudly round. The right and left he had got in successfully, after killing the first bird which had risen, and reloading with lightning speed, had given him great satisfaction. But everyone had been attending to his own shooting; he looked round for his daughter's praise.

"Father, I'm shot," she said in a broken voice. She was sitting on the ground with a handkerchief over her face.

"My child," said her father, "not your eyes?"

"No, father, almost worse, my nose."

Though moaning and in great pain, she was apparently reflecting that she had known persons using glass eyes, but had never met with an effective and slightly indiarubber nose. Then while her sister and her lady friends knelt beside her, everyone crowded round her father, and as soon as it became plain that the flow of blood was not sufficient to cause immediate apprehension for her life, there arose a hubbub of voices, as each disclaimed the possibility of having fired the fatal shot. Captain Markham said very little; he had known the danger of the place, had had one barrel at a pheasant which flew back, and had no other chance. Mr. Gordon Stubble was vociferous; he had had no shots at all, and had watched the result of everyone else's shooting as far as he could see it; he drew the cartridges from his gun to show they were both undischarged, and he plainly intimated that as he and Captain Markham had occupied the angles at the base, so to speak, of the triangle, at the apex of which the wounded lady had stood, and as she had been wounded straight in front, the guilt lay between them and—he said—he had not fired at all.

Captain Markham shrugged his shoulders. He had an idea that Mr. Stubble had got behind the beaters, instead of closing up, but he only said "I fired once in the opposite direction." And one of the beaters who had been close to him and had marked the bird fall, held it up and nodded in corroboration. Captain Markham drew his cartridges in an off-hand way, and as he glanced at them, so did everyone else. There was a general murmur. Both were empty. "I fired before at a wood-pigeon and forgot to load." He looked very much put out, and turned away, whilst Mr. Stubble's face wore a triumphant sneer. He was a rival, and not a generous one, as his conversation that evening showed, whenever Captain Markham was out of the way.

"If he did do it it was a pure accident," said Lou Brodribb rather hotly in the drawing-room. She had rather marked opinions as to what constituted a desirable brother-in-law.

"A very careless one," said Mr. Stubble, "and I hear your sister is furious at having her beauty spoilt."

"It's not spoilt and you had better not tell her so. Dr. Carver has extracted the shot, and says there will hardly be a mark."

"There were two others in her cap—she had a narrow escape for her eyes," said Kate De Villars; "and she had to tell Captain Markham he was careless early in the day."

"I must say I like a man who owns up and stands the racket," said Mr. Stubble, who was fond of slang.

"And I like a man who doesn't flog a dead horse," said

Miss Louise Brodribb, whose English was nothing if not picturesque.

Next day the party had broken up, and Miss Brodribb came down to dinner. A star of sticking plaster decorated the end of her nose, and she declared the whole feature felt as if it was being twisted round preparatory to removal.

"Hang it!" said Mr. Brodribb, as the roast beef was removed, and the one and only woodcock of the day before set on the table; "here's to Stubble's health; it ought to have been my woodcock, but it was not a bad shot to kill it from where he stood."

"Hang it!" cried Mr. Brodribb a few minutes later, "there goes one of my best teeth"; and he laid a little splinter of bone on the corner of his place and revolved his tongue in his mouth. "Broke with a shot, too," he said, as he captured the offending pellet. "My bones are getting old, they never even dented it, by Jove! Ah, come here, you shiny little beggar!" He was examining the shot again. It was a round, healthy-looking little shot, and appeared little the worse for the dabs Mr. Brodribb was making at it with his knife. "Chilled shot, confound it," he said. "I will *not* have chilled shot used here. Confound the man who shot it! I say, you must let Stubble know, Blanche, that when he's my son-in-law—" The old gentleman had a fit of choking; he had not intended to let out that Mr. Stubble had proposed himself as a suitor for his eldest daughter's hand, and been accepted subject to her consent. Blanche Brodribb turned crimson, and there was an awkward pause. Her sister Lou had left the room.

"What is this, father?" said Lou Brodribb, returning as her father was returning to the trail—of his rapidly cooling woodcock.

"A shot, my girl," he said, with his mouth full.

"A chilled shot?" she asked.

"Bite it and see; if you break your tooth it is. I won't try."

"I have," she said, dropping it in a plate and bringing it to him.

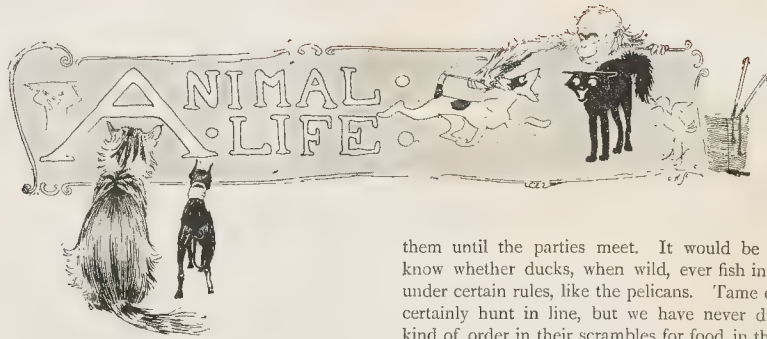
He made a couple of cuts at it with his knife.

"That's one all right," he said. "Is it one of Stubble's?"

"That is for you to say," said Lou Brodribb. "At all events, it's the one Dr. Carver took out of Blanche's nose; he gave it to me. Remember, Captain Markham was shooting with *your* cartridges."

"By Jove!" said Mr. Brodribb, letting his fist fall on the table, "what a liar!" Then he added, "Here's Markham's health instead, and I daresay Blanche won't mind asking him to come back for a fortnight."

Whether chilled shot is really as dangerous an engine as Mr. Brodribb believed it may be questioned by some. The trustworthiness of his somewhat rough and ready tests may be doubted by others; but Mr. Stubble never came forward to question the justice of the decision that went against him by default, and Captain Markham—who, needless to say, came back, saw Blanche, and conquered her father—hopes some day to tell in his presence the true history of the scar which adorns Mrs. Markham's otherwise faultless nose. "And after all," he says, when the "chilled-shot controversy" is raised in the sporting papers, "what's the odds if you marry and live happily ever after?"



THE PIOUS PELICAN.

AS the lion in heraldry is the emblem of sovereignty and the eagle of fortitude, so the pelican for many centuries has figured as the type of self-sacrificing piety.

Whatever may be said for the claims of the lion and the eagle, the supposed piety of the pelican is chiefly due to the credulity of a wonder-loving world. Yet the legend that the pelican fed her young with her own blood was so long and so firmly believed in, that even in the present century, a friend of Charles Waterton's assured him that it was perfectly true, and in spite of the naturalist's arguments could hardly be persuaded of the absurdity of the story.

But apart from myths and imaginary attributes, the pelicans are a most interesting family of birds. Their powers of flight, like those of their cousins, the frigate birds, are truly wonderful, and M. Marey in his most interesting book "*Le Vol des Oiseaux*," classes them among the finest soarers in the world. This power of soaring, he says, belongs only to the larger kinds of birds; the swallow and the martin with their unrivalled powers of steering and speed cannot remain motionless in the air for more than an instant; but the condor, the frigate bird, the pelicans and the vultures soar for hours without a single stroke of the wing.

All who have had the opportunity of observing flocks of pelicans in a wild state agree that they fly in the form of a V, under the leadership of one bird. This is said to be an old male who drops behind and allows another bird to take his place when he becomes too fatigued to direct the evolutions of the flock. In Egypt, where they are very common, the great companies of pelicans returning from the feeding-places to rest among the reeds for the night, are one of the most remarkable features of the Nile. On calm evenings huge flocks may be seen flying in regular lines down the course of the river at a speed of at least 30 miles an hour, and although the great birds fly so low that they are within a foot of the water, they do so without producing the least agitation of its surface.

It is not in flight alone that their evolutions are conducted with such method and precision. They fish in company as they fly, and Brehm states that when hunting for food on large lakes or on the sea-shore, they form a semicircle, and paddling gradually inwards, narrow the diameter and enclose the fish exactly as men do with a seine net and a boat.

On narrow rivers and canals they adopt another plan, and forming two lines across the stream drive the fish before

them until the parties meet. It would be interesting to know whether ducks, when wild, ever fish in company and under certain rules, like the pelicans. Tame ducks on land certainly hunt in line, but we have never discovered any kind of order in their scrambles for food in the water. Yet no one who has watched the business-like manner of a brood of ducks hunting the grass after a shower of rain, the regularity of their advance, and the expostulations of the rest if a too eager duck intrudes into his neighbour's claim, can doubt their power of combination.

The possibility of training pelicans to fish, as cormorants are trained, is another interesting question. From a sporting point of view they would not be so desirable, as no pelican ever really dives, like the cormorant, though the South American species dashes into the water from a height, like the Solan goose. We have never heard of their being trained in this way, and it is probable that their great size and somewhat ungainly proportions would be a difficulty, though the extensive development of the air-cells in their bodies makes these birds very much lighter than they appear. There are usually several species of pelicans in our Zoological Gardens, and their dexterity in catching fish thrown to them by the keeper always provides a popular entertainment at feeding-time. The birds crowd to the railings with flapping wings and open beaks, jostling and pushing one another like a nest of young crows. Sometimes one thrusts its head between the rails, but it is promptly ordered back by the keeper, and losing its place in the front of the *melée*, is forced to the back, where it runs disconsolately up and down, hoping that one fish may be thrown too high to be intercepted by its neighbours in front.

In spite of their rather limited quarters the pelicans at the Zoo are always literally in the *pink* of condition. Their feathers are perfectly grown and perfectly "groomed," and though the pomade which Nature has provided "*pour lisser les cheveux*" (if the pelican's crest may be so termed), is scarcely scented to our taste, no doubt to these fish-loving dandies it is but an added charm.

In the breeding season the pelicans at the Zoo frequently collect the straw and sawdust with which their cage is strewn, and pile it into a heap on a stone slab by the railings. The sawdust is always piled in this same place, except when the pelicans take it into their heads to fill their bath with it!

This extraordinary performance has always been a puzzle to their keeper, and it is difficult to account for such a strange choice of what at first appears to be intended for the site of a nest. But it is just possible that pelicans, like swans in flood-time, pile rushes and débris round their nests to raise them above the water. In this case, putting the sawdust into the bath may be an attempt on the part of the birds to raise the whole floor of the pen to a safe height on which to build a nest.

C. J. CORNISH.



THE WHITE PELICAN.
PHOTO BY GAMBIER BOL-
TON, F.Z.S.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



WE are seven—like Wordsworth's little maid—sitting in a low-ceilinged chintz-covered drawing room opening on to a lawn bowered with pink, red and white roses. There is the tennis net stretching its alluring



AN ALPACA FROCK.

length in front of us, and yet not one of us stirs to yield to its persuasions. Three times this morning have I, after vain seeking, solemnly proclaimed the appropriate proverb, that

a ball in the hand is worth two in the bush—and not one of the party has even smiled; and mine own familiar partner distinctly frowned, even though I was nobly assisting her to victory: decidedly this is not a company deserving of my worst jokes or my best tennis. We are six girls and one youth, who fetches and carries admirably, but beyond that lacks distinction, and the others have not a soul above *chiffons*, and in their minds the importance of the political situation suffers by comparison with the joys of the July sales; and what to do with our remnants appears to them even a more vital problem than how Grace will invest his testimonial.

Ah! well, the remnant is after all a serious matter; first we have to consider whether it is of any use whatever—invariably it has a knack of disappointing our fondest hopes—the shortcomings of the longest lengths being recurrent chapters in our book of bargains; then we must contemplate its best possibilities. All the girls here seem curiously anxious to exchange or sell the oddments they secured and bore home in such triumph. A length of seven and a-quarter yards of brocade is positively being “hawked” round the room, every moment its value seems to be depreciating. Yet if I make a bid for it, its owner will at once become suspicious of its charms, and will insist that I should a tale unfold of its uses. It suggests to me a tea-jacket with a satin waistcoat, or a skirt with widths of satin introduced to secure the circumference exacted by fashion—or the tea-gown with *crêpe-de-chine* front and sleeves—or the autumn petticoat—or the autumn knickerbockers; each and every of these articles might claim and use the services of this piece of brocade, which, out of the depths of my companion's ignorance, threatens to become a drug in the drawing-room. Another treasure, equally disregarded, is an eight-yard length of pink pongee, and this might do such excellent duty as a front with a frilled fichu and sleeve-frills in a morning-gown of pink *crêpon*. Pink *crêpon* being now procurable in capital quality for 1s. 11d. per yard, the cost of such a garment would be trivial. A remnant of flowered chiffon also seems to weigh with rather inconsistent heaviness upon the soul of its purchaser; to me it appears ideal for a blouse striped horizontally *à jour* with Valenciennes lace, and lined with coloured silk; some folks have no imagination, and having known me will yet decline upon the lower level of their dressmaker's fancy and suffer the contents of their wardrobe to be regulated by the taste of the mere tradeswoman. Not

that I—the saints forbid!—entertain any feelings of disrespect for my dressmaker, only I know she needs directing in the way she should go, recognising that in her desire to be rid of the unsaleable she justifies her existence as a woman of business. The postman interrupts me at this juncture and brings me a letter from London full of the latest intelligence of the latest novelties; that the latest novelties lack intelligence is an objection to be urged by our more captious critics.

DEAR PAULINA,—

How can you stop down in the country when town continues so attractive? We have quite as many green trees as you can possibly desire in our parks, and the joys of Lord's Cricket Ground are surely rural enough to please you. My life is a continual picnic, and then I am perpetually surrounded by fair women in fair clothes, while you, poor benighted creature, possibly see no styles save the cambric shirt and the serge skirt, and the question of necktie *versus* ribbon bow, cambric collar intervening, represents the case for your court of costume. In the meantime, you are missing the chance of admiring some spotted and figured muslin gowns, with lace-edged fichus and coloured ribbon belts, crowned with white hats trimmed with cream lace scarves and black and white feathers, and the opportunity of copying a white alpaca frock of mine, with blouse-bodice of white *pique*, striped with yellow lace, and tied at the neck and waist with black ribbons buckled with diamonds. Does not this description move you to the next train? Other delightful dresses, which fret their lunch-hour on the cricket field, are made of batiste and of grass-lawn. This latter fabric is most remarkably popular, looking its best when glorified by an *appliqué* of lace flowers lined with white silk, and one attractive example I have met with supplied with a braid-lace bodice traced with gold thread, this bodice overhanging a narrow belt of gold *galon*; this gold *galon*, let me tell you, is very much in evidence just now, both plain and stamped in base imitation of the crocodile's skin. Yesterday I saw a very pretty blue alpaca dress made with a short basqued coat, supplied with an enormous collar of grass-lawn, edged with insertion and lace, with pleated ends, which fell loosely from the shoulder seams to the waist, and displayed

a vest of grass-lawn set into tucks. This was just the sort of gown to excite your enthusiasm, so elaborate in its simplicity; it recalled you to my mind immediately—hence these tears! I mean these lines—which I hope you appreciate, from

Yours eternally, NELLIE.

It is really very good of Nellie to write to me, but I am sublimely content down here. My pink spotted muslin dress has realized my fondest hopes, with its lace collar and shot pink silk bodice. I am about to employ my busy hours in designing a gown of blue serge with a grass-lawn

collar, vest and cuffs—and in dreaming of the pretty possibilities of a mauve and white shot alpaca with a striped chiffon and lace vest, buttoned at the waist with Parisian diamond buttons with a tabbed basque round the back.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

"MILLIE F."—You can buy grass-lawn for 1s. 2d. per yard at Marshall and Snelgrove's, but I consider it is quite essential to its success that it should be lined with silk. No! you are quite wrong in your conjecture.

"SOPHONISBA."—Have a black alpaca coat and skirt made by Jay's, Regent Circus. You will see there a model with innumerable braids and buttons, and a tucked white muslin waistcoat, which is quite adorable; do go and interview this; you might wear it with a black chiffon front to make it deeper mourning.

"LETTICE."—Try a shirt of a pale buff tone of batiste. This will harmonize perfectly and be more becoming than white. An excellent model which costs now

24s. 6d. you can find at Dickens & Jones, Regent Street. I am not an impartial judge, for I confess myself desperately prejudiced against the knickerbocker form of underclothing; but everyone to her taste, and if you like it, wear it. I would suggest the purchase of four pairs of white washing silk (you can get this for 1s. per yard at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street), and one pair of black satin. Let me beg you to keep to petticoats, for evening wear at least. Yes, write whenever you like, I rather enjoy receiving letters.

"BLUETTE."—Not alpaca for autumn wear—have a light chevrot; there is a pale blue tone I admire very much. Redfern, I know, has it.

PAULINA PRY.



THAT WHITE AND MAUVE ALPACA, AND MY PINK SPOTTED MUSLIN.



WITH the closing of the Lyceum on Saturday the theatrical season comes to an end. Whatever its financial result, it has been remarkable for its cosmopolitan character, for while no English play of any notability has been produced, we have had some excellent examples of French, German, and Italian acting. The invasion and reception of the foreigner must remove once and for all the worn-out criticism that London is parochial.

Next month will be a dull month in town, but there will be a good deal of theatrical activity in the provinces which

Mrs. Bernard Beere will tour, opening at Birmingham on Bank Holiday, September, again, will be crowded with novelties. Mr. Arthur Bouchier will begin his campaign at the Royalty with Bisson and Carré's "Monsieur le Directeur." The excellent Mr. Blakeley will figure in a part worthier of his peculiar humour than "An Artist's Model" affords him. Mr. Zangwill was to have started Mr. Bouchier's enterprise with a comedy, but has been unable to finish it in time. Mr. W. G. Elliot opens three days later, September 10th, with "Bogey," the piece which Mr. H. V. Esmond supplied him with. Miss Nellie Farren may be expected to figure as manageress, although not as actress. Sir Henry Irving starts his American tour at Montreal on the 16th, Miss May Whitty being one of the most recent additions to the Company. Her performance of Julie in "The Lyons Mail" is excellent. Miss Nethersole will produce at Newcastle an adaptation of a play by the younger Dumas entirely new to the English stage; and Miss Minnie Palmer will tour with "The Schoolgirl," which has been written round her.

It is said that Mrs. Beerbohm Tree may appear in Mr. R. C. Carton's new play which Mr. George Alexander will produce at the St. James's Theatre. It would be curious to see our two youngest managers join forces in this way. Mr. Alexander, by-the-way, has a new one-act psychological play, written by Stuart Cumberland, called "A Question of

Conscience." What has become of Michael Field's powerful, if melancholy, play, "A Question of Memory," which was produced at the Opera Comique by the Independent Theatre Society? It deserves a better fate than to be relegated to the limbo of forgotten plays.

A charming photograph has been published of Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree's two children, who, I hope, will not be offended to be called saplings. The elder, Viola, who is about ten years old, has already seen something of the stage for, if I mistake not, she walked on in the performance which her father's company recently gave last autumn before the Queen at Balmoral.

Now that Miss Janet Achurch has returned to this country, after her somewhat curious experience of the American manager, I wonder when we are to have Mr. Bernard Shaw's

"Candida," who is described by the witty author as being an old woman put on the stage for the first time. It is a long time now since Miss Achurch was seen in a play of her own choosing, and everyone is anxious to see not only Mr. Shaw's play, but the first creator of "A Doll's House." By-the-way, Miss Achurch's five-year-old daughter is called Nora.

I hope the rumour is true which credits Mr. D'Oyly Carte with the intention of reviving some of the more successful Gilbert and Sullivan plays. After all is said, we have scarcely advanced a single step on these delightful pieces, which still have a tremendous vogue in the provinces.

Mr. Gilbert is in evidence at St. George's Hall, which

has been once more opened, and that, too, by a German Reed, so that the historic continuity of the entertainment remains unbroken. The Savoy librettist's characteristic playlet, "Happy Arcadia," to which Mr. Frederick Clay wrote the music, occupies a place in the triple bill. Mr. Rutland Barrington is apparently to take the place of Corney Grain, for he is appearing in his own duologue, "The Professor," along with Miss Elsie Cross, a daughter of Miss Emily Cross. Miss Marie Garcia, a member of another old professional family, has also become a German-Reedite. Miss Fanny Holland is the only member of the old company who has remained true to St. George's Hall.

An ex-Savoyard who might have been expected to fill the



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE AND MISS VIOLA TREE.
Photo by A. Ellis.

shoes of Corney Grain—Mr. George Grossmith—is, I regret to hear, not enjoying the best of health. Probably his forthcoming tour in America will set him up again.

Everyone will wish Mr. John Hare a better run of luck during his American tour than he has had recently at the Garrick. I question if American audiences often see an actor of the subtle refinement of Mr. Hare, whose method seems to improve year by year. Mr. Charles Helmsley will manage the tour while Mr. C. G. Compton is on the outlook for something at home.

The name of the new theatre at Clapham Junction is to be "The Shakespeare." Sir Richard Kato might have argued that between Clapham and the Elizabethan dramatist too wide a gulf existed for the exchange of courtesies involved in such a christening.

Richmond will have the benefit of seeing next week two new plays, "A Story of a Sin" and the "Opium Eater," by Mr. Charles Hannan and also an American actor, Mr. Courtenay Thorpe. Mr. Thorpe, who was long associated with the late Rosina Vokes, made a hit some years ago as Oswald in Ibsen's gloomy "Ghosts," and his performance as the hero in "The Opium Eater" is highly spoken of.

Mr. Arthur Roberts has an admirable substitute in Mr. Eric Thorne, who has lately appeared at the Prince of Wales' Theatre as Gentleman Joe, the Hansom Cabby. Mr. Roberts has had a good many understudies, including Mr. Louis Bradfield, who made such an excellent Captain Codrington in "In Town." Mr. Roberts is not, I should think, a difficult actor to imitate, and I have always been struck by the absolute failure of Miss Cissy Loftus to per-

sonate him. By-the-way, Miss (or Mrs.) Cissy has taken, I believe, to bicycling, although she disapproves of the baggy bloomer. Why does she not sing some of her own rhymes instead of falling back entirely on the art of imitation? Some of her verses which appeared in the dainty little books in which she and her husband challenged one another like a pair of nightingales, gave indication that she could dash off a sparkling jingle.

It will be very interesting to see Miss Florence St. John in the opera which is being written for her round "Madame Sans-Gêne." Miss St. John is a sort of operatic counterpoint of Réjane, to whom she bears a great deal of physical resemblance. Sir Henry Irving means to produce an English version of Sardou's amusing play somewhere next year.

The unhappy Princess's will have a tenant, at least for Christmas, for Mr. Oscar Barrett has arranged to produce his pantomime there, abandoning the Lyceum, so that there is a gleam of hope for the house which the other Barrett (Wilson, to wit) made famous, even if the sensational drama which is to be produced shortly at popular prices should fail to draw.

"A Clergyman's Daughter" by Mr. Dam and Mr. Ivan Caryll is the title of the new piece for the Gaiety.

I am glad that Mr. Frank Worthing has got such a prominent place in Mr. Daly's Company of Comedians, although I hardly think that he has yet been supplied with the exact type of work which suits his abilities. I have never seen Mr. Worthing show to more advantage than when he supported Mrs. Langtry in the provinces in "Peril." Mr. Worthing is a Scotchman. His brother, Mr. Nicol Pentland, has not seen fit to change his real name on the boards.

TOM TIT.



MR. JOHN HARE AND HIS SON, MR. GILBERT HARE.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MRS. CHANDLER MOULTON.

EVERY day the literary interests of England and America become more closely entwined, for both these sections of the English-speaking world possess in the great writers of the past a common birthright. Among those who have ever striven to promote a good understanding between modern writers and readers on either side of the Atlantic, few can compare with Mrs. Chandler Moulton, the sweet-faced Boston poetess, to whom, "True Poet, True Friend," was dedicated his "Wind Voices," by Philip Bourke Marston.

Mrs. Chandler Moulton always spends some portion of the year in London, and during the Season her weekly receptions are quite a social and literary feature of our kaleidoscopic city, where, whatever else may befall them, angels are seldom entertained unaware.

"Yes, this is the twentieth summer I have spent here," she said, smiling, "for I have as many English as American friends. Much of my life has been spent in Boston, but I am a native of Pomfret, Connecticut, and among my ancestors was one of the ten English gentlemen who founded the town in old Colonial days."

"And did you yourself begin writing very early?"

"Yes, I cannot remember a time when I did not write. Some of my verses were published when I was fourteen, and four years later came out my first book, 'This, That, and the Other,' a collection of short stories, poems, and essays, of which over 20,000 copies have been sold. I married immediately on leaving school, so the whole of my literary life has been spent in Boston, and there, with the exception of my delightful yearly sojourns in Europe, I have lived and worked unceasingly, surrounded by a host of friends, many of whom have, alas, now passed away."

"And to what form of writing have you devoted most time and thought?"

"The work nearest my heart has always been my verse. Even now I am gathering together a selection of poems to form another volume. I edited, two years ago, a complete edition of Philip Bourke Marston's writings, including those published during his lifetime, as well as 'Garden Secrets' and 'A Last Harvest,' which have appeared since his death."

"And your own contributions to poetry, Mrs. Moulton?"

"Have been 'Swallow Flights' and 'In the Garden of Dreams,' and both have run through many editions in America and two, each, in England."

"I suppose you were intimate with Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier?"

"Yes, Longfellow often read to me his unpublished verses, as did Whittier, a very dear friend. Among the first acquaintances I made as a light-hearted enthusiastic girl-bride was Emerson, whose acquaintance I retained to the end of his days. His memory had failed at the last, and he turned away from Longfellow's grave, saying, 'It was a very

dear and gracious spirit that we have laid to rest here. I can't recall his name, but I know how sweet and gracious he was.'"

"How you must miss Oliver Wendell Holmes!"

"Ah, yes, indeed! He wrote to me only a day or two before he died. If you care," said my hostess thoughtfully, "I will show you some of his handwriting. Two years ago, just before I sailed for England, he gave me, as a parting gift, a birthday book compiled from his sayings and writings, and on the first page he copied, from 'The Last Leaf,' this stanza:—

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

"Below he wrote '1831,' the date at which it was first published, and '1893,' the year he copied it out for me. His birthday was on August 29th, and if he had lived through this summer he would have been eighty-six. Opposite the page in the book where he wrote his name," she continued, turning over the leaves, "are, you see, appropriate lines:—

"Here are varied strains that sing,
All the changes life can bring;"

for few men have had so varied a life as he—love, the death of the beloved, fame, friendship, joy and sorrow—nothing in the cup belonging to humanity was left by him untasted."

"Even in England your circle must have narrowed during the last twenty years?"

"And widened also," she corrected gently. "Robert Browning, whom, by-the-way, I met at Lord Houghton 'Monckton Milnes' house, George Eliot, and now Christina Rossetti, have all, one by one, disappeared. Of my old friends, Mr. Swinburne, Theodore Watts, Jean Ingelow, and Aubrey de Vere remain to make England delightful to me, and among the younger people I need hardly tell you with what interest I have noted the careers and read the work of such men as William Watson, Richard Le Gallienne, George Moore, Coulson Kernahan, and among women, Mrs. Alice Meynell, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the Honourable Mrs. Henniker, daughter of my old friend, and many more that I have the pleasure of knowing, both in the spirit and in the flesh—more than you would care to mention."

"And do you share your countrymen's love of Paris and Parisians?"

"No, though I delight in French literature, and am acquainted with Mallarmé and a few of the younger *littérateurs* of the day. And when I go to Rome I find there Vedder, Story, and Richard Greenough; everywhere, in short, there are interesting people galore, but I always come back to London," concluded Mrs. Chandler Moulton in *la voix d'or*, for which she is famed among her friends "as to the centre of all that has been, is being, and will be, done."

M. A. B.



MRS. CHANDLER MOULTON.
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.



A GOSSIP ABOUT SUBJECTS.

NOW is the painter's holiday-time! If his Academy picture has not been already sold, he knows that there is small chance of its being taken off his

hands after the middle of July, and so he retires to the country promising himself that like Braddock he will try to do better next time. As he packs his portmanteau, and writes to his framemaker asking him to take charge of the unsold picture until his return to town, he may, if he be one of that very small band of artists who read newspapers, ruefully recall the fact that, however shy the public may be of buying modern pictures they still pay huge prices for old masters.

Constable was a mighty painter, and when eye and hand were at their best, he produced "Stratford Mill, on the Stour" for which he was paid 100 guineas. "And that same picture was sold," sighs our holiday-making painter, "only the other day, for £8,945. Alas!" Fancy the joy of young modern hearts if that sum had been divided into little parcels of 100 guineas each, and judiciously expended on 80 little modern masterpieces.

But our holiday-maker tosses the thought away, and forces his mind on a more pressing question—to wit—the subject for his 1896 picture. If he have the gift of painting a pretty face—a pretty young face, and his hand follows his eye, and no other subject occurs to him—he can always be certain of some measure of success with the picture of a pretty woman or child. Man likes these things because he has garnered them or because he has missed them, and if the picture doesn't sell on the walls of the Academy, publishers and editors are always on the look-out for pretty faces to reproduce. Mrs. Perugini was fortunate in having such a sweet, frank, intelligent model as Lily, daughter of

Mr. R. L. Jennings, who has strayed into this page, and the artist has been wise to paint the child frankly posed as a model, with her lilies in her hand. The fashion of painting people in the act of doing things they never do do, or never could do, has happily passed. Why should you be painted

standing against a cannon that you don't know how to fire off? About this portrait there is no artificiality. It was time for Lily to be painted; so she left her lessons, stood straight up, and was painted.

"My subject, oh, my subject!" That is the question, for in spite of the new critics, subject has not yet been wholly cast out of art. There are still multitudes who fight their history tasks over again before the pictures of Mr. Andrew Gow and Mr. Seymour Lucas, who live festival days "dead as the dew of a dawn of old time" before the works of Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Poynter, and there also remain fierce old gentlemen, long, long retired from the services, who fight plume by plume the accuracy of Mr. Caton Woodville's battle pictures, and, aye, people who say "Ah! thus and thus Ruth looked and spoke," when they stand before a canvas by Mr. Goodall.

I offer at this point a subject to a landscape painter who can also draw a melancholy figure. It occurs in the first volume of that immortal book which all true men read through once every two years, "The Vicomte de Bragelome," by "the great, the humane, the seven-and-seventy times to be forgiven," Alexandre Dumas. The scene is Scheveningen, that little watering place near the Hague in the heart

of the landscape land where you tire the sun with gazing and send him down the sky. The golden broom shone upon the dunes, and there, each evening came Charles II., what time Monk was preparing to scatter Lambert's rabble, to gaze upon that immense North Sea that separated him from his England. It was there that D'Artagnan saw him.



LILY, DAUGHTER OF R. L. JENNINGS, Esq.
By Kate Perugini. Now on view at the New Gallery.

pensive and alone, his melancholy eyes fixed upon the wide waters, and upon his face the red rays of the setting sun. There is a subject—the title “Charles II. in Exile.”

It's a far cry from Charles II. to the “Arabian Nights,” but the leap must be taken on account of Mr. Val Prinsep's “The Fisherman and the Jin,” which meets your eye on this page. Do you remember the incident? It comes early in that series of immortal stories with which Scheherazadè beguiled the Sultan. It was the custom of the dignified-looking fisherman in our picture to cast his nets four times each day into the sea. On one occasion, after hauling from the deep various valueless articles, he, on casting his nets a fourth time, brought to land a compact little copper box. Upon opening it such a quantity of smoke issued from the neck of the vessel that he stepped back three paces, coughing with astonishment (observe the smoke and the fisherman's astonishment in the picture). Soon the smoke assumed the form of a Genius, or, as Mr. Prinsep calls him, a Jin. He had been put into the box a long time before by Solomon. As soon as the Genius recovered his voice, he informed the fisherman that he was about to kill him. When the wily old fisherman grasped that fact, he remarked casually, “I don't think that you ever came out of that box at all. You couldn't get into it if you tried.” “Oh, couldn't I!” said the simple Genius, getting hastily back into the box. Whereupon the fisherman screwed on the lid again, at the same time laughing heartily. Several other things happened to the fisherman afterwards, but I think I have said enough about this picture.

L. H.



“A GIRL OF THE ADRIATIC.” BY FRANK RICHARDS.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.



“THE FISHERMAN AND THE JIN.” BY VAL. C. PRINSEP, R.A.
Now on view at the Royal Academy.



OCEAN CRUISING.

BY the time that these lines appear, *Valkyrie III.* will have been jury-rigged and sent across the Atlantic.

Though the first of her trial matches brought her much abuse, and many unthinking people saw in her huge sail area nothing but a signal of defeat, it may be said that her last meeting with the *Britannia* more than vindicated the claims of her designer. That she is a fair-weather yacht and nothing beyond, even the dull-est landlubber now knows. But Mr. Watson has fairly urged that it was his design to build a fair-weather ship and thus to anticipate those shortcomings which helped the Yankees to victory last year. We have failed in American waters hitherto, simply by our inability to produce a yacht which could show speed in light weather. There is scarcely an instance in the history of the race for the American cup of a contest fought out in a real wind. Exasperating calms, or breezes which would be laughed at, even in the Solent these are almost conditions of the meeting. And just because the designer is astute enough to reckon with such plain facts, the shoremen have lifted their hands in wailing and prophesied an early and unmistakable failure. This, however, is but a lay opinion. The majority of skilled yachtsmen believe that *Valkyrie III.* gives us the best chance of bringing back the Cup that we have yet possessed. Little is known of the *Defender*, the yacht which is to do battle for the Yankees, but that she is built largely on English (or Scotch) lines there seems no doubt, and on the vastness of her sail area all are agreed. She is, therefore, as likely to suffer in a gale as our own boat, and her very design is the best justification Mr. Watson could seek.

It is not a little curious, when writing of these vast sailing machines, to notice the strange turn that yachting as a pastime has taken. The hundred-raters and over are almost to be numbered on the fingers of a hand. For the most part, they are used entirely for the purposes of prizes. The last *Valkyrie* raced with a coat of paint as her only internal ornament. The *Thisle*, until the German Emperor bought her, had scarce the fittings of a smack. If the *Britannia*, with her spacious cabins and fine decoration of pine, is a contrast, she is but the exception which proves the rule. Ocean cruising in large sailing yachts is becoming a forgotten amusement. Millionaires build great steamers out of which they get, perhaps, a trifle less comfort, if more privacy, than they would find on a Cunarder. A few stout masters, like Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, exist to show us what the spirit of the past was. But few are the men nowadays who would care to take a fifty-tonner to the South Atlantic or even to Alexandria. By far the greater majority of yachtsmen are mere coasters, amusing themselves with small raters

for sport and with harbour yachts for play. I have known a man who owned a sixty-eight-ton yawl for ten seasons never to get farther than the Solent, and to spend three of every five days he was afloat in Ramsgate Harbour or anchored off Southend. And yet he could fly the burgee of a score of clubs and held a master's certificate as his qualification.

All this is very extraordinary, yet it does not prove the superiority of the steam yacht over the sailing yacht, from the point of view of mere pleasure. If distance be the object, the observation of many cities and of many men, then it is to be questioned if the traveller is not infinitely better off on board a P. and O. or an Atlantic liner than on a small steamship, say of six hundred tons, where all the anxiety of the passage must fall ultimately upon him. As to cost, there is no possible comparison. The smallest of steam-yachts will show a coal bill which will pay the wages of a decent number of hands during a season. The engine-room itself implies a constant outlay. The rapid change from port to port means harbour dues and new items. There is little cleanliness to be found on such a ship, and when she is coaled for any long trip, her aspect is far from beautiful. It cannot be pretended that her owner has any love of seamanship *pur et simple*, for he is rarely more than a passenger entrusting everything to a skipper and paying dearly enough for the trust. And if it be his desire to make a splash in port, he could gain his object just as well with a smartly-fitted yawl or schooner, and at a fifth of the price.

Possibly the best class of ship for that seaman who desires to add ocean cruises to his achievements, is a combination steam and sail of the *Sunbeam* order. No one can find any plausible reason for the disappearance of these vessels, but that they are nearly as dead as the Dodo is evident. One may even question if Lord Brassey believes in them any longer since, while lauding their merits, he admits that two of the most enjoyable voyages he made in the *Sunbeam* were made under sail only. In this he betrayed the true sailor—a *rara avis* nowadays, when many own ships merely to see their names in the newspapers, or to air their glories in the Solent. This class of person scoffs at the idea of an ocean cruise in a fifty-ton boat; as well he may, for he is a creature of comforts, and comforts are not a prominent feature of deep-sea sailing in a small yacht. But to any man who loves the sea with an abiding affection, to one finding in white decks and spotless canvass an unending delight, the yawl or schooner of a hundred tons rating must remain the fairest thing that the sea can show. Unhappily, the day seems to be at hand when she will be known no longer, save in those places where cups are to be won and newspaper reports to be written.

MAX PEMBERTON.

Picturesque Ireland.—First Series.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. LAWRENCE, DUBLIN.



ST. BOYNE'S CROSS
AT MONASTERBOICE.



BALLYNAHINCH LAKE, CONNEMARA,
CO. GALWAY.



GRIST ROCK CLIFF, KILGAR,
CO. CLARE.



THE STEUCANS, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY,
CO. ANTRIM.



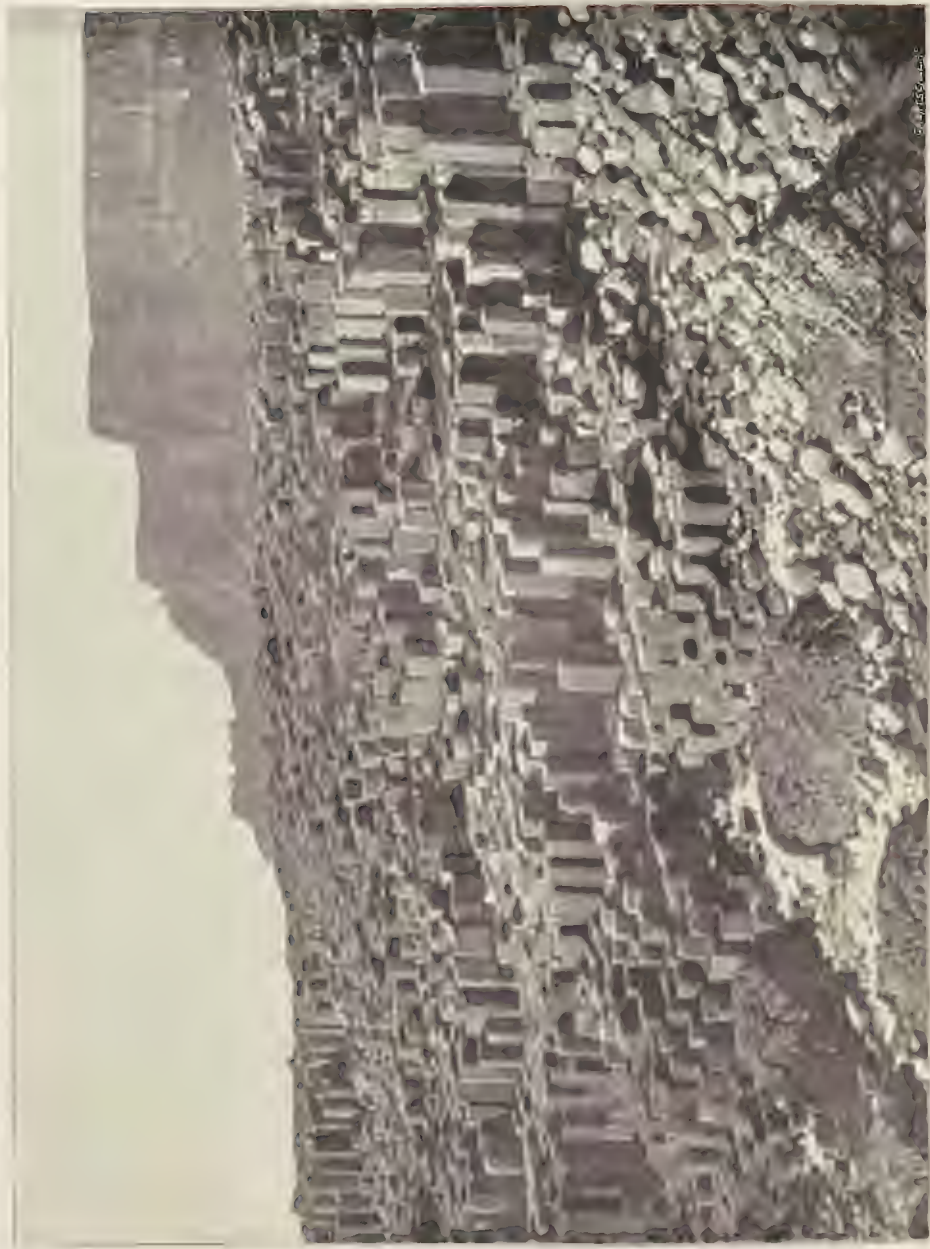
TEMPLE ARCH, HORN HEAD,
CO. DONEGAL.



IN TOLLYMORE PARK, NEWCASTLE,
CO. DOWN.



CLIFFS OF MOHER, CO. CLARE.



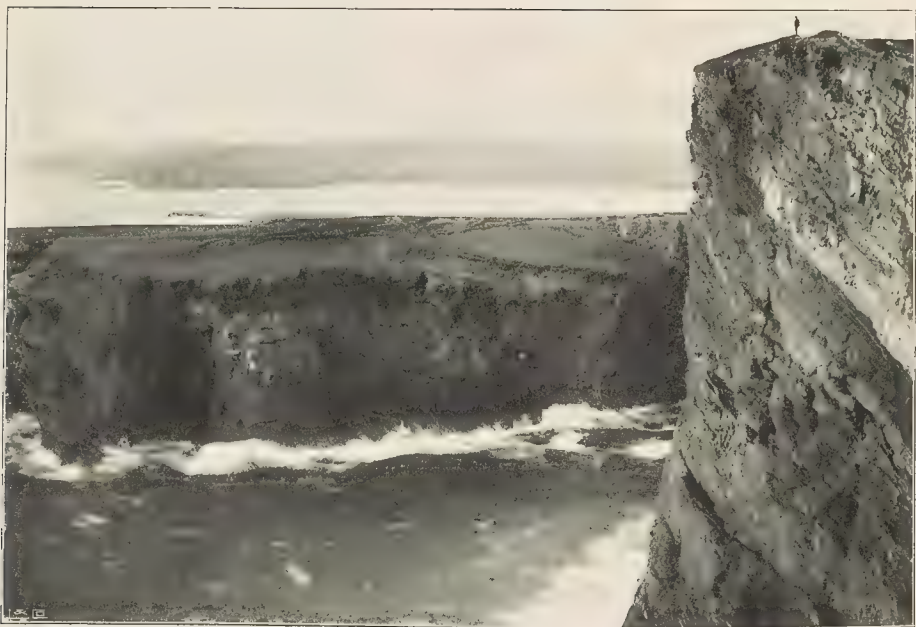
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE
GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.



KILLBOURNE CASTLE, CO. GALWAY.



ERRIFF VALLEY, CO. GALWAY.



LOOK-OUT CLIFF, KILKEE,
CO. CLARE.



QUIN ABBEY, CO. CLARE.



ROPE BRIDGE, CARRICK-A-REDE,
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GLENDALOUGH, CO. WICKLOW.



THE GIANT'S WASH-TUB, PORTRUSH,
CO. ANTRIM.

The Album

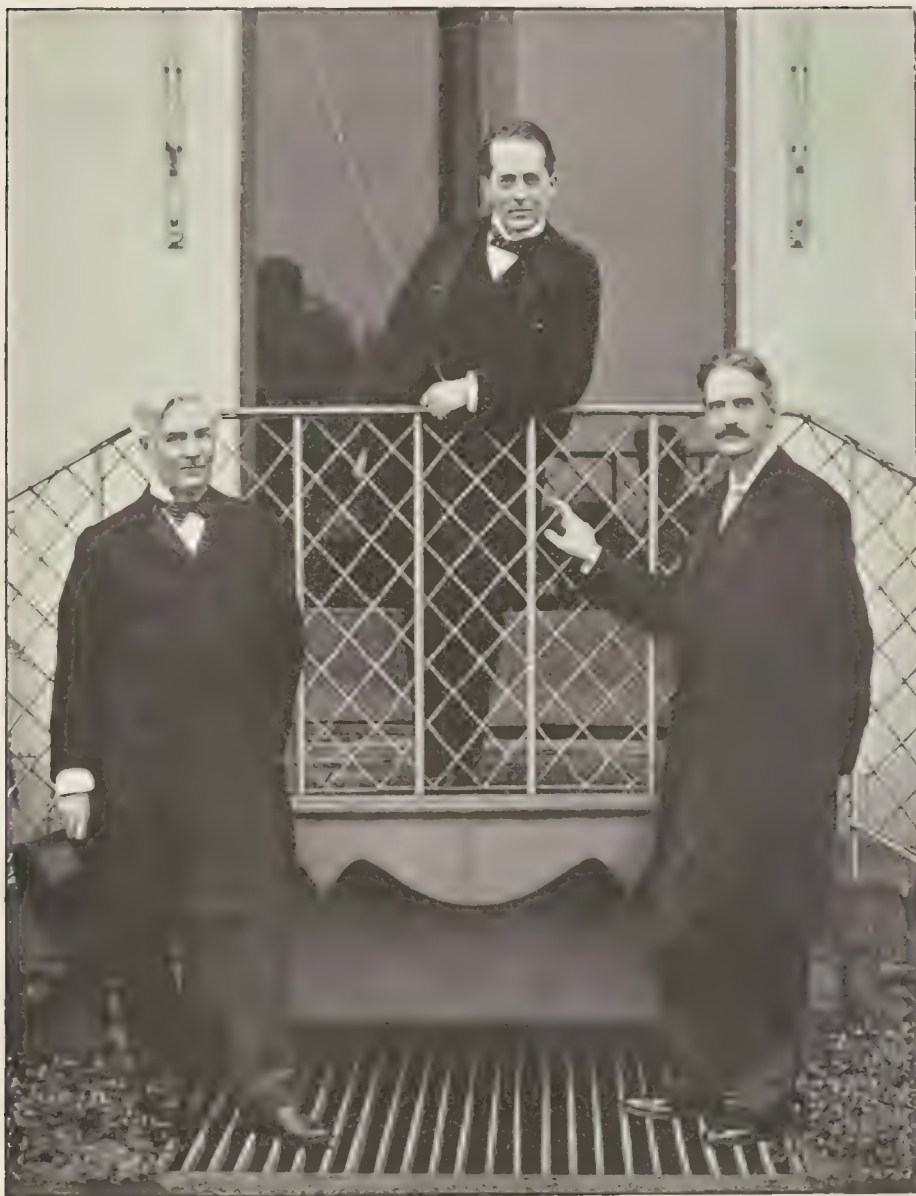
A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

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JULY 29, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



LORD ASHBOURNE,
LORD CHANCELLOR OF
IRELAND.

EARL CADOGAN,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF
IRELAND.

MR. GERALD BALFOUR,
CHIEF SECRETARY FOR
IRELAND.

Photographed at the Vice-Regal Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin, by Chancellor &



TO Lord Cadogan, Dublin must seem particularly dingy, for he has hitherto lived in a brilliant region of red brick. No great landowner has done so much as he towards making London a City Beautiful. If he does for Dublin any good turn equal to that which he has done in Chelsea by the employment of good architects and red bricks, he will leave a very pleasant mark behind him. And there is no doubt at all about Lady Cadogan's capacity to live up to the position of Vice-Queen of Ireland, and to look it, too.

Mr. Gerald Balfour was thought at one time to be a doomed man; but from the time Lady Betty Lytton consented to become Lady Betty Balfour, he gained in strength; and now he can bear long sittings in Parliament with the best of them. The Countess of Lytton, who has herself lately accepted service in the Queen's household, is very proud of her son-in-law; and is impatient for the time when her own clever eldest son will take the prominent part in public affairs his College friends predict for him.

Lord Ashbourne is a thorough Irishman; so that under him, at any rate, the legal profession has Home Rule. The Gibsons are burly and genial men, popular with their opponents, even. The Lord Chancellor is the least salient member of his family, which is, perhaps, as it should be.



LORD NELSON. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY J. HOPPNER, R.A.

Among the pictures sold at Christie's the other day was Hoppner's famous portrait of Lord Nelson, with the battle of Copenhagen in the background. This was from the collection of Viscount Bridport, and was knocked down to Mr. Agnew for the good round sum of 2,550 guineas.

The late Marquis of Exeter belonged to the elder branch of the historic house of Cecil, being descended from the elder son of Queen Elizabeth's great Minister, while the Salisbury line comes from his second son. William Alleyne Cecil, Marquis of Exeter, Earl of Exeter and Baron Burghley of "Burghley House, by Stamford town," was the son of the second Marquis, the Earls of Exeter having been made Marquises in the first year of the present century. He was born in 1825 and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He sat in the House of Commons from 1847 to 1867, when he succeeded to the title. He was successively Treasurer of the Queen's Household and Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms. He was also Hereditary Grand Almoner. He married, in 1848, Lady Georgiana Sophia Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, and is succeeded by his son Brownlow Henry George, Lord Burghley, who has sat in the House of Commons for North Northamptonshire since 1877 and was seeking re-election until just before his father's death.



THE LATE MARQUIS OF EXETER
Photo by Mauld & Fox.

The Shahzada's reception at Dorchester House on Thursday was a gathering of extreme brilliancy. So unusual an occasion brought crowds of distinguished guests, who were received by His Highness at the head of that magnificent white marble staircase, which leads up from what is allowed to be the finest entrance hall in London. The Shahzada wore ordinary evening dress and his inevitable astrachan caftan, on one side of which was set a large star of brilliants. Colonel Talbot presented the guests to His Highness as they arrived, and about 11 o'clock the splendid reception rooms were already crowded. Here the Hungarians played their native music, while from the hall, at frequent intervals, came a few bars of the National Anthem, to announce the arrival of the various Royalties. The Prince of Wales came at 11.30, H.R.H. being met at the entrance by the Shahzada and suite. Shortly before supper was served, the royalties made a tour of the rooms. Amongst them were Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louise looking exceedingly handsome in black satin, and wearing a splendid tiara and necklace of diamonds.

It seemed, indeed, as if even for a Court function the display of diamonds was unusually imposing. The Duchess of Buckingham wore a gown of admirably blended

pink and fawn colour, which literally blazed with jewels. The Duchess of Marlborough wore white; her jewels were also of exceptional size and beauty. Mrs. Maitland Shaw's frock of pale green brocade made excellent effect. Lady Hart wore black. Tents which had been erected in the gardens for supper were not used because of the heavy rain, but the hundreds of guests were easily seated in various banqueting rooms; the immense entertaining powers of Dorchester House being quite adequate even to the demands of such a numerous gathering.

A small exhibition of great interest is now open at Messrs. Dickinson and Foster's Gallery in New Bond Street, consisting of pictures of the "Wessex," which Mr. Thomas Hardy has immortalised in his novels. There are some charming landscapes by Mr. T. Rowe, Mr. F. Whitehead,

of thousands for lovely woman's further delectation in this expensive fashion. Those feathers that are taken from the tame ostriches are not nearly so valuable as those of the wild birds—male for choice. But that fact notwithstanding, many fortunes will be made by enterprising Cape farmers this winter, who have turned their attention to our forthcoming vanities in time.

It has become so much the fashion to break up a season week by running across to Paris, either as a change in the venue of our insular excitements, the purchase of new millinery or otherwise, that it is worth while knowing about a very delightful way of filling up a spare summer day and getting a glimpse of French country at its best, from the pleasant elevation of a well-appointed coach. I made the trip quite lately from Paris to Poissy, and would counsel my



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, SHAFESBURY. BY F. WHITEHEAD.

Now on view at Messrs. Dickinson & Foster's, New Bond Street, in the Exhibition illustrative of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Wessex."

Mr. C. J. Barraud, and Mr. Yeend King, three illustrations to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Professor Herkomer, and an interesting collection of "Scarce Old Prints of Dorset," lent by Sir Robert Edgcumbe. Mr. Alfred Parsons contributes a beautiful study of "Apple Blossoms and Tulips in an Old Garden at Frome." The whole exhibition is instinct with a "local colour," which must delight all Mr. Hardy's readers.

In view of the modish manners which will obtain with our fireside divinities for coming Autumn ideas—it may not improbably be of mournful interest to the paying, or masculine section of the community, to hear that feathers will be the coming only wear for hats *à la* roses and lilies of our present regards—deposed. London is the great market for raw feathers, and large wholesale dealers are at the moment trafficking busily with figures that run into hundreds

best friends to give up one day of shop windows and do likewise, when they find themselves again in gay Lutetia. A start is made early down the Rue de la Paix at 10.30 a.m., into the Champs Elysées, through the "wood" where butterflies of many species are already astir. Bagatelle is gained next, where a random handful of polo players are practising; Suresnes with many bicyclists about, and then ten minutes' rest and a change of horses. On again at 13 miles an hour to lovely Bougival with its quaint old inn, twisting in and out by shady roads, round the summit of Mt. Valerien. Malmaison of mournful memory is passed, with exquisite views of the Seine valley until we reach Poissy, and with excellent appetite are bestowed at the Hotel Esturgeon. This quaint town is a dream of old-world delight and will repay an hour of exploration. A different, but equally lovely route is appointed for the way back, in which the ever-present

rapture of Paris modes and millinery may quite easily be replaced for the moment by the pleasures of one's present environment. When in Paris, one should absolutely try Poissy.

The beautiful portrait of Lord Salisbury's mother, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has an interest at present beyond its mere artistic value. The lady was, before her marriage, Miss Frances Gascoyne. In 1821 she married Viscount Cranborne, who succeeded his father as second Marquis of Salisbury in 1823. By her the marquis had three sons, including the present marquis; and two daughters, one of



THE MOTHER OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS
LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

whom became the mother of Mr. Balfour. The marchioness died in 1839, before any of her children had had time to make a name for themselves. The marquis, in 1847, married a daughter of Lord De la Warr, and had three sons and two daughters. The marchioness is now the Dowager Countess of Derby.

The Prince of Wales has just sent an engraving of Lady Butler's "Scotland for Ever" as a present to the Czar of Russia. The Czar, it will be remembered, was made a Colonel of the Greys, whose charge at Waterloo the picture in question represents.

Amongst many marvellous newspaper stories of the Shahzada—"specially composed" one cannot sometimes avoid thinking for the occasion—is one which touches on His Highness's supposed habit of hahish eating, from which a special correspondent has evolved some rather quaint, if mythical, situations. His Highness is by no means a victim to this weakness, however, and on the other hand displays a very discriminating taste in some of our western concoctions, notably the famous hock-cup, composed from

Buckingham Palace vintages, of which His Highness partook with sedate approval at the State Ball on Monday. This "cup" was invented by the late Prince Consort, and is so excellent that few ever think of taking champagne at the State Balls when such nectar is obtainable. The secret of its recipe has never been divulged, though I know of at least one devoted butler who has vainly tried to obtain it for his master's delectation.

Now that it is the invariable fashion to wear evening shoes made of a piece of satin or brocade matching the dress they are worn with—girls should be able to direct their maids how to clean these various adjuncts which cost much and soil quickly. A piece of new white flannel dipped in spirits of wine will accomplish the process satisfactorily, by rubbing the shoe from heel to toe and changing the flannel as it soils. Nor should the satin be moistened too much. White satin shoes should be wrapped in blue paper, white tissue discolours them.

Most people, even with the delights of foreign watering-places and country house parties in view, find a pick-me-up week at the seaside first nearly inevitable after the heats and labours of a London summer. There is no better tonic than a sea air prescription, and for those with a well-ordered circulation bathing gives back the tone and vigour we lose in big rooms and small hours of the season. The mode in bathing garments is especially fantastic this year across Channel, black satin being affected by the "best people," and wonderfully fascinating it looks I must confess, though somewhat too clinging in outline, perhaps. Fine black serge with revers and trimmings of rose colour is another combination in favour at Trouville. Little turbans of bright red silk are worn over the unsightly oil skin bathing caps and daintily made red serge shoes to match. Decidedly, as mermaids, our French friends would be more successful than we, who are still in the infancy of nautical fascination.

All the smart world of St. Petersburg has at the moment turned philanthropic and is busily employed over a monster bazaar which is to put all other functions of the sort that have ever taken place for ever in the background. A hospital is the cause of this charitable effect, and it is expected that the Czarina will give her patronage. Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna is busily interested, I hear from a friend about the Court, and all the great names in the capital are promised, though no public announcement has yet been made. Princess Volkowski, a typical *grande dame*, and one of Petersburg's leading social lights, has promised to hold a stall. So, also, will Countess Tolstoi. Each Embassy or Legation will be represented and have a special stall—Comtesse de Montebello for France; Lady Lascelles for England; Mrs. Brickentridge, the American Minister's wife, another, and so on, so that a more brilliant organization it will be difficult to imagine. It is intended also that each nation will be technically represented, the Chinese Embassy stall selling only stuffs and embroideries of the country. The Turkish Embassy stall the same. Different grand duchesses, whose family estates are situated in or near the Caucasus, Crimea, Tartary, Siberia, and so on, will preside at stalls showing the products of these countries, so it is expected altogether that this Fancy Fair will be one of the most notable social gatherings of the forthcoming season.



A NATIVE HUT IN BALUCHISTAN.
PHOTO BY F. BREUNER, RAWAL PINDI.

It was a very pleasant surprise to hundreds who made up a very brilliant meeting at Sandown on Friday when the Princess appeared in the Royal Box. The Prince was expected, but it was not generally known that Her Royal Highness would come too. Perfect weather crowned the occasion, and the Eclipse meeting may be set down as quite the most socially successful of the season. In the Royal Box were also the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Crown Princess of Austria. The Duchess of Portland wore a very pretty white chiffon bodice and a skirt of black brocade. Countess Palfy, in attendance on Archduchess Stephanie, wore an immense checked silk of black, white and brown, which looked extremely smart but equally *voyant*. Sandown steadily grows more and more an occasion.

situations may arise in this method of substituting a notice in the *Post* for the ordinary system by the fact that persons who have dropped out of one's visiting list may present themselves, or others get in who have never been there at all. Efficient servants and stringent rules in the matter of announcing guests would, however, quite dispose of the latter difficulty, and as for the first, few women would, I fancy, find a difficulty in meeting such an obvious error on the part of "pushing" acquaintances.

Simultaneously with the introduction of "biking" in our giddy midst comes the *reentrée* of another wheel, whose vested interests are, however, of a purely domestic order, those old-fashioned and most picturesque arts of spinning and weaving being in for a vigorous revival if Mr. G. F.



THE OLD MILL, NEWTOWN, NEAR HOBART, TASMANIA.

Photo by David Fox, Kew, Victoria.

Lady Brassey's excellent initiative in the matter of party-giving this season is one which should be welcomed and adopted by every hostess with a sufficiently robust visiting list. At one decisive announcement in the accepted daily organ for dealing in such social arrangements, a dire necessity for sending hundreds of invitations is immediately dispensed with, and the labour which usually attends a hospitable intention with all that it means in the way of printing cards, addressing envelopes, and so forth, is at once disposed of. A large gathering in Park Lane on the 15th proved how effective this method of summoning one's friends without an individual summons in each case may become. Many looked in on their way to Buckingham Palace and congratulated Lady Brassey on her new departure. It has been said that awkward

Watts and Mr. Alma Tadema's interest and activity go for anything. One does not quite grasp the practical results which may follow an epidemic of spinning wheels in the drawing-room, beyond the classic fact of man's admiration for purely feminine effects. Here, however, comes the chance for that small minority of modern girls who neither "bike," smoke, bet, or otherwise distinguish themselves as women are wont to do to-day. To ply the spinning-wheel is an absolutely innocuous amusement, but I trust the picturesque prerogative of our daughters will go no further. It would be terrible if the ringletted young lady of the fifties drooping over a harp were to become once more a vogue. Between her and the tailor-made young woman fate might surely evolve a happy medium.



"THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE."

By L. RAVEN-HILL.



ON THE GROOVES IN WHICH PAINTERS PAINT.

YOU will not allow your painters to be versatile. A. has produced certain pictures in the past. The public has learned to know him by them: they look

to A. each year for repetitions of those pictures, and if he does not paint pictures of the kind they seek, the public say it is a poor Academy. They will not believe in A.'s versatility. If he wanders into B.'s province, they shrug their shoulders, and move on to another picture. They will not understand that the late Mr. Burton Barber, for instance, could ever have wanted to paint like Mr. Leader.

Yet one has heard of whims of this nature, although painters do not go so far as to send pictures out into the world unsigned, after the manner of writers eager to make a new reputation on the merits of a new book. Mr. Alma Tadema has told us how, when many years ago he painted an oleander, the people crowded upon him, each begging him to paint them a replica of that oleander to such an extent that, if he had accepted all the commissions, he could have painted nothing but oleanders for the next ten years.

Who has not remarked this specialism in painting? There is hardly a painter over fifty years of age who has not succumbed to the temptation. So universal is it, that anybody of average intelligence and observation,

cognisant of half-a-dozen Academies, should be able to stand in the middle of the large room, and without looking at a signature or a catalogue, give off-hand the names of the painters of the majority of the pictures by merely glancing at the subject or the treatment.

A beautiful woman reclining, all ablaze with beautiful colour, in an unbeautiful attitude—you whisper "Leighton"; a peep of blue sea, with golden men and women meandering down marble steps—you mutter "Tadema"; a child, the mystery of innocence in its young eyes set in the midst of a large chair—you murmur "Millais"; a smart woman in a dress like a French lollipop—you sigh "Fildes"; a weary maiden in a worn, sad-coloured dress—you cry "Burne-Jones"; an ivy-covered church lit by a twilight that never was on sea or shore—you sob "Leader"; a ship doing nothing in a crowded dockyard—you shout "Wyllie"; a score of fat kine in an English landscape—you—well, you say "Hullo, here's another Cooper!"

And it is the same abroad in Paris, in Munich, in Amsterdam, and in our own National Gallery. The wistful women of Botticelli, a little weary of the knowledge of all things in heaven and earth, the dark mysterious canvases of Rembrandt,

Murillo's sentimental Madonnas, the homely interiors of the elder Dutchmen, Rubens' sumptuous washerwomen, Franz Hals' jovial Burgomasters, to say



CATHERINE AND GRACE, DAUGHTERS OF PROFESSOR HENRY PELHAM.
BY PHILIP BURNE-JONES. Now on View at the New Gallery.

nothing of the laborious canvases of Maclise, and Egg and Frith, all bear writ large upon them the hall-mark of the temperament that produced them.

Men thus working in grooves, it is hardly to be expected that women should wander far afield from the type they willy nilly make their own. Women painters of considerable achievement are few, but the few and fit by the hall-mark of their temperament are they also immediately known. Could you mistake a Rosa Bonheur animal?—Rosa Bonheur whom Hamerton called "the most accomplished female painter who ever lived." She has been faithful to animals from the year 1841, when she sent a small picture of goats and sheep to the Salon, through the great day of the Horse Fair, down to those times when her new works are to be found season by season in a gallery off St. James's Street.

And Lady Butler, has she not been faithful to what Byron in a meek moment called "battle's magnificently stern array," so faithful that she not only paints the army but has married into it as well. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes has still happily her hall-mark to find; but it is odds that in a few years we shall have no more difficulty in spotting a Mrs. Forbes' in a gallery than we have now in detecting a work by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A. Miss Maud Goodman, too, another successful woman painter—could you mistake her delicate pictures of children, and maidens, and noble youths in velvet knee-breeches, engaged in their harmless little social comedies?

It has been said of Miss Clara Montalba that she strives to interpret the sadder moods of nature, when the wind moves the water a little mournfully, and the outlines of the objects become uncertain in the filmy air. Venice is her hobby—not Luke Fildes' gorgeous women of Venice, who plait their hair in groups at evening time by the worn steps—but little transcripts of little common incidents of the waterways and little suggestions of atmosphere where figures peep through mist and sunshine. A native of Cheltenham, she has lived much at Venice, and is a member of the Royal Water Colour Society. A work from her brush, from the New Gallery, decorates this page.

You will also find a picture by Mr. Colin Hunter reproduced here. Colin Hunter is not a painter of surprises. He



"DIGGING POTATOES. BY COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.
Now on View at the New Gallery.

fortunate days than these—days when painting was quite the fashion, and the army of young outsiders who clamoured round the doors of Burlington House was less noisy and less determined.

Mr. Philip Burne-Jones has the misfortune to be the son



"ON THE ZATTERE, VENICE. BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.
Now on View at the New Gallery.

keeps to the seashore, and he touches his fisher figures with a certain healthy glow of colour and a freedom of gesture that are unmistakable. As in "Digging Potatoes," he is usually content with a couple of figures and a calm expanse of sea—a bay for preference. Born at Glasgow, he was self-taught, and was admitted to academic honours in more

of an artist of genius. He is a capable painter, and divides his energies between portraits and fanciful subjects, and if Catherine and Grace are touched with a suggestion of the fatigue that creeps over the faces of all his father's models, they are none the less attractive for that.

L. H.



AS revived by Mr. Augustin Daly, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is this, that and the other, save the one thing needful; it is not a dream. To give this dream impression has always been the great difficulty in presenting this play. How it was managed with the rudimentary scenic appliances of Shakespeare's own day I cannot guess; very badly I suspect. But there can be no doubt about Shakespeare's intention. That is summed up in Puck's epilogue:—

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.

Now I found it impossible to glide into that frame of mind at Daly's Theatre. The actors were not "shadows," nor anything like it; and I could not think that I had slumbered. To be sure there were gauze curtains, veil within veil of them; but gauze curtains do not of themselves suffice to turn the stage into dreamland. What is chiefly wanted is a certain subdued tone in the acting, everything should be played pianissimo with the soft pedal down. The players at Daly's seemed to have no conception of this. They were all obviously wide-awake, playing throughout with bustling energy and hard literalness. Let me take an instance or two. In the game of love at cross purposes which, through Puck's mischievous spell, is played by the quartet of sweethearts, Demetrius and Lysander, Helena and Hermia, there is a perpetual medley of arguing and blundering and quarrelling that is only tolerable if presented as the playful inconsequent nonsense of a dream. The players, Mr. Frank Worthing and Mr. John Craig, Miss Ada Rehan and Miss Maxine Elliott, went through it all in downright earnest. When Helena and Hermia have their tiff, Miss Rehan remembered that she was an actress of comedy and forthwith began to make "points," and to exaggerate Helena's fear of her companion. She forced us into loud laughter over her mock terror:

I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her—

dodging behind the men's backs and cowering and starting—in short, exhibiting all the tricks of a really frightened damsel. Then the line—

She was a vixen when she went to school,
was delivered with "intention"; again we were asked to roar with laughter. This is what I call playing with the loud pedal down. It was flesh-and-blood comedy, quite out

of harmony with the dream-feeling of the play. Again, when Helena is bewildered by the swiftly changing attitude of the two men towards her, Miss Rehan showed genuine indignation, and asked, "Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?" with almost tragic force. Evidently Miss Rehan could not imagine herself what Shakespeare intended Helena to be, a "shadow;" she could not subdue her personality to the vague, crepuscular atmosphere of dreamland. So with the Bully Bottom of Mr. James Lewis. Bottom is not merely a weaver playing the fool. He, too, is a dream-figure, the dream in his case becoming a nightmare. When the ass's head is clapped on his shoulders, he should be indeed "translated," a man hallucinated, in a state of helpless, passive, wonderment. Mr. James Lewis only remembered that he was carrying about a huge pantomimic mask resembling a donkey's head, and played antics accordingly. The "Pyramus and Thisbe" performance in the last act was terribly overdone, turned into an elaborate and prolonged burlesque, stuffed with every sort of comic "business" that the ingenuity of the actors could suggest. It was honest, rough-and-tumble foolery; but it was not the fantastic foolery of things seen in a dream. The fairy-scenes (though the Oberon was not good and the Puck was unspeakably bad) were perhaps the most successful feature of the revival; but even the fairies were too obviously modern maidens in muslin, singing part-songs and performing muscular exercises known, I believe, at young ladies' schools as "calisthenics;" they were not such stuff as dreams are made of. And, touching the question of part-songs, I submit that it is time the old-fashioned musical setting of "I know a bank," etc., was abandoned. This early nineteenth century music (or is it late eighteenth?) is not good in itself, and is not at all appropriate to Shakespeare. Even the Mendelssohnian element I could wish away; as music it is "all merry capital" in the concert-room; on the stage it gets in the way of the play.

After all, one is perhaps demanding the impossible in looking for the true dream atmosphere in a performance of this play. But one thing, at any rate, it is possible for a manager to do; he can refrain from making additions to the play "out of his own head." Mr. Daly's interpolation of a panorama in the third act, "The passage of the Barge of Theseus to Athens," was simply an outrage. Trees wobbled and rocks hopped across the stage, while Theseus and his companions sang duets in their boat like a party of aquatic minstrels at Henley. The gallery, I am glad to say, received this incident with howls. It was not beautiful, it was not even mechanically ingenious, and it was not Shakespeare.

A. B. WALKLEY.



MDLLES. GIULIA AND SOFIA RAVOGLI,
OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN. PHOTO BY RUSSELL
AND SONS.



I HAVE just received a letter signed "Jacob," from a bachelor, who tells me that in a few months he is to be married, after an engagement of seven years. She has kept him waiting so long because she would not marry during the lifetime of her mother, whose delicate health demanded incessant care, and also prevented her from living in London. He wants to prepare a "lovely nest"—that is his term—for his bride, since he knows that she has a deep love for beautiful things. He is utterly ignorant of furnishing, he tells me, and has no women folk to aid him, and never in his life has chosen a chair or a table. He has bought a house, with a little garden back and front, within the 4-mile radius, and has been to countless shops to see about furniture. It appears that he has the idea of spending about £500 on his furnishing.



AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BRACKET.

I cannot set out at such length as he, the comical adventure of this "Japhet in search of Furniture." He has been to some houses where they have shown him lovely things, but has calculated that to carry out their humblest ideas, would cost ten times his "furnishing fund." Other shops have offered to furnish the house from garret to basement for half his money, but he distrusts them. They have some good things, he says, but also a vast collection of "shoddy" furniture, and he fears they would "plant" much of it on him. Very politely he assures me that he would willingly take the articles of "Grace," and go here and there, as she suggests, but he distrusts his judgment, and, moreover, has already spent almost as much time as he can afford.

Poor Jacob! I understand his troubles. Between the grand houses accustomed to contracts in four or five figures, willing to sell you over the counter beautiful things at big prices, but unwilling to work out a scheme on such a basis as £500, and the shops that bid for the custom of people who are content to have a seven-roomed house completely furnished for £175 19s. 11½d., there is little of an intermediate class.

However, I happened to have heard that a house had been opened by Mr. Graham, who was trained in the famous house of Jackson and Graham, in partnership with Mr.

Banks, and that the firm has the happy thought of appealing to that rapidly-growing class the people of moderate means who desire to live with artistic things about them, who feel that it would be more stimulating to dwell in a beautiful house on a desert island than to inhabit an ill-furnished home in London and then spend unstinted shillings in visiting picture galleries and art museums.

The idea of furnishing *en bloc* had never appealed to me, for I have always found great pleasure in choosing every piece of furniture, picture, or ornament that goes to make the "home beautiful." However, I can believe that to the busy man or to the woman of uncertain taste it is pleasanter to enter a house which has been designed and completed by people competent to make a success of the undertaking, than to depend on their own crude hasty efforts. Still, I was anxious to find out personally how Messrs. Graham and Banks, of whose skill I had heard no little, would turn the £500 to good account in the entire furnishing of a house; so I called at their handsome new premises in Oxford Street.

The François I. hall, through which one passes to the show-rooms, has some good pieces of oak carving and much furniture of real beauty. A quaint chair took my fancy; it is copied from one painted by Murillo in a picture hidden away in one of Spain's innumerable convents. The chair is of oak, one of the columns at the back is surmounted by the head of a monk, cleverly carved, smiling, even winking, at a nun perched on the opposite column. The seat is of leather of a pleasant tone of brown embossed in gold, and the back is formed of two leather straps.

On the next floor there is *de tout, un peu*. A writing-table of green oak, with well-designed mounts of copper, is unusual in shape, and, though low in price, of good workmanship. But as I wished to see the set of rooms designed for the £500 buyer, I passed quickly on to the dining-room, which is part of the "complete house."

It is Jacobean in character and very pleasing in appearance. The walls have been panelled in oak, and a tapestry frieze, representing a chase, cattle, and landscape, runs round the room, and will serve later on as an admirable background to Delft



A GREEN OAK WRITING TABLE.

pottery, pewter pots, and copper work, that can rest on the top ledge of the oak panelling. The subject of the tapestry, though good in tone and well designed, is painted on the canvas instead of being woven in, but the effect is very decorative,

and will delight many people whose means do not "run" to the genuine old work.

The charm of hand-woven tapestry, with a design reproduced by an endless number of shades and tones of wool and silk, enlivened by occasional threads of gold and silver, appeals more to me. Of course, the craftsman working from the back of the material and only guided by the outline of subject slightly indicated on the warp threads, is apt to treat the figures and composition generally



AN OAK CHAIR.

with less accuracy than the painter, who can judge immediately the effect of each touch of his brush. Still, the rich and mellow harmonies gained by the grading and hatching-in of tones should constitute the principal charm of a picture reproduced by the loom. By-the-by, the wonderful Bayeux tapestry, living evidence of the skill and patience of the eleventh century dame, really is not tapestry, but an embroidery closely resembling sampler work. In it only eight colours of worsted are used to outline and fill in the curious sketches that represent many of the scenes in the life of Harold and the conquest of England, and though the drawing is vigorous, no attempt has been made to show local colour, whilst horse and dogs are represented impartially green and yellow—possibly because of a desire (thrifty if not happy) to use up the odd bits of worsted.

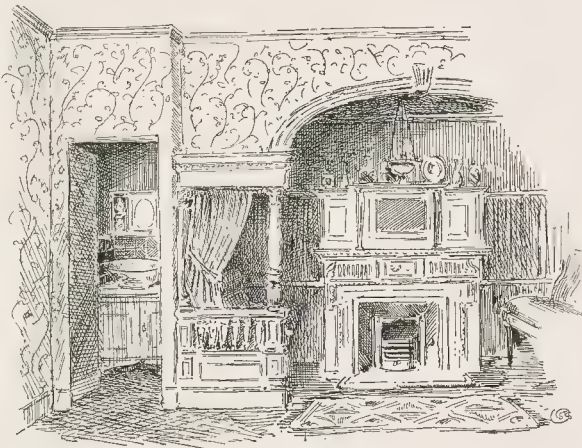
Of course, when Gilles and Jean Gobelins started work, the eight colours originally used in Mathilde's Court had developed and multiplied exceedingly, and in their venture—called unpropitiously *Folie Gobelins*—they included their own splendid dyes and the famous scarlet just introduced by them from Venice. Years later, when Colbert purchased the already famous factories from the Gobelins family,

the establishment became "Royal," and Lebrun, Berain, and Vouet were employed to prepare the cartoons, and even now *les Gobelins* stands unrivalled for the beauty of its work and design. A curious fact, which might serve as a hint to less successful factories, is the regulation that no tapestry shall be produced there except from copies or cartoons made expressly for that purpose, thus recognising the fact that simply to copy oil paintings, with all their subtle harmonies, is fatal to the broader treatment demanded by tapestries. On the wonderful thirteenth century work known as Arras, and on Beauvais, I will not touch, lest I be tempted to wander in the comfortless old Halls of the Middle Ages instead of the cosy rooms in Oxford Street that I have promised poor "Jacob" to visit.

To return to *nos moutons* that are still browsing on the tapestry frieze of the Jacobean room, let me note incidentally a novel arrangement for electric light. On either side of the chimney-piece—so well-built and charming in arrangement that the most hardened club-goer would promptly rejoice in the comforts of his domestic hearth—is a rampant lizard of green-tinted bronze, spitting forth tongues of fire in the form of electric light. In the recess formed by the wide window of stained glass are seats soft and low, so tempting in shape that they must surely have been suggested by a crafty optician eager for trade, since it is to such a nook that one carries the fascinating book that cannot be closed till the last page is reached, and there one reads on and on till, unheeded, the dying day is dead and the eyes are ruined by unconscious straining.

Passing through a hall gorgeous with Mauresque pierced wood of sealing-wax red, one reaches the Louis XV. drawing-room with panels and draperies of *vieux rose* damask, with here and there a suggestion of tender green. The Louis XV. scheme of decoration is prettily carried out; wingless cupids of gilt bronze carrying flaming torches brilliant with electric light, are happily poised against the draperies of the windows and mirrors of white carved wood.

Of the many innovations in the daintily furnished bedrooms, the one sketched for me seems of most ingenuity. It is intended to use the bedroom as boudoir for a young girl, so the washing apparatus has been deftly hidden at the side of the ingle-nook, and is enclosed by a door. The room itself is charming in colouring and arrangement, I recommend "Jacob" to take his Leah or Rachel to Messrs. Graham and Banks, and though I do not suggest that he should accept the £50 worth



A COMBINED BOUDOIR AND BEDROOM.

of furniture without careful examination, I at least can assure him that without great modification they will be able to satisfy his desires.

GRACE.



THE RUINS OF KARNAK.

THE ruins of the great group of temples at Karnak are unquestionably the most impressive and the most historically important monuments of Upper Egypt, indeed, of the whole Nile Valley. Unlike the pyramids, they are not the memorials of one king or one epoch. Rather are they an almost continuous record of royal piety and artistic genius at the great religious centre of Egypt during over two thousand years. From the days of Usertsen I., nearly 2,500 B.C., to those of the later Ptolemies, Cleopatra's immediate ancestors, the walls of Karnak are full of historical records. In those marvellous paintings we see the great Theban monarchs of the Nineteenth Dynasty at the height of their glory. In one place it is Seti I. driving his chariot through the ranks of flying Asiatics and dragging home by the hair of the head the captives of Syria and Mesopotamia; in another, the Court poet Pentaur celebrates the victories of Rameses II. over the Cheta, and we see the king charging the enemy single-handed in his war chariot; or again, Shishak appears in the act of slaying a long line of suppliant prisoners taken in his Palestine campaign. The wall-paintings of Karnak are nothing less than a great historical library. But one forgets the details in the overwhelming impressions of the whole chaotic wilderness of ruins. It is hard to say which is the more moving, the majesty of the stupendous "Hall of Columns," above all when seen at night and alone, or the melancholy desolation of the vast courts strewn with mutilated statues, broken obelisks, fragments of venerable inscriptions, and all the ruin of two thousand years of neglect and decay.

As one stands amidst the wreck of so much skilled effort, so much triumph of artist and architect, one feels that nothing short of an overpowering earthquake could have worked all this havoc; but the true engine of destruction was, and is, something much more calm and slow, like "the wheels of God," but equally deadly and irresistible. The brown water-stained bases of the huge columns reveal the true cause of the downfall. Each year the Nile flood infiltrates beneath the ruins and stagnates around the columns when the inundation subsides, dissolving the salts contained in the soil, and eating away the massive stone by steady ceaseless chemical corrosion. Many years ago, the great Egyptologist Mariette prophesied that "the time may be foreseen when, with crash after crash, the columns of the magnificent hypostyle hall, whose bases are already three-parts eaten through, will fall, as have fallen the columns in the great court preceding it." What this means, and how wide the destruction it must entail, can only be realised by those who have seen the huge columns, twelve of which are sixty feet high and thirty-five feet in circumference, whilst

122 stand forty feet high and twenty-seven feet round; 100 men could sit in the great bell-shaped capitals. Their fall must carry away a large part of the surrounding buildings, and destroy a priceless series of inscriptions and paintings.

Scholar after scholar has given warning of the impending catastrophe, the imminent approach of which is indicated only too clearly by the bowed column in our illustration; but it is only recently that the danger has been seriously faced. The credit belongs entirely to the English "Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt," of which the Prince of Wales is Patron, and Mr. Poynter, the Director of the National Gallery, is the vigilant and judicious secretary. After four years of negotiation with the Egyptian Government, and consultation with the most experienced English engineers in Egypt, such as Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, Mr. Garstin, Colonel Ross, Major R. H. Brown, and finally Wilson Pasha—the work of preservation is now at last in a fair way towards success. An eight-horse-power engine and centrifugal pump were sent to Karnak last year, to pump the Nile water back into the river before it reaches the temples, and an outfall channel is being constructed. More drains, however, are still needed to ensure the absolute dryness of the ruins, and for this purpose and for the thorough completion of the means of preservation, Mr. Poynter appealed in the *Times* of June 4th for further contributions. The whole cost of establishing the pumping apparatus is estimated at £1,300 by Wilson Pasha, the Inspector-General of Irrigation for Upper Egypt, who is superintending this important work. Of this sum, the Society had already raised by private subscription £865, before Mr. Poynter's last letter; and we understand that more subscriptions have since been received in response to his appeal. Some three or four hundreds, however, are still needed to place the works on a thoroughly satisfactory footing, and if Wilson Pasha's plan of a deep drain round the Temple of Amen is to be carried out—as it ought to be—a further sum of £500 will be required. Once the works are finished, the Egyptian Government agrees to provide for the annual working expenses. When one remembers that several thousand tourists visit these wonderful temples every winter, there should be no difficulty in raising the money. It would seem but common gratitude that they should contribute to the preservation of monuments in which every educated visitor and even every untravelled student must feel a supreme interest. If every tourist who has visited Thebes during the last five years, would send but half-a-crown to Mr. E. J. Poynter, at 28, Albert Gate, S.W., the necessary sum would be provided, and Karnak would be as safe as the highest engineering skill can make it.

STANLEY LANE POOLE.



THE TEMPLE AT KARNAK.
FROM A PHOTO BY MR. HERBERT
INGRAM.



VICTORIA, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, was born on May 24th, 1819, daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of King George III.; succeeded her uncle, King William IV., on June 20th, 1837, and was crowned at Westminster Abbey on June 28th, 1838; married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha on February 10th, 1840, and became a widow on December 14th, 1861. Her Majesty's eldest son, and heir to the Crown, is Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born on November 9th, 1841, who married on March 10th, 1863, Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of King Christian IX. of Denmark.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, was born on August 18th, 1830, son of the Archduke Francis Charles, who was second son of the Emperor Francis I. of Austria, of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The present Sovereign was proclaimed Emperor of Austria in December, 1848, after the abdication of the throne by his uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand I., and the renunciation of the Crown by his father; he was crowned King of Hungary in June, 1867, under the reformed Constitution of the Dual Monarchy.

William II., King of Prussia and German Emperor, was born on January 27th, 1859, eldest son of the late King Frederick III., German Emperor, and of the Empress Victoria, Crown Princess of Great Britain; his Majesty being, therefore, a grandson of Queen Victoria, as well as of the Emperor William I., King of Prussia. He succeeded his father on June 15th, 1888.

Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia, was born on May 18th, 1868, eldest son of the late Emperor Alexander III. and of the Empress Marie, who was Princess Dagmar of Denmark, a daughter of King Christian IX., and sister to the Princess of Wales. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, on November 1st, 1894, and married Princess Alice of Hesse.

Humbert, King of Italy, was born on March 14th, 1844, eldest son of King Victor Emmanuel, who was King of Sardinia, with Piedmont and Savoy, until the war of Italian liberation in 1859, and was declared King of Italy on March 17th, 1861.

M. Felix Faure, President of the French Republic, was elected to that office on January 17th, 1895, upon the resignation of his predecessor, M. Casimir-Périer, who had, six months before, taken the place of the late M. Sadi-Carnot, assassinated in June, 1894.

The Presidency of the Swiss Republic is identical with that of the Presidency of the Federal Council at Berne, which consists of seven members, each of them acting as Ministers or chiefs of administrative departments. The President and Vice-President are annually elected.

Christian IX., King of Denmark, was born on April 8th, 1818, fourth son of the late Duke William of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg; at the death of King Frederick VII., of Denmark, without direct heirs, on November 15th, 1863, he succeeded to the throne, being a descendant in the female line from King Christian VIII., under the settlement made by the treaty of London in 1852 and confirmed by the Danish Legislature.

Alfonso XIII., King of Spain, is a little boy nine years old, born on May 17th, 1886, several months after the death of his father, King Alfonso XII., and the Queen Regent is his mother, Maria Christina, a daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria. This young King's eldest sister, Maria de las Mercedes, born September 11th, 1880, was regarded as Queen until the birth of her brother.

Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, was born on January 21st, 1829, third son of King Oscar I., and succeeded his elder brother, Charles XV., on September 18th, 1872. He is the fourth King of the French family of Bernadotte.

Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands (Hollanä and the other Dutch Provinces), was born on August 31st, 1880, only child of the late King William III., and of his second wife, Queen Emma. He died on November 23rd, 1890, and her mother acts as Queen Regent.

Dom Carlos, King of Portugal, born on September 28th, 1863, is son of the late King Louis and of Queen Maria Pia, who was a daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He succeeded to the throne on October 19th, 1889.

Leopold II., King of the Belgians, was born on December 10th, 1865. Son of King Leopold I., who was a Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and of Queen Louise, who was a daughter of the French King Louis Philippe.

Otto, King of Bavaria, born on April 27th, 1848, succeeded his brother, King Louis II., who drowned himself in a lake near one of his palaces, on June 13th, 1886; but his uncle, Prince Luitpold, was appointed Regent.

Albert, King of Saxony, was born on April 23rd, 1826. Eldest son of the late King John. He was a distinguished commander of the German Army in 1870 and 1871, and succeeded to the throne of his father in 1873.

George I., King of Greece or "of the Hellenes," was Prince William of Denmark, born on December 24th, 1845, second son of King Christian IX. of Denmark. He was elected to the vacant Greek throne in 1863.



FISHING is a pastime I have never been able to understand. On the few occasions when I have attempted to lure fish to their doom, the affair has ended in the graceless posturing of the rod upright in the ground, and the absorption of the fisherman in a book. The oddest thing to me is that angling has produced a very respectable show of literature. From Izaak Walton to Andrew Lang, anglers have had a pretty gift of entertaining writing. I don't know how it is stimulated by staring at a "float," and I have often watched the *pêcheur à la ligne* on the *quais* of Paris without observing a solitary ray of intelligence. But that philosophy, humour, and a fine taste for controversy are developed by angling, is beyond question. When they are not excited by disputation, however, anglers are cheerful companions, and can write of their experiences in a manner by no means unpalatable to the uninitiated. I once read a little work of Mr. Bickerdyke's, with the seductive title of "Thames Rights and Thames Wrongs;" and now, whenever he angles for readers, I am, so to speak, hypnotised by the hook.

The reason is, perhaps, that Mr. Bickerdyke writes with great sprightliness, and with a tender regard for poor creatures like myself who know nothing about fishing. Your severe angler, I suppose, would never dream of making such a concession to the rank outsider. What Mrs. Battle called the "rigour of the game," when that illustrious lady played whist, would prompt the angler of a sternly Roman cast (I am becoming a little incoherent, but you can't expect the outsider to be lucid), to deny my need, even if I were dying for an anecdote. Mr. Bickerdyke not only tells anecdotes; he strays into fairy tale. There is a diverting story of an old gentleman of whose daughter an angler was enamoured. He became very moody and distrustful, and the bewildered angler persuaded Mr. Bickerdyke to entertain him at dinner. After the third glass of port, the old gentleman proposed to tell some tales of fish, and recounted one startling fable after another, culminating in the gigantic pike which sat on its tail in the kitchen, and had to be shot. Mr. Bickerdyke received this without betraying incredulity; and the old gentleman afterwards withdrew his ban on an angler as a son-in-law; and then it turned out that he had heard all these myths from a sportive company of fishermen, who had excited the suspicion in his mind that all anglers were liars; which suspicion was completely dissipated by Mr. Bickerdyke's diplomacy. There are some more *contes drolatiques* in this little volume which, if it is as entertaining to the sportsman as it is to the rank outsider, ought to be in every angler's pocket when he sets out for his favourite stream.

I can also recommend the sportsman to read Mrs. Alan Gardner, whose letters about hunting and pig-sticking in Rajpootana are extremely bright. One of the Rajpoot princes, the Maharajah of Chamba, deserves to be known as

a model of English training. He is not like the Orientals who offer their principalities to the Indian Government in return for a comfortable allowance, for he governs his little State with enlightened zeal, and "spends all his income in improvements." At the same time, he conforms precisely to the most sacred customs of his ancestors; for the sixteen widows of his grandfather are maintained in dignified seclusion. Mrs. Gardner's visit to the widows, with an *ayah*, who interpreted fluently in Hindustani, though the native ladies did not understand the language, is described with much humour. I fear Mrs. Lynn Linton will be pained to learn that Mrs. Gardner can put a bullet into a leopard; moreover, the pig-sticking is narrated with evident relish, especially the sticking of a boar which pursued Mrs. Gardner with reckless malice. It is the delight of the Maharajahs to invite their English visitors to a few days' sport of this kind; and though I could no more stick a pig than catch a salmon, I feel it is an Imperial duty to encourage model Maharajahs in keeping down the porcine population. I regret to read that a tiger of Mrs. Gardner's acquaintance was "a cowardly brute;" you cannot respect a tiger that does not die game; and I am pained by Mrs. Gardner's scepticism about the intelligence of elephants. She thinks it is "as much a fraud as the patience of the camel or the heat of India." Mr. Kipling disturbed my faith in the camel when he described how it "chews yer bloomin' arm," in return for humane attentions; but to take away our belief in the elephant's sagacity is to uproot a precious tradition.

Well, I am partially consoled by the unabated genius of the music-hall "artiste." In the preface to "The Variety Stage," it is judiciously asserted that the history of the music-hall "presents features of peculiar attraction" to the "thoughtful observer of the social institutions of the English people." To preserve my credit as a "thoughtful observer," I admit there is a "peculiar attraction" in the story of the "artiste" who was put up at auction in Glasgow, and knocked down to the highest bidder "for £335 for a month." After that, "the event was very appropriately celebrated with champagne and cigars, interspersed with comic and sentimental ditties." The appropriateness cannot be "denied," as Mrs. Gamp would say. Equally fitting was the deportment of the "artiste" who sang before the Prince of Wales and other "noble swells," and addressed one of them as "Mr. Chairman," to the joy of the "noble audience," who "thought it great fun." This entertainment was interspersed with "cigars, champagne-cup, and other cooling drinks." L. F. AUSTIN.

"Days of my Life." By John Bickerdyke. Longmans, Green & Co.
"Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots." By Mrs. Alan Gardner. Chatto & Windus.

"The Variety Stage." By C. D. Stuart and A. J. Park. T. Fisher Unwin.



SHYNESS.

THAT men should be at a disadvantage with one another for the short time that they are contemporaries in this world, and should compromise both dignity and simplicity by the uneasiness of their address towards their brother strangers, is obviously but a survival of times of general hostility. But why should the children's teeth be set on edge by reason of their fathers having eaten such very old sour grapes?

Not the least of the puzzles of heredity seems to be this—that children inherit childish things from the childhood of their fathers, and, from the manhood of their fathers, other things that are quite unchildish. And both alike are destined to fade out with years, or at least to be mitigated by the discipline of life. As to shyness, it is difficult to say whether the modern child derives it from the frightened childhood, or from the wary and defensive manhood, of his primitive ancestors. However this may be, the inheritance varies strangely amongst children. Some bear it as a sensible distress. Others, living in the same conditions, are all but untouched by it.

But besides inherited shyness, there is the shyness that may be taught by the necessary suppression of disorderly manners. A child perceives that his elders have a certain anxiety in his regard; he may not take the hint, but he is aware of it. Taking a hint is one thing, and not an easy one; seeing it is another—a disquieting thing, but not a thing that requires action. Accordingly the child is disquieted. If he does not order himself accordingly, it is because action that does not come unconsciously from impulse is almost beyond the reach of a quite natural young child.

But far worse than this suggested shyness is the emotion that seizes the child in the presence of strangers, and sometimes of strange children most acutely. It is more like shame than mere timidity. The Italians call it *soggezione*—subjection—and it is in fact a sense of bitter disadvantage, quite unreasoned and caused by no vanities. All children are generous enough to admire their fellows without making any comparison with themselves. It is one of their greatest joys. Therefore, shyness between children comes from no pain of jealousy, pride, or humiliation. It is a perfectly obscure pain of self-consciousness.

To laugh at it is a common cruelty. Yet the laughter might remember enough of his own childhood to deny himself so sorry a joke. And the shame of being laughed at—a stinging one to all children—added to the first shyness, produces as much despair as an infantine creature is capable of feeling. Add again the irritation of being chidden in a manner intended for the ears of the visitors. Honest children resent this not uncommon unreality.

Shyness before strangers has its charming antithesis in confidence at home. A child confesses the shyness and so gets rid of half the pain. Lately, a little girl of eight years old confided to her mother the burden of her fears. She hoped that she might never live to grow up, she said;

and when she was persuaded to say why, she confessed that her discouragement came from the thought that, once a woman, she must "see people." Death seemed easier.

The English system of "nursery" life, and later of "schoolroom" life, causes untold distress of shyness. Doubtless it saves trouble. But an hour a day, with a brief good-night interview, is not enough for confidence. For



"QUEENIE."

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.

the lack of this, nothing can atone. The French mother, who values it early, never loses it, early or late, while she lives; but the fashion of the nursery is gaining ground in Paris, as part of the prevailing tendency to imitate England. It is but another proof of the cruelty of subjecting children to fashions. The club, the race-course, the dress-maker's, should be enough for the range of the mode; for French children will lose much of their perfectly gay simplicity of heart, if—reluctant young Anglomaniacs—they are dismissed to their English nurses for the day, and produced at dessert with the bare legs of English fashions already forgotten in England.

If so much of the tragedy of childish life is made by the trouble of shyness, the best of all its comedy comes from confidence: confidence of speech perhaps above all. A healthy child never hesitates. He makes perpetual experiments in words, not for the sake of acquiring knowledge, but for the sake of expressing himself. A really childish child does not stop to ask for a word. He cheerfully takes the first at hand.

It is a happy fashion that lasts, with the simple and unconscious, far into the more responsible years of later childhood. An original girl of fourteen is not too old to use words created on the spur of the moment for the appropriateness of their sound; sometimes these are as gorgeous as a poet's. Here is no shyness, no kind of disadvantage. The child uses her ignorance as another grace.

As for the much younger speakers, they interchange phrases with charming effect, and trust in analogy. A very little girl hands up her doll to her mother, saying, "Will you please put her on her back? She won't sawdust so much if she is lying down." A boy of four brings in the daily *Figaro* in its wrapper, and asks, "May I peel it, mother?"

Shyness that does not check these gay experiments and that is not acute enough for distress, is nothing but another charm in a young child. He is unlike his elder in this—his shyness does not conceal itself under graceless disguises. A little child has no intention of hiding his fears; the only thing he wants to hide is his head, and he has no feeling against doing this frankly and openly; so that in the act of hiding he shows his timorous spirit with all confidence.

The "Souvenir of Velasquez" portrait of one of the daughters of Mr. Cleverly Alexander, which appears on this

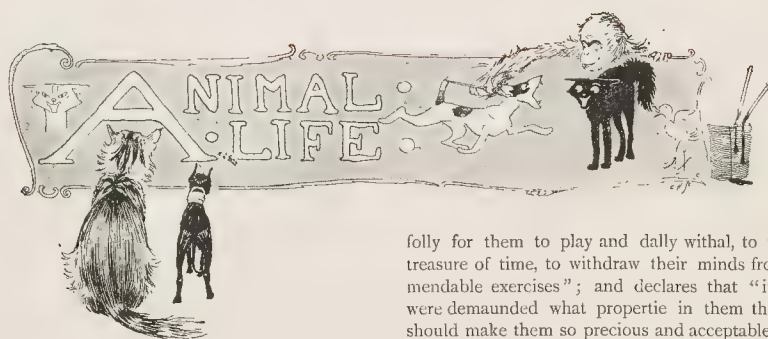
page, has so often left its beautiful home on the top of Campden Hill to take a place in the London exhibitions.



"MISS ALEXANDER." By J. McNEIL WHISTLER.
Now on view in the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

that it has become one of the best known here of Mr. Whistler's works, as it is also one of the finest.

ALICE MEYNELL.



BLENHEIM SPANIELS

THERE are four breeds of "toy spaniels" recognized in England, each of which is so beautiful, and so perfect in colour, shape, and proportions, that it may be said to be a glorification in little, rather than a miniature copy, of the finest breeds of the larger spaniels. The black-and-tan King Charles' spaniel is, perhaps, the best known of the beautiful little dogs. The black, white, and tan King Charles' is less common, but not less beautiful. This is quite a historic colour in the race, for in contemporary pictures some of the King's pets appear as wholly white dogs. The "ruby spaniel," of the most exquisite rich red colour, is a third variety, and a fourth is the Blenheim, of which an admirable portrait, by Mr. Gambier Bolton, appears on the opposite page.

The Blenheims are nearly white, with markings of the richest glossy red; and in all cases there should be a small spot on the forehead, which "the fancy" agree to call "the Duchess's finger-mark." It is plainly visible in the dog whose portrait we give.

There seems very little doubt that the four beautiful varieties of English toy spaniel are really the same breed, with carefully maintained differences of colour. It is certain that they were first made fashionable in this country by Charles II., and that from his time till the year 1800, they have always been carefully preserved in certain great houses, as they were for so many years at Court.

The sour James II. was as fond of his little dogs as was his genial brother, and insisted on rescuing them from his wrecked ship when there was the greatest difficulty in preserving even the lives of the sailors. It is not impossible that Charles II. acquired his liking for the toy spaniels during his residence in Holland. There they were in high favour, as may be seen by their frequent appearance in Dutch paintings. One of these spaniels, which always slept on his bed, saved William the Silent from assassination by rushing out and barking at the door of his tent; and monarchs and their "over-mighty subjects" may have had more than one reason for keeping these clever and courageous little pets near their persons.

They were used as ladies' pets in England earlier than the days of the "Merry Monarch," and Dr. Caius, who describes them as the "Spaniel gentle, or Comforter," is very severe, not to say rude, in his remarks about them and their mistresses. "These dogges," he says, "are little, pretty, proper, and fyne, and sought for to satisfie the delicateness of daintie dames and wanton women's wills, instruments of

folly for them to play and dally withal, to tryfle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their minds from more commendable exercises"; and declares that "if the question were demanded what propertie in them they spye, which should make them so precious and acceptable in their sight, I doubt their aunswere were long a-coynynge." A very good answer to this question has been given by Mr. J. W. Berrie, who is the owner of some of the finest modern Blenheims.

"The Modern Blenheim," he writes "from a phrenological point of view, possesses properties and organs more nearly resembling the human head than any other kind of dog. He has individuality, eventuality, comparison, and causality, very largely developed." The general conclusion from the experience of Mr. Berrie and others, is that these miniature spaniels have all the courage and activity of the larger breeds, with a much larger share of mind. One of the best authenticated instances of long memory in the dog was shown by a toy Blenheim, though the object was a trifle. A Blenheim spaniel, belonging to Mrs. Berrie, was in the country with its mistress, and when out for a walk killed a shrew. The dead shrew was taken from her and placed in a hole in the wall of a barn, quite out of her reach. The Blenheim sat up and begged for it, barked for it, and did all she could to get it, but at last gave up in despair, and took no more notice. Six years later the dog was taken down to the same place in the country, and on passing the spot where she had killed the shrew, at once ran up to the wall of the old barn, and did her utmost to have a peep at the place where the dead shrew had been laid so many years before.

When and why the red-and-white breed of toy spaniel first gained its name from the palace of the Dukes of Marlborough does not seem certainly known. There is a story that the first Duke had the breed, and that on a friend's requesting a puppy he refused to part with one, but at the same time took two or three blind whelps and threw them to his tame eagles. But in the year 1800 "His Grace the Duke of Marlboro' was reputed to possess the smallest and best breed of cockers (woodcock spaniels) in Britain. They were invariably red-and-white, with very long ears, short noses, and black eyes." They were evidently the ancestors of the present Blenheims, which are still bred by the keepers of the lodges at Blenheim, and some of the inhabitants of Woodstock.

But there is little doubt that they have been crossed with the pug to give them the very short snub noses which they now possess. Moreover, the breed has become very delicate and difficult to rear. They suffer from brain disease, and are more likely than any other dog to die in puppyhood. "Idstone," the celebrated writer on dogs, remembers the time when the Blenheims were mainly bred in the vicinity of the Palace. He suggests as a probable original of the Blenheim the Japanese toy spaniel. The surmise seems very probable.

C. J. CORNISH.



A MODERN BLENHEIM SPANIEL.
PHOTO BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.



THE approaching wedding of Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Lena Ashwell will really be a union between the Services, for Mr. Playfair is the son of the well-known Major-General A. L. Playfair, who is a cousin of Lord



MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.
Photo by A. Ellis.

Playfair, while Miss Ashwell is the daughter of Commander Pocock, R.N., and was actually born at sea. It will also be a sort of union between different aspects of stage work, for though Miss Ashwell is appearing at present with her *fiancé* in comedy "The Prude's Progress," her best work has been done in serious drama. It is four years since she made her first appearance on the stage, when she figured in Mr. Malcolm Watson's play "The Pharisee." Her greatest successes date from 1893, when she joined the Comedy Theatre, understudying Miss Winifred Emery in "Sowing the Wind," and afterwards playing "Rosamund," with great charm, on tour. At the Court Theatre she made a distinct hit in the amusing play, "Marriage,"—a success which I trust she will now repeat. Her recent appearance as Elaine, in "King Arthur," at the Lyceum, added very considerably to her reputation.

Mr. Playfair, who was born about twenty-six years ago in India, was intended for the army, and, of course, found his way to the stage. He began in 1887 with a small part in "Jim the Penman" in the provinces, but soon got his chance in town. His dramatic experience is confined almost

entirely to the lighter side of stagedom. He has been specially successful in his imitations of leading actors in such pieces as "The Prancing Girl," "The Babble Shop," and "Diplunacy." The best thing, perhaps, he has done was the Corporal of the "Dancing Cavalry Schoolery" in "His Excellency," where he imitated, in a spirit of admirable fooling, the gyrations of a *première danseuse*.

Mrs. Cecil Ramsey and Mr. Rudolph Cordova, who have been suddenly flashed on the public as supplying plays to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, are by no means new comers as has been supposed. The lady is the wife of Mr. Cecil Ramsey, who was so excellent as W. G. in "Walker, London" and who is playing now in "The Passport." Mrs. Ramsey, as Miss Alicia Royston, did a good deal of literary work. Mr. Cordova gained his experience in the very different school of acting. He has acted with Mary Anderson, and Modjeska, F. R. Benson and Ben Greet. Thus it is not astonishing that the pair should produce many plays.

Mr. Hardy has made considerable progress with his dramatisation of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and Mrs. Patrick Campbell has gone through the first act with him.



MISS LENA ASHWELL.
Photo by Hills & Saunders.

Will "Trilby" be a success on this side? Mr. Tree apparently thinks so, for he has issued a circular warning managers from accepting unauthorised adaptations of Mr. du Maurier's work.



THE LATE MADAME MIOLAN-CARVALHO.

Mr. Willie Edouin will open the Avenue Theatre on Saturday, with "Quong Hi," in which he recently appeared in a *matinée* at Terry's Theatre, as the inimitable "Heathen Chinee." Mr. Edouin has not been favoured by fortune of late, so that many will wish him some measure of success in his brief season at the house on the Embankment.

An extraordinary theatrical collection, calculated to raise a flutter in the heart of the collector, is being offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheran, booksellers. It consists of a large number of ledgers, journals, cash and cheque books, nightly accounts, receipts and payments, made from 1766 to 1847, by the lessees of Drury Lane. Its value as a collection of autographs (the names of Garrick, Sheridan, Siddons, Kemble, Kean, Jordan, and Vestris, occur frequently) is enhanced by the detailed accounts of the salary list, and no history has been written of the actor's salary, as illustrating the estimation of his art. Messrs. Sotheran, I note, have also an elaborately grangerised "Doran," and the memoirs of Mathews.

The original production of Gounod's "Faust" (1859) seems lost in the mists of antiquity, for the theatre ages rapidly, and yet the Marguerite of that memorable performance, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, has only just passed away. She was born at Marseilles in 1827, and made her *début* in 1849 at the Opera Comique in Paris, the manager of which she married. For twenty years she was a bright particular star in the operatic world, appearing in London in 1860. After she left the stage she continued to be a regular first-nighter.

Miss Calhoun may get a chance of showing us what she can do, as she is to appear in the new drama at Drury Lane in the autumn. Meantime, she has gone to her home "in the U. S. A."—as Miss Lalage Potts would say—for a holiday.

The new piece at the Adelphi is to be written by Mr. Brandon Thomas, with whom rumour associates Mr. Clement Scott. It is some time since Mr. Scott has produced any new play, although revivals of his adaptations are common enough in the provinces.

It is a curious sign of the times to find England regarded as a market for plays. "Charley's Aunt," of course, has led the way on the continent and some startling melodramas seem to have made some headway. "The Fatal Card" has been produced in Paris, and has been bought for Germany and Australia. There was a day when it was supposed that no good thing came out of any place but Paris.

Mention of the Adelphi reminds me that little attention has been paid to Miss Dora Barton, who has been figuring as Dick Burleigh, the son of the melancholy major (Mr. Charles Fulton), in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The little lady is one of the best child actresses; she has inherited the stage gift. Her mother, Miss Mary Barton, has appeared in many London theatres, though she has of late years turned her attention to the provinces. In "A Man's Shadow" she was Victoire, while her daughter was the child, Susanne. Dora understudied Minnie Terry in "The Silent Battle," and has supported Mr. Tree in



MISS DORA BARTON AS DICK,
IN "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

"An Enemy of the People." Her father is Mr. John Brockbank, who made an excellent Lord Dorlincourt in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

TOM TIT.



A "NEW WOMAN."

By EDITH A. HUGHES.

"YOU talk of marriage as if it were something to be dreaded; you might be going to be hanged, lass, instead of married," he said, angrily, casting wrathful looks at the curly head of a young girl who stood at the window. She was pinning a fly down by one wing, as if the fate of a nation hung on its escape.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, Jack. This fly represents me if I marry you—pinned down, can't get away. See how it struggles; and it never wanted to go till it felt itself bound!" and a merry shout of laughter rang out across the garden.

The fly flew off, and the curly head turned round and revealed a mischievous pair of blue eyes and naughty, petulant lips, which contrasted oddly with the words the girl spoke.

"I do want my freedom, and I don't want to be tied down to humdrum matrimony, even with you, dear old boy. I like being engaged, and we agree so well (especially in letters!) but you see, Jack, women have altered now, and one hears so much against marriage, and the novels of the day all point out the advantages of single blessedness, and—and—well, Jack, I'd rather drive tandem than drive a pair, and you'd be sure to want the reins, too," with a pout.

"Oh! I'm beginning to sight daylight now, dear. So it's all this talk of the 'New Woman,' and the obedience clause in the marriage service, and the emancipation craze that's turned my sweetheart's head, is it?"

"A year ago, before I sailed, I didn't hear all this, but it shall be as you wish, dear; nobody wants you to be married against your will. I came home to marry the girl who promised to be my wife, but I'll be hanged if I want a wife who mocks at the irksomeness of being bound—so you drive tandem—only keep a tight rein, and don't forget to try and remain what a good man reverences more than anything else on earth—a womanly woman."

The next day Jack Denby, Captain of the s.s. *Lyric* sailed for Hong Kong and the girl he left behind had yet to learn what a good heart and helpful hand she had rejected.

Nine months went by and brought to Jack's sweetheart great changes.

A railway accident took her father from her just in time to save him from a prison cell, and left her penniless, fatherless, and heartbroken under the double burden of shame and loss.

All the independent and advanced ideas which had flowed so freely and pertinently from the lips of a girl protected by a father's love and (as was supposed), backed by a fortune, seemed now of small service and brought her no consolation whatever. Her thoughts flew back to the days when she had sent away the man who would have been now such a stay and comfort—sent him away for the sake of a craze—a false, foolish *fin de siècle* craze.

Wandering drearily across the beautiful hall which she would leave behind to-morrow, she turned at the sound of a heavy footstep on the gravel path, and there, in front of her, stood the man who had her thoughts.

Jack Denby didn't say anything—the pitiful look in the blue eyes, which used to laugh and mock so mischievously, told him enough for the present—so he only put his strong arms round the girl he loved, and drew her close to him.

"Jack," she said, with a funny little catch in her breath, "Jack, I'm so tired and miserable, and I want you to love me again, and—and—I don't want to drive tandem any longer."

When the s.s. *Lyric* sailed again for Hong Kong, the captain took his wife with him; she has left off her crusade against men in general, is, on the whole, fairly obedient to one man in particular, and does not write articles on the emancipation of women. Though Jack wouldn't for the world suggest that his wife is "old" (he has too much respect for his ears!), he can vouch for the fact that she is no longer a "new woman."

BIRD TOWN.

THE chestnut lamps stand up,
And the fans hang green.
'Tis like an emerald cup
When the sun slants between.
Within they name it Bird Town
That lieth in gold sheen.

And this is the bird's town,
With the houses a-row.
The birds go up and down.
O, light of heart they go!
Each singing to his brown sweet
Of a sweetness they know.

In Bird Town it is sweet
When the dawn wind blows,
And birds awake to greet
The sun in his gold rose;
And ever round and round him
The great glory flows.

In Bird Town all day
There's happy work and song,
Building for Love to stay,
A pleasant house and strong.
The little mason sings all day,
Nor finds the gold hours long.

O sweet is the birds' town
When they sing them to rest;
When starry night comes down,
Wing to wing, breast to breast.
And 'tis sweet, O, 'tis sweet
To inhabit Love's own nest.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



"EXCELSIOR."

PHOTO BY LAFAY-
ETTE, DUBLIN.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

A REAL ROMANCE OF MSS.
SIR GEORGE GREY AND THE ARAB SHEIK.

THIS is the strange story of some manuscripts which fully thirty years ago were sent out of the depths of Africa for Sir George Grey. It is a pretty thread of literary

romance, and the last knot of it has just been unwound. That was how I came to hear the tale from Sir George himself, one afternoon recently. All his life he has been an ardent collector of rare books and manuscripts, thinking no trouble too great in their search. What the Southern world owes to these labours of love, let it say, as it continues to have reason to say.

"Well," Sir George admitted, going over the contents of a letter arrived from New Zealand, "the history of the manuscripts is rather odd. The various steps in it are, however, simple enough, and can be told quite shortly."

"I think it was while you were Governor at the Cape that the story began?"

"Yes, my interest had been aroused by some manuscripts from North-East Africa which Dr. Krapf, a German missionary, brought to light. The most notable one was entitled 'Dshno dsha Herkal,' or the 'Book of Heraclius,' meaning, of course, Heraclius, the Greek Emperor. Here was an account—although the manuscript unfortunately was not complete—of warlike events between Mohamed, and Askaf, Governor of Syria for Heraclius. If it could be followed up we might, it seemed

to me, get most important light upon the early history of Africa."

"So you proceeded to follow it up?"

"I sent word, through David Livingstone chiefly, to Zanzibar and thereabout, that I much wished to get any manuscripts like the 'Book of Heraclius'—manuscripts relating to the Greeks and Romans in Africa. Well, I go

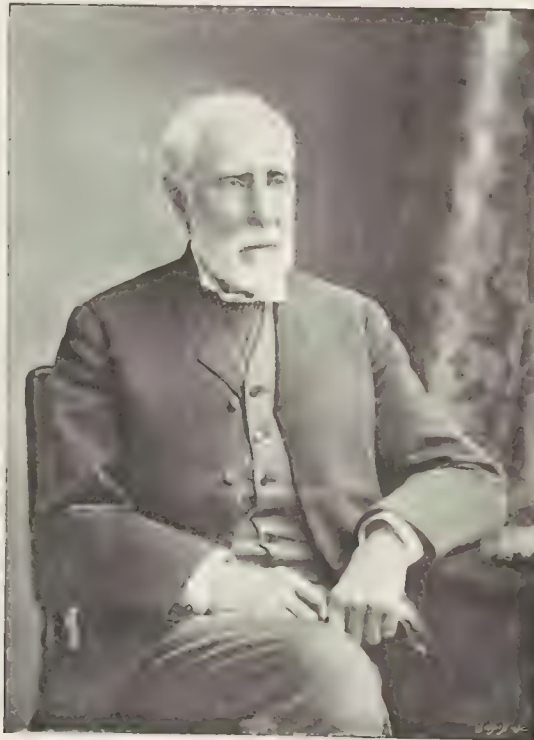
away from South Africa and a good long time passes, and an English man-of-war is off the coast of Mombasa. A boat is seen leaving the land and making for the man-of-war. In this boat, it turns out, there is a very respectable old Arab gentleman, as the captain of the man-of-war in a letter to me, described him. The old gentleman hands up a parcel to the officers, saying he is very anxious that they should take charge of it and deliver it to me."

"This being a collection of manuscripts, coming as an answer to your request of years before?"

"So it proved. The old Arab gentleman said he wanted no payment for them, nothing but my thanks. The man-of-war put the parcel ashore at the Cape in due course, and it was sent after me to New Zealand. This would have been in 1861 or 1862."

"You got the parcel all right?"

"Oh, yes. Very well, I naturally supposed that they were similar to the Heraclius manuscript, for it was such works that I wanted, if they were in existence. But nobody could be found to translate the manuscripts and the accompanying letter from the old Arab gentleman—there was nobody available in New Zealand familiar with the languages used.



THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE EDWARD GREY, K.C.B.

Photo by Russell & Sons.

Manuscripts and letter have therefore remained largely a secret in the Auckland Library all these years. Now here comes to me in London a communication from Mr. Edward Shillington, the excellent librarian at Auckland, saying that at last the problem has been solved. An Assyrian gentleman, with a knowledge of English, visiting New Zealand, had heard of the manuscripts and being shown the packet, at once proceeded to translate the papers."

"And the manuscripts turn out to be—what?"

"Not as had been assumed, works referring to the Greeks and Romans in Africa, but the writings of poets, astronomers, and scholars—not precisely what I sought for, but still no doubt very rare and valuable. The kernel of the whole thing, however, is that I have now been made master of the contents of my Arab friend's letter. It is quite a remarkable, it may also be said, I think, a beautiful letter, and would adorn the humanity of any writer. But just read it yourself."

And Sir George handed me the document. The only way to deal with so quaint a missive—a letter, moreover, delivering its message after so many days—is to give the gist of it. It opens, then, with the usual Moslem salutation, and is addressed to "the most beloved and sincere friend, the cavern of hospitality and source of generosity, Sir George Grey." Mohamed Naser Eben, as the name of the old Arab proves to be, explains that he had heard of Sir George's wish for manuscripts through the English representative at Zanzibar. He goes on thus :—

And when I went from Zanzibar to Oman . . . to the Hajera, he told me to buy you Arabic books, and to get their value either from the English Consul or from him. But I replied that "I don't require money, and that if I can find any in Oman, I shall buy them and pay of my own money." Most unfortunately, I went astray in Oman, and was lost for two years in a village called Nankel, which is about three days' journey from the coast.

Poor fellow! this getting lost was very awkward, but his zeal to serve Sir George Grey had not lessened. He was still determined to send him manuscripts, and he describes the nature of those put into the parcel. One, for instance, was "Kashef and Bayan," and dealt with many things touching "high morality and reason." Another he characterised as "full of golden leaves," which surely in itself is a fine expression. Then he drops into a poetically-worded appreciation of the treasures of literature, thus :—

Dear friend, if we see a garden surrounded by a wall, and its gate is locked, I do not think we can judge as rightly about its fruits—whether they are sweet and delicious or not—as if we enter into it and taste its different varieties. So it is with books—unless you understand them and read them with care, you cannot realise their beauty and sweetness.

Again he returns to the personal side of his letter, and expresses the hope that he and Sir George may meet some day. Should Sir George want anything done at Zanzibar or Oman, only let him know. "Be it little or much, small or large, you will find me ready to do it free ; for, thank God, I have plenty."

"An Arab gentleman, indeed," I said to Sir George, when I had finished the letter. "And I see his last words are, 'I trust you won't deprive your friend of the ever-pleasing news of your health and happiness.'"

"I'm afraid I have been a long time in replying," was Sir George's comment, "but it could not be helped, you see. Now, I have just sent a letter, and if it does not find Mohamed Naser Eben alive, I trust it may let his family know that even at this distant date I am very grateful."

So the story ends, unless, happily, Mohamed Naser Eben is heard from again.



HENRY VIII. GRANTING THE ACT OF UNION OF THE BARBERS' COMPANY WITH THE GUILD OF SURGEONS.

From the picture by Holbein, at present in the Hall of the Barbers' Company, and offered for sale to the Corporation of the City of London for £15,000.



WOMAN, with a capital W, appears to have cast aside her chiffons, her frivolities, and her fripperies, and to be sallying forth in her thousands to cajole the voters in the simplest of tweed coats and skirts, it



AN EVENING BODICE.

having evidently been decided that the austerity of the frock shall guarantee the simplicity of the motive. Well, serge coats and skirts and their like unquestionably have their charms, especially those hall-marked new; and

nobody would dream of approaching a constituent in an old gown. The best way of making these plain gowns is with the full skirt and the short basqued coat, while innumerable buttons should be allowed to play their part, the shirt front should be of immaculate whiteness, whether of chiffon or cambric or lace, and the hat which completes the effect should be black. Costumes for the elections suggest a new chapter in the book of dress, and the wag will at once propose that these should be made of canvas. Well, canvas is not a bad material in its way. Indeed, only the other day I met a black canvas of extremely pleasing details. This had a bodice of white chiffon covered with an *appliqué* of black lace, and round the neck and at the waist was a band of gold *galon*, gold *galon* being at the moment very much patronised by those who study the details of dress with the attention they deserve.

Another notable feature of fashion is black, the black hat being pre-eminently in favour and invariably being trimmed with innumerable black feathers. Should our fancy for these continue, the ostrich will not have a feather left to fly with. But I am deplorably ignorant as to whether ostriches do fly or not, the only peculiarity of theirs which haunts my memory being that they bury their heads in the sand and imagine nobody can see them. Poor things! If they didn't leave their tails sticking out they might have a better chance of preserving their beauty.

As usual I am not alone. I never am allowed to write in peace. Two girls are in here gossiping about where they are going to spend their holidays, just as if this were the most important matter in life. They are discussing the rival merits of Eastbourne and Folkestone, just as if either of these places had any merits when compared with the joys of Ostend. It is curious how satisfied everybody always is with their own choice of holiday ground. We have almost as much prejudice in favour of our own selection of this as we have in our choice of a doctor. Talking of doctors reminds me that the medical veto continues to be removed

from the bicyclist, who pursues her merry way unfettered by hygienic considerations. New bicycling costumes put in their appearance every day, the newest form of skirt having the knickerbockers attached, these knickerbockers

being made of satin the same colour as the lining of the skirt, and certainly possessing the advantage of elegance. The fact that they are attached to the side seams of the skirt, too, prevents the wind, even at the most boisterous, from achieving any disastrously unbecoming effects.



A SERGE YACHTING DRESS.

There is no doubt about it that bicycling is going to be the order of our holiday-making days, and I suspect that the Home of Rest for Horses will receive many fresh inmates. No longer will the jaded steed trot his half-a-crown-an-hour up and down the Esplanade; he will be permitted, so to speak, to eat his head off in the stable, while his two-wheeled rival bowls the fair and unfair riders over the hills and far away.

The sailor hat looks best on the bicycle, and there is a new variety of this with a bell shaped crown trimmed with a black ribbon and a speckled wing. This has rather a wide brim and is quite becoming, and at the present moment is only to be procured at the somewhat outrageous price—considering its details—of a guinea.

But there are other clothes besides bicycling dresses I ought to think about—at least, so those two gossiping girls in my room tell me. They consider it my duty to point out the best material for afternoon wear at the seaside; and as I invariably do my duty, I proceed to mention, for about the six hundredth time, more or less, the charms of the immortal blue serge, while I hint at the popular possibilities of fine French cashmere, and mention that the *chiné* silk gown in dark colours is also deserving of patronage.

Amongst our most urgent requirements are some pretty, high evening bodices; these to be made of chiffon covered with lace for choice; and for economy, of some soft silk or silken crêpe. The new silken crêpes are very pretty and pleasingly inexpensive.

A bodice of this, made of pale blue, with a fichu just showing the throat, frilled across over the bust, and tied at the back at the waist into a bow with long ends, makes quite a charming addition to one's wardrobe, and it is an excellent plan to take the season's evening gowns and induce them to serve as linings for evening bodices.

The black, accordion-pleated chiffon bodice still retains some place in our affections, and this looks best now when supplied with a short coat of cream braid lace, the chiffon showing through the lace, and being permitted to form a vest in the front.

A gold *galon* collar-band and belt strike a pleasing note, and the sleeves can either be made with accordion-kilted frills meandering down the back, or in the less modern style of a long piece of accordion pleating overhanging a narrow band at the wrist. Either way, success may be achieved. Which



A SEASIDE FROCK AND NEW SAILOR HAT.

reminds me—it is impossible really for me to remember anything while those girls are gossiping so—that I have not described those dresses which our artist has sketched on this page.

PAULINA PRY.



CONCERNING CATCHFLIES.

THERE are thickets of catchfly, or bladder campion, in the grassy margins of the country lanes at the moment, tangles of creamy blossoms where the little strawberry potentil and Jack-by-the-hedge had it all their own way a while ago. Pretty flowers the campions are, and it is worth while to tarry beside them for a brief space to admire the beautiful reticulation of the veinings of the large hollow calyces that hold the dainty petals.

Rosemary is not the only plant for remembrance; indeed, it is difficult for anyone who is country-bred to contemplate a common flower—almost any common flower—that does not bring a flood of memories with it. Memories of love or of friendship, of revels, of rambles, of pleasure or of pain; memories long set aside and half-forgotten in the routine of daily life, but recalled in an instant by the sight of a wayside flower; memories of quaint legendary lore and hearsay histories, of no importance, perhaps, but pleasant to ponder over.

For example, the sight of these "white bottles," as the village folk call them, recalls a story of the island of Minorca, which may be true or not, but which sets forth that once upon a time when locusts descended upon the isle and ravaged it, so that there was no fruit left, nor corn, nor any produce, and starvation stalked through the land, they spared the campions which still flourished by the wayside, putting forth their fresh young shoots in great abundance. And many people ate of the one green thing that was left by the devouring swarm, and were saved from death thereby. Since that time it is said that in Minorca and other adjacent islands, as well as in many towns on the Mediterranean seaboard, the plant is greatly cultivated as an article of food, the young shoots losing their bitter taste when blanched, and becoming as delicate and tender as asparagus, with the taste and smell of green peas.

Then there is a fable connected with the catchfly which its botanical name, *Silene*, revives. Bald Old Silenus—the rollicking, the too convivial—merged at last in some occult way into this plant, the bladders of the campion being the presentments of the wine skins with which he was ever well laden. Thus in his perpetuated semblance he is condemned to carry empty *canthari* to the end of time. Alas, poor Silenus!

All through the long summer days the campions stand in the sun, holding up their heads to the light and seeming to listen to the tune of the humming insects that quiver in the air, "upward and downward, thwarting and convulsed"; but by-and-by, as the sunbeams slant and the shadows lengthen on the grass, as the pine trees grow sombre and their boles gleam red, a shyness seems to fall upon the flowers; they are not so upstanding at the sunset as at noontide; and very presently, when the dusk settles upon the lane and there is deep darkness amongst the trees, when the owls awaken from their drowsing and call to one another

tu-whit-to-whoo-oo!—when the owls are abroad and alert, the campion droops its head. And thereby hangs yet another tale—the true history of the plant,—saith ancient tradition, inasmuch as the fearful hanging of the flowers bears testimony to its truth.

This is the story:—In Attica aforetime there lived a youth named Campion, a comely boy and active, nimble and quick of movement as a young tiger cat. Him did Pallas employ to catch flies for the delectation of her favourite owls; for the summer was advancing and the sun struck fiercely down upon Greece, blinding the vision of the birds, whose companionship the goddess required in the night season. Thus did Campion wander far afield all the livelong day, from the time when the sun rose over the islands to the hour of its setting behind the mountain peaks to the westward. From the lad's neck depended the thin-blown bladders in which he imprisoned the buzzing insects as he caught them.

He sought the flies in the branches of the arbutus trees and in the twigs of the stunted oaks that grew upon the slopes, he searched for them amid the ripening fruit of the wild pear trees and amongst the patches of heather that grew sparsely, here and there, in the rocky, barren waste that led down to the sea, where no birds sang to cheer his loneliness, but hooded crows cried hoarsely to one another, flapping heavily above him. In the shimmer of the noon-tide heat the isles took unreal shapes and seemed to tremble upon the glassy sea like a mirage, or as in a dream. And Campion, marking the breeze that stirred amongst the pine trees up beyond on the mountain side, climbed thereto and rested him under their shade, watching the goats that nibbled the short dry herbage on the slopes below and on the ledges above the scarps.

High over head, above the pine trees and the peaks, the storks sailed swiftly through the golden air, flying inland in goodly companies to their nests in the villages that dotted the fertile plains far away from these arid wastes; to homesteads where the barley waved its golden fringes in the caressing breeze, where it was pleasant in the olive groves and amongst the vines, where even now the harvest had commenced and the vintage, with rejoicing and festival, where wine flowed freely when the day's work was overpast and luscious fruits were spread, and honey, sweet and aromatic, from Hymettus.

Campion thought of these things as he rested on the hot slope above the shining sea, what time the flies droned and droned in the bladders that hung beside him on a pine spur, till their humming took the sound of a lullaby, a gentle, soothing sleep-song, that charmed away his weariness and the ache of the heat and the glare. Then Campion slept for a while, forgetful of the wants of the sacred birds, forgetful of everything, in the deep dreamless sleep of youth.

To him came upon a sudden Pallas, vengeful and filled with wrath, hating all idleness as she was intolerant of pride, and changed him instantly, in her indignant displeasure, into the flower that now bears his name, decreeing that he should for all time inhabit the waste places of the earth, bearing with him for evermore the bladders in which he erstwhile imprisoned his flies. Wherefore the pale flower droops and hangs its head as the call of the brown owl breaks upon the stillness of the eventide.

Tu-whit-to-whoo-oo-oo! The long-drawn note seems to take a sinister inflection as the bird threads its silent flight along the hedgerow above the shrinking flower.

B. M. GWYN LEWIS.



THE DUKE OF GENOA ON BOARD
THE ITALIAN FLAGSHIP "SAVOIA,"
AT PORTSMOUTH. PHOTO BY RUSSELL
AND SONS.



THE SEASON OF THE LADY CYCLIST.

THE society reporter has assured us that the knell of the season was heard a week or two ago, and he has taken the opportunity to indulge in a retrospect. While he finds much that deserves the epithet "brilliant" and much that he styles "fascinating" in the social events of the last three months, the best of his eulogy is reserved for the practices of the lady cyclist and the astonishing assent with which her apocalypse has been received. He tells us with fit rapture that of all the things for which the season of the year 1895 will be remembered, none will linger so long in the memory as the delightful cycling breakfast parties in Battersea Park. For Mr. Algernon Bourke, who bought a piece of ground from the County Council and promoted these "functions," he can discover no satisfying words of praise. Every morning, says he, we have looked for such pretty and graceful riders as Lady Norreys, Lady Wolverton, Miss Mabel Duncombe, Mrs. Willie Grenfell, Lady Fêo Sturt, and scores of others, and have not been disappointed. The Surreysider has stood aghast at this invasion of his park. The cleverness and the daring of the performers have almost silenced the brutalities of the *gamin* and have converted the clamorous coster to Conservatism. Now consuming strawberries and cream at daintily decked tables, now skimming round the track with the agility of a hired fairy, always picturesquely dressed—the lady cyclist has won over the East End. She has stretched out her hand across the water, and 'Enery 'Awkins has kissed it. It remains only for Archdeacons to bless and for Archbishops—on tandems—to consummate the happy union.

All this is very pleasing but many of those who are content to reserve their judgment in matters of this sort may well cry *il n'y a que le matin en toutes choses*. Before we make up our minds whether this boom in lady cyclists is to last, we must look on the other side of the picture. And this other side is not always pleasing. There was tried at a North London police court some few weeks ago a case which had not quite the charm and the content of these pretty breakfast parties in Battersea Park. If I am remembering it rightly, one lady cyclist ran down another, and in the

course of the explanations which ensued, a good deal of hair was torn out, while words were exchanged which no self-respecting paper would publish. It was declared upon oath that the ignorant wayfarers who watched the various rounds fought, and constituted themselves referees and sponge holders, were not in favour of the rational dress. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself" was the remark of one bystander. Another feelingly asked an elderly, if pugnacious, rider what she meant by putting "them things" on. And as a lady cyclist declared with tears in court, she and her kind were still doomed to meet with considerable insult whenever and wherever the rational dress was displayed on the Queen's highroad.

Such hostility must be set down to a very shabby ignorance. None the less is it a factor in the answer to the question, What is the future of the lady cyclist? Will she

go on conquering prejudice in remote villages, or will she, having aired her graces in Battersea Park for a couple of seasons, forget her bicycle and return to her horse? I am inclined to think that she will do both. While it must be admitted that the exhibition promoted by White's Club and by Mr. Algernon Bourke is a mere craze, and will be swept ultimately into the limbo whereto all crazes go, it is impossible to deny that young ladies who read in distant hamlets of these doings will imitate them and add to the army of lady riders. And here we may hope to find solidity for the movement. That a woman can derive considerable pleasure from a modern bicycle, there is no possible doubt. The exercise is good for her; the costume is becoming. When once example has conquered prejudice, and the milliner has conquered both—the bicycle should flourish exceedingly. Already the world



LADY CYCLISTS IN BATTERSEA PARK.

has thrust forth a vanity which has buzzed into his ears—the man's to wit. The verdict of the Bachelors is, that no girl could look so "fetching" as on a bicycle. If the greater majority are held back now by the traditions of a gloomy past, they will be held back no longer when all Belgravia rides and all the Albany goes out to see. And that such a time is at hand, the season has proved in its life and is proving in its death.

I say, proving in its death, but a word must be added to this. In a few weeks, the craze which has been London's, will be known at Eastbourne, at Scarborough, at Cromer, at Southsea. Nor is it idle to hope that when the first fury has passed, and people no longer ride because it is the thing, there will remain a host of lady cyclists who will have found a new joy and a new pastime in one of the most delightful exercises that the century has introduced to us.

MAX PEMBERTON.

Rulers of Europe.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND, EMPRESS OF INDIA.
BORN MAY 24, 1819: ASCENDED THE THRONE
JUNE 20, 1837. PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.



HIS MAJESTY NICHOLAS II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. BORN MAY 18, 1868: ASCENDED THE THRONE NOV. 1, 1894. PHOTO BY W. & D. DOWNEY.



HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM II., KING OF PRUSSIA
AND GERMAN EMPEROR. BORN JANUARY
27, 1859: ASCENDED THE THRONE JUNE 15,
1888. PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.



HIS MAJESTY KING HUMBERT OF ITALY.
BORN MARCH 14, 1844: SUCCEEDED TO
THE THRONE JAN. 9, 1878. PHOTO BY
MONTABONE, FLORENCE.



HIS MAJESTY FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR
OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY.
BORN AUGUST 18, 1830: ASCENDED THE
THRONE DEC. 2, 1848. PHOTO BY KOLLER,
BUDAPESTH.



HIS MAJESTY CHRISTIAN IX., KING OF
DENMARK. BORN APRIL 8, 1818: AS-
CENDED THE THRONE NOV. 15, 1863.
PHOTO BY HAUSEN & WELLER, COPENHAGEN.



HIS MAJESTY GEORGE I., KING OF
GREECE. BORN DEC. 24, 1845; AS-
CENDED THE THRONE JUNE 27, 1863.
PHOTO BY MERLIN, ATHENS.



DR. JOSEPH ZEMP, PRESIDENT OF THE
SWISS CONFEDERATION FOR 1895.
PHOTO BY A. WICKY, BERN



HIS MAJESTY KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN
AND NORWAY. BORN JANUARY 21, 1829:
ASCENDED THE THRONE SEPT. 18, 1872.
PHOTO BY SELMA JACOBSEN, STOCKHOLM.



HIS MAJESTY ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN.
BORN MAY 17, 1886, THEN AT ONCE SUC-
CEEDING TO THE THRONE OF HIS DE-
CEASED FATHER. PHOTO BY FERNANDO DEBAS,
MADRID.



HER MAJESTY WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF
THE NETHERLANDS. BORN AUGUST 31,
1880; SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE
NOV. 23, 1890. PHOTO BY KAMEKE, THE HAGUE.



M. FELIX FAURE, PRESIDENT OF THE
FRENCH REPUBLIC. BORN JANUARY 30,
1841: ELECTED PRESIDENT JANUARY
17, 1895. PHOTO BY BERTHAUD, PARIS.



HIS MAJESTY CARLOS I., KING OF
PORTUGAL. BORN SEPT. 28, 1863; SUC-
CEDED TO THE THRONE OCT. 10, 1889.
PHOTO BY CAMACHO, LISBON.



HIS MAJESTY KING ALBERT OF SAXONY.
BORN APRIL 23, 1828: SUCCEEDED TO
THE THRONE OCT. 29, 1873. PHOTO BY
MAYER, DRESDEN.



HIS MAJESTY KING OTTO OF BAVARIA.
BORN APRIL 27, 1848; SUCCEEDED TO
THE THRONE JUNE 13, 1886. PHOTO BY J.
ALBERT, MUNICH.



HIS MAJESTY LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE
BELGIANS. BORN APRIL 9, 1835: SUC-
CEDED TO THE THRONE DEC. 10, 1865.
PHOTO BY A. BASSANO.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

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SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOT,
OF DALY'S THEATRE.
PHOTO BY FALK, NEW YORK.



MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE as brother-in-law of a Bishop! Most persons know him in that capacity for the first time on reading the biographies of Bishop Thorold of Winchester. That Prelate married Miss Labouchere. But he has been so long a widower that the link was lost between him and his journalistic brother-in-law. Last year, however, both Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere stayed at Farnham Castle, greatly enjoying the slight incongruity of the situation.

Such is fame. The *Times*, in an obituary notice of the husband of Mrs. Ewing, refers to her most famous book as "Joe Ranapes." But there is so much of Joe altogether in the *Times* just now, that the printer's error is perhaps easily understood.

Miss Clara Montalba is the first Englishwoman—for she ranks herself as such—to be asked to contribute her portrait to the Uffizi Gallery—if you want to be extra correct you can spell it Uffizii. Miss Montalba and her sisters usually winter in Venice, the city which has supplied the delightful art of two of them with unfailing subjects. But their plan is to spend each summer in London. The death of the sculptor sister, Miss Henrietta Montalba, interfered last year with this plan; and this year Miss Clara Montalba and Miss Hilda Montalba are here for only a short time. But they give their English friends hopes of better things in future years.

Lady Wimborne's dance on Monday was practically the final flourish, as far as ball-giving goes, of a season which spent every night, more or less, on the light fantastic toe, often, too, in half-a-dozen places at once. Lady Tweeddale, in well arranged yellow and peach colour, never looked handsomer. Lady Amphyll was deservedly one of the most admired girls in the room. I saw the Dowager Baroness, too, in the midst of a bevy of chaperons. Lord Abinger was amongst the young men who waltzed, but I did not see his pretty cousin, Miss Cockerell, who has been a good deal about this season. Mr. Herbert Praed was amongst the prophets of his generation, and Mrs. Harry Lawson smartly frocked as usual. Lady Halsbury's small dance on the following night went very pleasantly, and on the 24th Lady Blundell Maple and Lady Edward Hertslet both gave parties which positively finished my season in town, for the welcome exchange of a yachting cruise, than which I know no better pick-me-up for the utter collapse which laborious pleasures entail.

Sir J. Russell Reynolds, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, has a most charming personality and a courtly way which is quite natural for one who is a physician to the Queen. Sir Russell's brother is the scholarly Dr. H. R. Reynolds, who presided over Cheshunt College for so many years. One of the interesting incidents in Sir Russell's medical career is the fact that he was consulted just previous to the death of Charles

Dickens. Many years ago the two brothers Reynolds collaborated on a story which is now, I expect, quite forgotten. Since then Dr. H. R. Reynolds has written



SIR J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, BART.
Photo by Maull & Fox.

some fine theological books, and the physician has added to medical libraries by more than one valuable work. Sir Russell would, I fancy, subscribe to the dictum, "Hurry is of the devil," for he has a very orderly and methodical way of getting through the busy day.

The number of wedding presents given by the Royal family every season to those various brides who come into Royal cognisance must represent a startling sum total sterling. There are sometimes two and three season weddings in a day, at which presents from Marlborough House, St. James's Palace, or elsewhere, form the central attraction amongst all others. Naturally Royalty is only appropriately represented by jewels. So the "wedding present tax," as it has been justly called, forms no light item of Royal expenditure. Lady Eva Greville's wedding presents were, by the way, exceptionally beautiful; a splendid diamond and turquoise bracelet coming from the Prince and Princess, another jewelled bangle being sent by the Princesses Victoria and Maud; a diamond brooch from the Duchess of York, together with a lovely white feather fan. The joint gift from both Duke and Duchess took the form of diamond and sapphire brooch and earrings. The Duchess of York is, by the way, bringing these latter ornaments into fashion again.

Covent Garden was smart up to the last night this season. All the subscribers, or nearly all, were *en grande tenue* to see Eames in Tannhäuser and Calvé in Cavalleria and Carmen. The Princess of Wales in black spangled net and wonderful diamonds sat in the Royal box on the night of the last-named opera. With her the two Princesses in white satin. The Prince came in later with the Duke of York. Lady de Grey in black, with the well-known diamond crescent in her hair, looked extremely well. She has been a very constant attendant at Covent Garden this season. So, too, the Duchess of Sutherland who frequently brings a party to the opera. The house included Lady Dunraven with her two daughters, Lord and Lady Ampthill, Lady Londonderry wearing her "crown" of brilliants, Princess Henry of Pless in white satin and pearls, a very fair vision indeed, and so on all round; a vista of notabilities.

Those fortunate people who live near enough to Dorchester House to get a view of the gardens and terrace, have had a unique opportunity of entertaining their friends this season. The Shahzada and suite have practised their devotions like good Mussulmans after sunset every evening, the rites being performed in the gardens. Consequently, as soon as this latest excitement got about, "bedroom parties" were most successfully organised by the Shahzada's neighbours, as it was only from the upper windows a good view could be had. Needless to say, the windows were in much demand, and it is to be hoped that native piety was not too often diverted from turning toward its orthodox eastern aspect, by the frivolous window-gardens of fair humanity just above. It was a very naughty habit of inspection, no doubt, but that it also proved mightily diverting cannot be denied.

Homburg has now really attained its usual August air of cosmopolitan crowds. The Elizabeth Spring is surrounded, ten deep, with thirsty water-drinkers at 7 a.m., and a dense mob of well-dressed throng the Kursaal terrace every evening, to dine, frivo!, see the fireworks and listen to the band. As for cyclists, the roads to Nauheim and Frankfort are never without some sylphs of the wheel in the smart knickerbockers of French, or Transatlantic, or the more demure short skirts to which we shyly adhered in Battersea and Trafalgar Square. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland are down every morning at the Springs; so, too, Lord William Manners, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Thaddeus, Miss Sybil Saunderson, Lady Victoria Manners, Colonel Curran, very spick, span and superior, with hundreds beside. The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece affect the tennis courts a good deal; so, too, do the Hereditary Prince and King Carl Isenburg and Princess Massalsky. English and Americans no longer enthuse over tennis to the same extent since golfing links and a good "biking" track have been established. Tables are already being engaged, three deep, on the verandah at Ritter's, now that the arrival of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is definitely dated.

Very different from the century-end air which Homburg now inevitably expresses, is that worn by rural old-fashioned Schinznach. No balls here, no casino, no smart frocks, but absolute quiet, an excellent water cure and lovely scenery. Of course, some few have found it out, Queen Isabella preferring Schinznach to most other watering places, but the number is comparatively few. Here, as elsewhere, bicycling is a vogue, the latest votary being Mdle. Georgette



AT BISLEY.—PRIVATE T. H. HAYHURST, OF THE THIRTEENTH CANADIAN RIFLES, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE, AWAITING RESULT OF THE LAST SHOT.

Photo by C. Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Leblanc, a well-known favourite of Opera Comique goers, who has just come out from Paris, and may be met with her brother, an accomplished wheelman, bowling along the shady roads in the most coquettish of costumes. Middle. Georgette's *chic* air in cycling should reconcile the most aggravated type of British matron to knickerbockers, I am sure, as compared with our still dowdy way of dressing this new amusement.

Now that town has become a dreary desert, socially speaking, and all the world gone far afield for fresh amusement, one naturally finds "mere gossip" extending its radius to pastures new *ad infinitum*. From the Maloja come great accounts from friends of their "diversions," generally headed by Dr. Conan Doyle, whose golfing form

manner born, at Mr. Gunnis' marriage to Miss Ivy Streatfield. The post, by the way, demands many faculties, as a shy or awkward best man is a woe to everyone, from officiating bishops downwards. I saw one lately wreck the bride's white satin train by walking over it through pure and unnecessary nervousness, while another, more hopeless still, offered the bridegroom a cigar instead of the ring, with which he had inadvertently been entrusted. As usual, a pretty page was pressed into the service for this wedding, and Master Ian Gunnis, in white satin, played the part very completely. The bride's uncle, Mr. Oswald Smith, received the guests afterwards at 73, Eaton Square. Lady Maud Bowes-Lyon was one of the eight bridesmaids, who were all dressed in white, with pale green ribbons and knots of pink roses in their hats.



FLAMINGOES IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.

Photo by David Fox, Kew, Victoria.

has infused a very enthusiastic spirit into other visitors. Mrs. and Miss St. Leger, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lockwood, General and Mrs. Haig, and Mr. Norman Neruda are staying at the Maloja Palace, as the hotel is now called since the *Wagons Lits* Company has taken it over. Under this new administration, an Engadine Express Service has mercifully been started, which runs twice weekly between Calais and Coire, to replace mediæval, not to say antediluvian, arrangements existing up to now. Five hours of the journey are cut off, better postal manners also inaugurated, and, as a natural consequence, double the number of English and others are already breathing the "champagne ether of the Upper Engadine."

Lord Kenyon played the part of best man, as if to the

Miss Florence G. E. Higgins, whose portrait is given this week, has become the pioneer of the Mus. Bac. feminine gender, having quite lately graduated at the London University, and successfully attained the high standard required, not only in music, but the more abstruse requirements of sound when considered as a scientific theory. Like Alexander, the modern woman will soon be reduced to sighing for new worlds to conquer, through having accomplished the little all that is possible in this absurdly easy civilization. What will finally happen to the unnecessary and elbowed-out male we cannot pause to think. His position becomes so obviously embarrassed. With Musical Bachelors, fully qualified M.D.'s, Q.C.'s, M.P.'s, and the rest, it really seems as if mere man must dwindle into an unscientific and unconsidered abstraction.



MISS FLORENCE HIGGINS,
THE FIRST LADY TO
RECEIVE THE DEGREE OF
BACHELOR OF MUSIC.
PHOTO BY BARRAUDS.

Lady Maple's reception, by the way, resolved itself into a very pleasant little dance after 12 o'clock. With the Blue Hungarians, a perfect floor and plenty of young people, not lacking the *joie de vivre* which even that finished cynic Ibsen allows to exist—what more natural? Amongst the many well-known people present were the Speaker, with Mrs. and Miss Gully, Lady Jeune, Lord Wodehouse, Mr. Thaddeus, Mr. and Mrs. Maitland Shaw, Mr. Glossop, Mr. Peel, Mr. Webster, M.P., and Mrs. Webster. Lady Maple wore the famous Eglinton black pearls, with a splendid coronet of diamonds and pearls. Miss Maple looked extremely charming in a fluffy arrangement of white tulle, which admirably suited her fair style. The decorations, florally speaking, were splendidly carried out, festoons of pink roses quite covering the walls and staircases, against a background of palms and maidenhair fern, making a spectacle that would have delighted the eye of a rose-loving Watteau.

Lady Hertslet's evening fête at Richmond on the same date went off most successfully. The gardens were hung with coloured lanterns which led down to the river, while Lady Hertslet's guests, like the classic lady of Banbury, had music wherever they went. Many drove to Richmond from town, and all the neighbouring everybodies who were anybodies showed up on the hospitable lawn between nine and eleven. Fortunately, too, the weather which had showed signs of breaking, kept up, and so there was ample opportunity for sitting out.

Lord Rosebery takes to a life on the ocean wave with enthusiasm and a well-proved belief in the recuperating powers of a yachting cruise. At the moment our Ex-Premier is on board the "St. Cecilia," with a select party of friends, to use the classic phrase that covers so many inconsistencies. This fine boat belongs to Mr. Thomas Steven, J.P., of Helensburgh, and is capable of any long distance journeys, nautically speaking, her tonnage being 135. Lord Rosebery put in to Oban Bay last week on his way North, so will not probably therefore make an appearance during the Cowes week. By-the-way, wonderful things are told me of Baron Nathaniel Rothschild's newly-completed yacht "Veglia," the luxury and beauty of whose arrangements are said to surpass even Vanderbilt annals of floating fairy palaces.

Peril does not usually lie in wait for English tourists who cross the Channel at this season of the year. But the other day the passengers by a certain boat had the distraction of a little excitement which broke the monotony of the voyage. In mid-channel a sudden grating noise beneath the vessel sent the invalids flying from their cabins to the deck. Those on deck started from their seats, and everybody collected under the bridge, staring blankly at one another. The grating noise continued, but before anybody had time to ask or answer a question a huge buoy emerged from beneath the vessel, righted itself, and sailed angrily away in the wake of the steamer. With all the channel for elbow-room, the vessel had been steered straight upon this buoy, which resented the indignity by producing that ominous grating sound which so alarmed the passengers.

Humble citizens have been known to swagger somewhat by reason of their likeness to distinguished men. And little harm is done by the vanity. But when one distin-

guished man bears so striking a resemblance to another distinguished man that he is stopped by a stranger in the street, and charged with the literary and artistic sins of the other, the situation becomes a little embarrassing. At a dinner party, Mr. du Maurier was once addressed by a young lady under the impression that he was Mr. Alma Tadema. And Mr. Alma Tadema, in his turn, has often been mistaken for the famous Punch artist.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Rider Haggard have also been mistaken for one another. Not only are they alike in appearance, but their walk, and way of standing, are also similar. And now that Mr. Rider Haggard has become a successful novelist and a country squire, his build has grown akin to the Rhodesian physique. He was stopped one day outside a London hotel and button-holed by a stranger, who for a long time declined to believe that he was not Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Although the season is well on the wane, there is no falling off in the attendance of cyclists at Battersea Park. Ladies still drive up in their carriages, alight, mount their bicycles, ride half-a-dozen times round the course, return the machine into the hands of a patronising footman, and drive home to a well-earned lunch. But they have quite given up all idea of wearing the rational cycling dress, although a rumour went round the park the other morning, that a pretty young widow had been seen riding at an early hour, wearing a pair of fashionably-made *crêpe* knee-breeches. The majority of the fair riders wear much the same clothes as they don for the park, except that the skirt is rather short, and is sometimes attached to the instep by a thin band of tape.

They manage these things better in Brussels, where the Bois de la Cambre does duty as Battersea Park. Not only is the track better, but a good band plays during the afternoon, and the refreshment saloon is four times the size of that in Battersea Park. They also provide stands for the bicyclists who are resting; and at night-time, in place of the small lamp that we carry, the more artistic among the Belgian riders hang a paper Chinese lantern upon the handle.

It is satisfactory to find that the majority of the riders on the Continent use machines of English make. They ride slowly, often in family parties; but there, as here, one occasionally sees that most disconsolate of all sights, a rider on his knees by the roadside, struggling to mend a punctured tyre, surrounded by a crowd of pitying bystanders, who are not sparing in their comments. By-the-bye, since bicycling has become fashionable the dress that men wear has undergone a change. Those who ride for pleasure no longer wear the all-wool knickerbocker suits, and they never bend over the handles. White flannel trowsers, bowler hats, and high collars are the correct style, and you must sit bolt upright, as far back on the saddle as possible.

How slight is the interest taken abroad in the questions that interest John Bull! The majority of the Continental papers dismissed the elections in a few lines, but the prize for indifference must be awarded to a German paper, which devoted one line to the subject, the translation of which by an Englishman with an average amount of German at call came out thus:—"Sir Gos-chen has been re-seated."



VISITOR: "Some of your ancestors, I suppose?"

PARVENU: "Bless you! I ain't got no ancestors. My ancestors is all dead."

Exhibited in Mr. Phil May's Exhibition, at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street. Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "THE SKETCH."



TRAVELLING IN PERSIA.

PERSIA can interest the traveller by a display of Asia as it was in classical times. Agriculture and manufactures are in their primitive condition, and the methods of travelling in keeping with the rest. Indeed, the "post system" of to-day had its exact counterpart in the ancient scheme of mounted couriers hastening to the confines of the Empire with their sovereign's decrees. There is a firm conservatism in the country, which admits of little change. What is good enough for the father is good enough for the son. The fatalistic Persian, reviewing the order of Nature, sees nothing to advocate radical reforms. "Since Allah changes not, why should we?" he asks, and regards a reformer as little better than an unbeliever.

A fairly perfect system of travelling exists from end to end of the Empire, over the ordinary tracks. The word track is used advisedly. It denotes the route across a desert or plain, adopted any time since the deluge. The footprints of beasts of burden, or the bleached bones of animals which

have died in harness, mark its course. It is rough enough to cause disaster to any save the native horses, which regard all obstacles with fine disdain.

To make a journey, the choice lies between the lordly "chappar," or the humbler and slower "caravan." The former is the post system for which the peasantry provide horses; and since the native loathes taxes, he little loves the post. The traveller by "chappar" must take his chance of obtaining horses. If the Government wants them there is little hope for him, and he is, perhaps, detained a whole day. Otherwise, he can obtain them at a reasonable fixed charge.

Every twenty miles or so is situated a chappar-khaneh or posting-house. These provide changes of horses or accommodation for the night. All over the east they are much alike—a caravanserai on a small scale. Approaching the low square building of baked mud, the jaded steed freshens for a final burst, and the traveller dismounts before the low doorway and, entering, finds himself in the stable-yard. In the centre is a well, which usually provides drinking water



TRAVELLING IN PERSIA. INTERIOR OF A CARAVANSERAI.



A CARAVAN.

for man and beast! (Fortunate is it that typhoid germs are somewhat sluggish in the East!) On two sides of the yard are the stables, and in one of them a raised mud platform where the "chappar-chis" sleep. If off the roads frequented by Europeans, the traveller will have to be satisfied with this accommodation, for the guest-room will, for certain, have long since fallen into decay. On one of the latter roads, however, the guest-room may be had for a consideration. The traveller is then in luxury. He has a roof over his head and a piece of carpet upon which to sit. If much frequented, the chappar-khaneh will also boast a table, two rickety chairs, and a wooden bedstead, devoid of bedding. But even apart from the "furniture" the bare room is infinitely better than the stable in which to sleep and take one's meals, although it is wonderful how easily one accommodates oneself to horses as companions, an occasional equine fracas positively adding to the enjoyment. Sleep will assuredly come to the weary traveller in spite of a saddle as an improvised pillow, in spite, too, of noxious vermin, garrulous postboys, and the occasional monotonous devotions of a pious postmaster.

Several scraggy fowls in the stable-yard lead to sharp bargaining. Singling out one of them the "sahib" demands a price. "Three krans," laconically replies the postmaster. This equivalent of one shilling is sternly rejected, and the sahib's servant creates a diversion by accusing all and sundry of roguery and extortion, the while his master smokes and complacently regards the shrieking group before him, bloodshed appearing imminent. The little outburst, of course, comes to nothing, and the postmaster reduces his terms by a kran. The sahib, with a view to expedite matters, rises and forcibly ejects him from the

room. Almost immediately he returns, and putting his head within the door, offers the bird at its market value. Meanwhile a commotion outside denotes the arrival of a native with a bowl of milk. The wily European dashes out of his lair, and taking a hurried drink resigns it into native keeping, knowing that after this pollution of the infidel, it is safe from theft.

Next morning it will probably need a little firmness to effect a start at a reasonable hour. Even when this is done the fractious baggage animal will indulge in a wild career across the plain, hotly pursued by the rest. But by the time ten miles or so of the stage has been thus performed, the superfluous spirits will be exhausted, and the remainder traversed at an easy canter.

The caravan system is infinitely slower than the one we have described. The camel caravan is the usual means for carrying heavy goods, from a grand piano downwards, up country. The traveller passes caravans of one sort or another every few miles of his journey. The progress over the rough road is tedious, being performed at walking pace, at the rate of about ten miles a day. The accommodation at the average caravanserai is bad. At night the animals will be tethered in the immense yard of the buildings, while the traveller will get his food as best he may. Still, there is something picturesque in the old-world method; the strings of animals with jingling bells, swarthy muleteers, rich merchants complacently surveying their goods—all forming pleasing pictures of Oriental life.

There is little comfort in Persian travel, but the visitor will view with regret the introduction of railways and the consequent loss of much that is characteristic of native life.

C. H. T.



A CURIOUS instance of the insincerity in æsthetic matters of many rich people, is the fact that the two places in which husband and wife pass most of their lives are generally scamped in furnishing. The man in his chambers or offices is content to spend eight to ten hours—more than half his waking day—with nothing about him that savours of beauty, and very little that is even truly comfortable. The woman passes in her bedroom and dressing-room more than half her hours, and although she makes efforts at prettiness, they rarely go further than



A CORNER FIREPLACE.

extravagance in the purchase of a hideous, complicated brass bedstead, and economy in soft wood suites enamelled white.

No doubt, people who have but a small sum to spend on their homes must use more on dining-room and salon than on bedchambers, for hospitality demands that we should make as pleasant as possible the rooms in which we entertain our friends, and it is only the cases where hospitality is cover for vain display that I deplore. Indeed, I have some doubt about the hospitality. There are ladies of nice instinct who, whilst as guests they dress splendidly in honour of their host, when they are receiving friends, take infinite pains that in their costumes they do not outshine the humblest of those who come to break bread with them. Perhaps the same delicate instinct of hospitality should play a part in the question of furnishing, but it seems impossible to carry out the idea. In most cases, the conduct

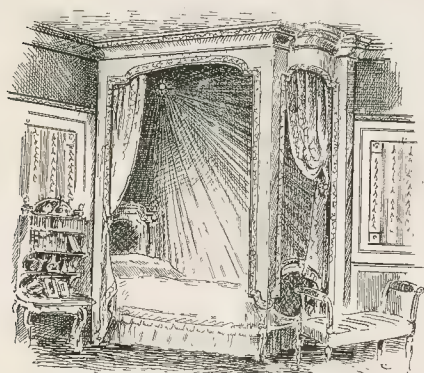
of the householder is very simple; he is content to choose a carpet and a bed, buy a "suite" of furniture, add a few ornaments, not good enough for other rooms, and then feels that with the addition of flimsy curtains, the room is furnished. Between this simple arrangement and the over-crowded, dust-collecting bedchamber of France, there is a happy mean.

Of course a dressing-room is indispensable, not only for personal comfort, but also to keep in it and out of sight much that disfigures the ordinary bedroom. If there is not space for a real dressing-room, then it is possible to screen off with a wooden partition, about five feet high, a small part of the room, and a low door or a curtained archway will keep the rooms distinct. In the dressing-room it is very convenient to have cupboards with shelves and hooks, and also large hooks against the wooden partition, with a shelf below for boots and shoes, the whole protected by a cretonne curtain. A covering of Treloar's cork linoleum on the floor will allow unlimited splashing in the morning tub, without danger of disaster to carpet. The linoleum need only be employed if the bath-room cannot be used in the morning by every member of the family.

For the bedroom, I think that the ordinary rug-strewn felt is a mistake. Felt, as a bordering, is unobjectionable; but it shows foot-marks, and also clings to the scraps of cotton, feather-fluffs, and odds and ends that are sure to fly about in my lady's chamber. On the other hand, a thick Turkey carpet, with a good design on a cream ground, is not only a very handsome basis for furnishing, but also, in the long run, very inexpensive. It needs a bordering of stained floor or matting, and therefore the carpet can be considerably smaller in dimension than the room, and it will wear for years without showing sign of age in colour or texture. On the light ground, fluff and marks pass unnoticed, and for bare feet the Oriental carpets are delightfully soft and warm. My experience of Brussels carpet has been so unfortunate that I am, perhaps, prejudiced; but I have always noticed that in a few months there is an evident "track" from the dressing-table—the alpha and omega of a woman's room—to the door. Oriental carpets have the additional advantage that they can be regularly shifted to prevent uneven wear.

I presume that only one bed will occupy the room. By-the-bye, this remark reminds me of a funny incident that happened at Zurich. We were passing through, on our way to the Engadine, some years ago: we arrived late at night, and found that there was a "Landestellung," and that the event had crowded the place. We drove to one hotel after another, and at last found room in a big place, overlooking the lake, and were shown to a bedroom of good size. Tired out with the day's travelling, I tried to bid good-night quickly to the porter, who, however, began to

explain something in a mixture of French, German, Italian and *patois*. At last I guessed that, as the room contained four beds, I was requested to leave the door unlocked, so that the travellers by the next train could also find rest! I was getting too sleepy even to talk, so with nods and "oui," "si," and "ja," I got him out of the room. Then we put



AN ALCOVE BEDSTEAD.

my boxes—at the size of which, until then, my husband had always grumbled—manfully against the door, and turned a deaf ear to the knocks of the late comers. However, the next morning the items on our bill consisted of 4 beds, 4 services, 4 *bruggies*, and 4 breakfasts! Argument was useless. We came to the conclusion that Exhibition time at Zurich had excessive disadvantages, scarcely compensated by the joy of winning, in a raffle, after our departure, an "objet," that was sent on to us in London three months after, at a cost of 9 francs for carriage. The "objet" was a household broom, for which the "Universal" would charge 4d.!

The subject with which I am now dealing is essentially one of individual taste, and many questions are involved, and amongst them is that of twin beds. Perhaps the wisest, certainly the easiest way of discussing the matter, is to recommend my readers to get Balzac's wonderful work, "*La Physiologie du Mariage*," which, like the companion volume "*Les Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*" contains a fascinating mixture of strange jests and stern sense, which indeed is one of the maddest, sanest works imaginable and full of daring wit and curious humour. By-the-bye, will any Balzacomaniac or bibliophile, tell me by whose authority was published a little book, that I possess, called "*Paris Marié*," illustrated very cleverly by Gavarni. The work consists of mere excerpts from "*Les Petites Misères*." One of these days I mean to deal with some of the theories on furnishing of the illustrious author of *Séraphita*, *Séraphitus*, and *Les Employés*, two of the most prodigiously dissimilar books that ever came from one brain.

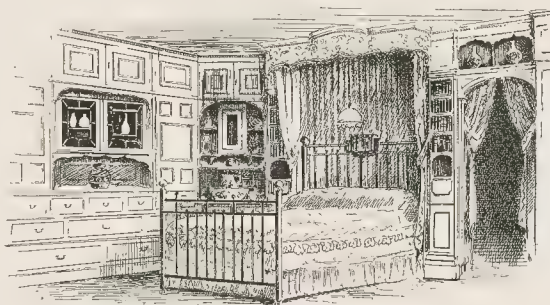
To return to the practical side of the question. I have had sketches made of two beds designed by Messrs. Waring, of Oxford Street, for their "fitted rooms." The first is ingeniously arranged for books, with

a cleverly devised electric light that can be hooked up so as to reverse the shade and protect the eyes, and lure one to read far on in the night. No doubt the habit of reading in bed is exceedingly bad. There never yet was an elderly wise person who failed to denounce it, nevertheless since it has been a habit, as history tells us since somewhere between 1328 and 1400, and still is in vogue, one cannot blame it sincerely. Our early poet, Geoffrey Chaucer—in the prologue to the immortal *Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims*—the pictures of whom, whether you more admire the work of Stothardt or the delightful Blake, are fascinating—in his description of the clerk that "was of Oxenford also" tells us:

"For him was lever han at his bedde's head,
A twenty bokes clothed in black and red
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie
Than robes riche or fidel or sautrie."

Since it is the clerk who tells us the exquisitely pathetic tale of *Griselides*, no doubt to some extent the ancestor of the lovely poetic drama by Armand Sylvestre called "*Griselidis*" which was promised, but alas, not played by the *Comédie Française* in their recent visit to London. I feel that the habit has some excuse if not justification.

By-the-way, I wonder how the clerk of Oxenford managed to read the books "clothed in black and red," which spoke of the dry subjects in which he rejoiced, for a combination of little windows and guttering rushlights must have rendered his reading an abhorred labour of love that made the horn-rimmed glasses needful at a green age. To think that the luxury of electric light is fast becoming a necessity, and that we grumble just as the famous Sybarite over the crumpled rose-leaf, if there is not a convenient button somewhere within arm's length of the pillow, which, obedient to a gentle pressure, will make night day, or turn darkness into light. The alcove bed, of which I give a drawing, would make a delightful corner for a young girl's room. Next week I will again deal with the important question of my lady's chamber.



A BEDROOM.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

A fortnight ago "Ida" wrote telling me that the only room in her new house that could be set apart for a boudoir, was so quaintly built that she feared that it would be impossible to have a fireplace fixed in it. Since then "Ida" has sent me a rough sketch of the room, and I find that Messrs. Waring, of Oxford Street, can meet the difficulty. They have designed a charming arrangement for a corner fireplace, with a small silk-lined cupboard enclosed by glass doors surmounting the mantel-piece, and the effect is so pleasing that I have had it specially sketched for her.

GRACE.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MR. W. E. NORRIS AT HOME.

NO wonder that Mr. Norris writes charming novels. He is one of those fortunate men whose home is situated amid picturesque surroundings in one of the most lovely parts of England, namely, in South Devon; but, unlike many persons similarly placed, he thoroughly appreciates the ever-varying beauties of the nearly matchless landscape that unfolds itself beneath the admiring gaze of the visitor to Underbank House, at Torquay—Mr. Norris's cosy country-home. From the terrace that flanks the front of the house—which faces due south—a splendid view is obtained of the more attractive parts of the town, of Tor Bay, and of Berry Head, which juts out into the sea, away to the left, beyond the bay, thus completely cutting the horizon, and imparting to the broad stretch of blue water the aspect of a lake rather than that of an inlet. To the extreme right the quaint little village of Paignton is dimly visible through the drifting light blue haze, that during the summer generally hangs over Torquay, and gives it that odd, almost foreign appearance, for which it has long been famed, and which forms one of its many attractions.

Mr. Norris is a fairly tall, well set-up man, in the prime of life. He has been engaged in writing novels some fifteen or sixteen years, he tells you, when you begin to pester him with questions, and, unlike the orthodox successful author, who always produces at least three worthless volumes before he makes a "hit," the writer in question achieved success at his first attempt. He was born in London in 1847, and is the younger son of the late Sir William Norris, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon, and he was educated first at Twyford, where the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, now Dean of Durham, was at that time head master, and afterwards at Eton, of which school he cannot speak too highly. Like many famous men, he seems at first to have been uncertain what calling to adopt. On leaving Eton he went abroad, in order to study modern languages, partly with a view to entering the diplomatic service. A few years later he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, but he never practised, and having, about a year afterwards, contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* a short story, entitled "M. Bédeau," which attracted a considerable amount of notice, he then and there made up his mind to adopt literature as a profession—a term which, I hope, will not be taken amiss.

"It was Mr. Leslie Stephen," he says, as he lights a fresh cigarette—he is a great cigarette smoker—"at that time editor of the *Cornhill*, who advised me to take to literature, and to whom I therefore indirectly owe my success—such as it is. Acting upon his advice, I sent several more short stories to the *Cornhill* and one or two to other magazines, and somewhat to my surprise they were all accepted.

'Heaps of Money' was my first novel, 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' my second. The latter was the more favourably received, and it is the one that personally I prefer to any book that I have written since. 'No New Thing' and 'Matrimony' were the next two, and I think they were equally successful, if success is to be gauged by the number of copies sold; but the following book, 'Thirlby Hall,' was, I believe, more widely read than either of the other four. 'Adrian Vidal,' 'A Bachelor's Blunder,' 'My Friend Jim,' 'Chris,' 'Major and Minor,' 'The Rogue,' 'Mrs. Fenton,' 'Misadventure,' 'The Baffled Conspirators,' 'Miss Shafto,' 'His Grace,' and 'Billy Bellew' are the names of some of the books written subsequently, but I shall not inflict upon you the names of all of them. 'Billy Bellew' was published last month."

"How many hours a day do I work? About four, sometimes only three—I am not a believer in the Eight Hours Bill," he adds with quiet humour. "I work generally during the afternoon. No, I do not hold with working at night. Why work at night when you can work during the day? My favourite diversion? Travelling used to be. Years ago I used to travel a great deal, now I go about much less—I am growing old, you see. That is a fact, although you pretend to doubt my words. My amusements? Golf, I am fond of, and for two years I hold the post of Honorary Secretary to the Torbay Golf Club. No, we have not yet played a midnight match, Torquay is not yet sufficiently advanced for *that*—though in most things we are not very far behind the times," he adds, with a queer expression in his eyes, which leads you to suppose that he knows more about Torquay and its ways than he intends to tell you; "but a midnight golf match played on Babbicombe Downs may be a pleasure to come."

Mr. Norris is also a finished musician, and, he tells you, his favourite composers are Schumann and Chopin. When writing fiction he never dictates—if the bull may pass—and he never uses a typewriter. Indeed, he detests the sight of one—of the instrument itself, that is to say. He but seldom alters his MSS., and nearly all his work is recopied by a secretary, the author's own handwriting being exceedingly small, though extremely neat and clear.

For some years he has been a widower. He has a daughter, his only child, who inherits his love for literature, but is not burning to see herself in print, as is the case with so many girls of the period—girls for the most part uneducated, who ought to feel pleased at seeing themselves in a print dress. Miss Norris rides well to hounds, has a capital seat on a horse, and plenty of nerve and judgment. Last season she unfortunately met with a serious accident, which did not prove fatal, owing, probably, to her light weight.

T.



MR. WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS.
PHOTO BY BRADNEE, TORQUAY.



THE WORLD OF ART.

A FEW years ago, in the days when wiseacres wrote in ponderous periodicals, that in the event of a war between China and Japan, the little power would surely be annihilated by the mere weight of her ponderous and unwieldy rival, Japanese art took the town by storm. That is to say, little Japanese exhibitions were held in Bond Street, little books were written on the subject, people talked about netsukés at little dinner-parties, and the name of Hokusai crept into the art columns of newspapers. Pictures of this artist sketching the Peerless Mountain of Japan were to be found at select little Bond Street exhibitions, and he was spoken of as "one of the most realistic of the world's painters." Here is a little account of his manner of painting the Peerless Mountain.

First as to the Peerless Mountain! What is it? Called Fusi-yama, it is the most sacred of Japan's many mountains, and the loftiest, rising some 12,000 feet above the sea-level, with a crater 500 feet deep. Thousands of white-robed Buddhists make the ascent in propitious July. Fusi-yama appears in Japanese art as often as King Charles I. in Mr. Dick's memorial. She has been sketched again and again, but principally by Hokusai. This is how

he looked when engaged in that occupation. He squats upon the ground, half-a-mile or so from the base of the mountain, his legs folded under him, and his canvas stretched horizontally before him. Close at hand stands a tripod,

from which hangs a pannikin in which water is, presumably, being boiled for his tea. Flanking the pannikin are a couple of servants asleep, tired with their labours of carrying two huge chests, Hokusai's companions during painting exhibitions. Another servant fans the fire over which the water in the pannikin is boiling. And all the while through the long day Hokusai goes on painting the white-capped Peerless Mountain.

Hokusai published a book upon Fusi-yama, in which he depicted the mountain under a hundred different aspects. Some of his admirers speak of him in the same breath as Rembrandt, Ghilandajo, and Botticelli. Born in the year 1760, the son of a mirror-maker, he worked diligently, according to his own confession, from his sixth to his eighty-sixth year. He founded a school for industrial workmen, and for them he published his celebrated Man-gwa. Other volumes followed, but as his drawings were made on very thin paper which were fastened upon the block and destroyed in the engraving, they are somewhat rare now. He died in 1849. Utamaro was a contemporary of Hokusai's. One of his



"IN SHADOW LAND." BY G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, R.I.
Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.

pictures, "Amusing Baby," which we reproduce, suggests that in Japan the domestic subject had "caught on" even as it has done in England. The difference appears to be that in Japan the mother looks away from her baby, another characteristic of that land where we are told everything is topsy-turvy. It will also be observed that the baby in our picture has been put into short clothes at rather an early age.

"In Shadow Land" is by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and was exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists. That Society has had a more than usually variegated career. Founded in 1823, it jogged steadily along till a few years ago when Mr. Whistler suddenly became President, when the Society took a position far above the somewhat mediocre level which had contented its members for more than half a century. With the advent of Mr. Whistler, the walls took on a new complexion. In place of the old academic canvases, art new, vital, experimental, dazed the eyes of the visitors, and the critics proclaimed that Suffolk Street would take a leading place in the renaissance of British Art. Exhibition followed exhibition, the quarter column of space in the newspapers with which the Society had hitherto been contented, grew into a half column, and then into a column, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Then came the ructions. The President quarrelled with some of the members. Meetings were held, and finally, after many amusing and some bitter speeches, the President retired followed by his particular followers. He went and with an excellent jest upon his lips. "The Artists retire," he said, "the British remain."

Perhaps in no branch of art has photography proved such a serious rival as in animal painting. Mr. Gambier Bolton's photographs give you the beast as he is. The pose is always natural and artistic, as Mr. Bolton is not content with a hurried snap-shot, but will wait hours till the beast takes it into his head to place himself in the attitude required. Artists are not above taking a hint from the camera in regard to animal painting, as in most other branches of art, but it is safe to say that Mr. Herbert Dicksee, in his study of a deerhound, which we reproduce, has not had resource to the camera. The pose of the animal is excellent—alert, yet quiescent; and Mr. Dicksee, no doubt, found his subject very agreeable as an etching. This delicate and delightful art is not now as popular as it should be. Photogravure as a method of reproduction is excellent, but the difference between it and etching is that of a piece of



"AMUSING BABY."—UTAMARO.
Exhibited at the Goupil Gallery.

hand-made lace and a similar pattern produced by a Nottingham lace machine. As machine-made lace is

cheaper than hand-made, so is photogravure cheaper than etching. Original etchings, of which Mr. Herbert Dicksee's is an example, will probably outlast reproductive etching, which in time will probably go the way of line engraving. I believe there is only one pupil being trained now to this historic, but colourless art. Soon bank-

notes will be the only specimens of modern line engraving left.

L.H.



"STUDY OF A DEERHOUND." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.



COWES AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE end of everything, as far as London seasons are concerned, is Goodwood, but following on the high heels of this charming little meet comes Cowes week, to which Society perennially turns for the necessary double sustenance of ozone and nautical sociabilities.

Her Majesty being in residence at Osborne gives that cachet to the event which Royalty inevitably produces, though the Queen's interest in regatta revelries must necessarily be a purely impersonal one. The Sovereign's presence on the island is, however, amply sufficient. There is the guardship, for instance, leading the way of many festivities, which always accompanies Her Majesty's visit and remains until the Court leaves Osborne, while bonnet-dances, teas innumerable, dinner civilities between civil, diplomatic, naval, and other potentates are a rule of this gala week. Yachts assemble from every port and part of Christendom to compete or criticise the racing qualities of friendly rivals, and all the outside world yearns for admission to the lawn of the most exclusive club in England. The Prince and Princess of Wales always attend Yacht Squadron garden-parties, which are only for the inner circle advisedly. Naturally, therefore, recognition here is more valued than at meetings of such nominal exclusiveness as, for example, the Enclosure at Ascot, and many are the wiles employed to open this marine Paradise to Paris with but partially-established claims to such felicity.

Many boats which came into the Solent during the Italians' visit have remained, and for the past few weeks, as a consequence, the roadstead has been literally packed with steam and sailing craft of all tonnages. The French tricolour floats from such fine boats as Mons. Perignon's *Fauvette* and Baron Wogan's *Griselle*, while Dutch, Roumanian, and other buntings variously give added interest to the gay scene. Lord and Lady Iveagh, just returned from Copenhagen, will be amongst those who fly the Union Jack, also Lord and Lady Dudley, who have made headquarters at Cowes this summer; Lord and Lady Caledon, with a party, on board the small steam yacht *Viking*; Lord and Lady Wodehouse and Lady Harpenden on Lord Kimberley's boat, and Mr. Harry McCalmont with the *Giralda*. There will be a forest of mastheads generally, most of them belonging to well-known yachtsmen of all countries.

Osborne, the Royal residence, is a handsome modern building. Swiss Cottage which, as its name implies, is a glorified chalet, forms one of the Osborne dependencies and is usually lent by Her Majesty to the Prince and Princess of Wales during Cowes week. On the way to Whippingham Church, where Princess Beatrice was married, one passes by the Queen's almshouses, where poverty surely may freely translate itself as poetry, if one may judge

from the inviting exterior these dwellings present. The church itself is more picturesque than pretentious, and the villagers never tire of recalling how handsome Prince Henry looked there on the morning of his marriage "in a beautiful white uniform for all the world like a statue," they tell you. A private landing place is reserved at Cowes for the Admiralty folk and members of the Yacht Squadron, where no socially unsanctified boats may disembark. We give a picture of the sacred precincts, which are otherwise not enthrallingly interesting. Before The Green most yachts ride at anchor, and a scene more full of sunlight, movement and charm, even with the ubiquitous and inevitable perambulator drawback, it would be difficult to pair on a fine August morning.

Bembridge is one of the adjoining towns to be visited during a stay in the Garden of England. A ferry-boat brings one across to Sea View, which is again within the proverbial stone's-throw of Ryde. At both places good bathing is obtainable, and the sands are soft and sloping enough to allow the rapturous pastime of paddling to nursery contingents. Notwithstanding an imposing hotel and villa sea frontage, there is a good deal of unadorned simplicity about the environs of Ryde, not its least charm being the up-hill and down-dale nature of the country about, which is quickly reached and extremely charming. Carisbrooke Castle is, of course, a potentiality in these parts. From the old Keep a fine view of surrounding country is obtained with Newport, bright, busy, modern in middle distance, to link the prosperous, if prosaic, present with the romantic but melancholy fascinations of the past.

Here was imprisoned Charles I., of noble but unhappy memory. The window from which he unsuccessfully attempted to escape is pointed out, all grown over with its green veil of ivy. In another wing, the king's daughter—little Princess Elizabeth—was found dead, her young head resting on the Bible her father had left her—absolutely, we are told, of a broken heart—and at sixteen. Life's tragedies are sometimes allotted early. The Queen has had a monument erected to the memory of this unhappy child of an unhappy race, in Whippingham Church. About six miles out of Ryde a curious quadrangular ruin stands, called St. Helen's Tower. It makes a picturesque break in the landscape, and is probably a relic of some mediæval monastery, half religious, half military, which the exigencies of these wild times brought forth. Alum Bay is one of the delightful headlands with which the Isle of Wight is so well endowed. All the ships that are outward bound from Southampton or elsewhere along the neighbouring coast are sighted from the cliffs. Totlands Bay is another favourite summer place, some excellent hotels giving the necessary *sauce piquante* to its natural graces. In the summer and autumn months all parts of the Island are much affected by appreciative visitors, but the Northern half naturally attracts all persons and pursuits during the yachting season, when the classic glories of Cowes are in full fig and highest feather.



I READ the other day the Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Orleans, second wife of the Grand Monarque's brother. Charlotte of Bavaria was a caustic old lady, with abundant sense, and a German phlegm which made her proof against the intense dislike she excited amongst the ladies of Louis XIV. Standing aloof both from love and diplomacy, with no taste for intrigue, she appears the one cool spectator of the intimate life of a Court that dazzled the world. To her the king was a very ordinary mortal, ill-educated, a huge feeder, kindly by nature, a better man than his brother, though that was no extravagant compliment. Madame de Montespan was a dirty slut with a lively tongue. Madame de Maintenon was a cunning bigot who abetted the murder of the Queen, that she might marry Louis. The gross debauchery of this dazzling Court is painted without any romantic illusion by an observer who had no passion to serve, and no remorse to beguile. The Memoirs of Madame de Montespan do not disprove this picture, though the writer had no love for Charlotte. Evidently Montespan thought the Duchesse of no account, but if she could have read the voluminous letters which were sent regularly to Germany, and especially the reflections on her own personal habits, she would have honoured the "hag" with rather more than a couple of pages.

Dirty slut she may have been, in days when personal cleanliness was a virtue not highly esteemed; but at least Athénais de Montespan was a clever slut, a pretty slut, and a delightfully candid slut. Possibly she rather overdoes her affection for La Vallière, whom she supplanted in the king's favour; but the pathos of that unfortunate girl's history seems to have touched even the most callous hearts. She had not been gone long, when the sly Athénais was trying to coax Louis into giving her a duchy like La Vallière's. "You don't look after yourself," said Montespan's sister to her on one occasion, this sister being a devout Abbess. The affectionate reproach is set down with perfect *naïveté*. So is the story of the great diamond which Montespan carried off as a perquisite, and which Louis, who seems to have amused himself with this artlessness, was cruel enough to ask for, years later, when it was found that the diamond had been stolen, and replaced by paste. Equally candid is the fair Montespan's philosophy of marital fidelity. Does not the Sultan take to himself more wives than one? And if it be an error for the King of France to take "a second wife," is not that an error "of a purely geographical nature"? This was not the view of Montespan's husband, for he denounced the king with great vehemence, and on one occasion tried to abduct Athénais, an incident which furnished Dr. Conan Doyle with the idea for one of the liveliest episodes in "The Refugees." Athénais thought the Marquis a great bore, with his perpetual reproaches. She was very much annoyed, too, by Bossuet, who wished to make the king

religious; and one of the best things in the Memoirs is the scene in which that eloquent son of the Church, as she handsomely acknowledges, completely foiled her malice.

Naturally, Louis cuts a better figure here than in the portrait drawn by Charlotte of Bavaria. Montespan really believed him to be one of the wisest and most cultivated of men. She describes how he cured her of an ill-judged admiration of Corneille, and how he persuaded himself and her that he had really suggested to Molière the character of Tartuffe. The most surprising feature of the Memoirs is the respectful tone towards Madame de Maintenon, who ousted Montespan from the king's affections, just as Montespan had ousted La Vallière. The cool spectator thought Maintenon was a hypocrite, but Athénais speaks quite gratefully of the tears the triumphant favourite shed when she seized the dagger which, in a frenzy of desolation, the fallen rival turned against one of her own children. In writing this passage Montespan, I suspect, must have smothered candour for the sake of policy, always supposing that she wrote the Memoirs at all. How was it that in a violent paroxysm of grief and rage she noticed with almost affectionate admiration the way in which the sensibilities of the virtuous Maintenon were cut up by the scene? Or was the paroxysm only a superficial affair, and the dominant motive in Montespan's mind to conciliate her foe, so as to preserve as much as possible of the not inconsiderable booty with which she retired from the contest?

Mr. Vandam's studies of the French people are scarcely impartial. I prefer Hamerton's "French and English," which has a really sympathetic insight into the characteristics of both nations, and is entirely free from a carping spirit. Mr. Vandam appears to have a grudge against the Parisians, and out of a number of social odds and ends he constructs an indictment which does not satisfy any philosophical test. What is the use of telling us that people in Paris are unneighbourly because the inmates of a flat may live for ten years without knowing even the names of the persons in the same building? Does Mr. Vandam suggest that in London flats there is any greater intimacy? And why should a man in a flat want to know his neighbour? He may be the most genial, gregarious of men; but it does not follow that he ought to set about making the acquaintance of everybody upon the other floors. Most of the hard things Mr. Vandam says of Paris might be said with equal truth of any other great city. There may be English readers to whom an atmosphere of petty cavil is agreeable in a book about the French; but I am not one of them.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Memoirs of Madame de Montespan." H. S. Nichols & Co.

"Frenchmen and French Manners." By Albert D. Vandam. Chapman & Hall.



"THE Prude's Progress" and "The Passport" are about all that are left of the plays of the season. The former has been transferred from the Comedy to Terry's and the latter from Terry's to the Trafalgar. The Trafalgar has not been particularly successful of late, but its new tenant may prove a passport to luck. It is said the theatre is to be re-named. "The Home Secretary" is being taken on tour on Monday evening by Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. H. H. Morell. As in the Political arena the *personnel* of the Home Secretary has been changed, Mr. Fred Terry taking Mr. Wyndham's part, while Mr. Lewis Waller appears as before as the anarchist. Few modern actors have had the great experience of Mr. Waller, for since 1886 he has appeared in upwards of sixty characters, the *matinée* having always held out for him the attraction of giving experience.

Among the new recruits at the Criterion in "L'Ami des Femmes," which Mr. R. C. Carton is adapting for Mr. Wyndham, will be Miss Helen Ferrers, who has been appearing with Mr. Willie Edouin in "Qwong-Hi" at the Avenue Theatre. Miss Ferrers is a sister of Miss Fortescue, whose family name is Finney—they seem to run upon F sharp. She first appeared at the Olympic in 1887 in the melodrama "The Pointsman," gained a good deal of experience with Mr. F. R. Benson and Mr. Hermann Vezin in the provinces, and supported her sister in "The Love Chase" at the Shaftesbury four years ago. Her most recent appearance was in "The Lady's Idol," where she played the Countess of Groombridge, while for a few nights she supplanted Miss Calhoun as Mrs. Cleve in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" at the Garrick. By-the-way, Miss Cynthia Brooke will appear as Mrs. Ebbsmith at Manchester on Monday week.

Mr. Philip Cunningham, who is to join Mr. W. G. Elliott at the St. James's, has been supporting Mrs. Langtry in "Gossip" on tour. Mr. Cunningham made his reputation at an East-end theatre by taking a nightly dive into a huge stage tank, but the range

of his capabilities is evidenced by the fact that he has appeared in "The Master Builder." Had he played the rôle in that play he would have had a good opportunity to display his power as a long-distance diver.

Mr. F. H. Macklin has joined the Lyceum company, to undertake the parts long associated with the name of the late Mr. B. N. Wenman. He supported Sir Henry in 1890-1, and also in "Henry VIII." in 1892.

When Mr. Willard produces "Alabama" at the Garrick in September, a member of the American cast, Miss Agnes Miller, will appear. Mr. Willard's part is that of a northern officer who falls in love with a pretty southerner, an idea which has been used before in "Held by the

Enemy," the best melodrama America has ever sent us. In the same month Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama," will produce at Buffalo a new play called "Margaret Doane."

By-the-way, it was under Mr. Willard's management that Miss Maxine Elliot, of Daly's Company, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, made her *début*, taking a small part in "The Middleman." She showed so much aptitude that she soon got the amusing part of Sophie Jopp, in "Judah." Later she appeared with Miss Julia Arthur, now of the Lyceum, in "The Prodigal Daughter" and "Sister Mary." Last autumn she joined Mr. Daly, and has appeared in London as Sylvia in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and as Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Mr. Daly has acquired the right of a French pantomime entitled "Mademoiselle Pygmalion." This work has been prepared and written by

Michel Carré and "Jean Hubert" who is none less than Jane May herself. The composer is François Thomé. The fair Jane is to be the Pierrot.

I have read with great amusement Mr. George Bernard Shaw's description of his experiences on a cycle. Like all G. B. S.'s productions, it is nothing if it is not paradoxical, and I would venture to suggest to him that he might write a comedy round the bicycle. The "giddy" bloomer would play a far more appropriate and realistic part there than it did in "The Amazons."

Mr. Edward Rose and Mr. Anthony Hope are said to be collaborating on a new three-act play.

"Rosemary" is the name with which Mr. Louis Parker



MISS HELEN FERRERS.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.



MISS ANNIE HALFORD.
Photo by A. Ellis.

and Mr. Murray Carson have christened their new play. It is said that the piece is written in three acts and an epilogue, the last being practically a monologue for the principal character. The plot starts with the coronation of the Queen and ends on the day of her jubilee. It is curious what a run there has recently been on the title "Rosemary." It formed the title of a little book of verse, privately issued at Christmas, by Mr. W. A. Mackenzie, from which Mr. John Lane re-printed in a recent number of the *Yellow Book* some charming lines on Goldsmith's grave in the Temple. In the very same issue of the Bodley Head quarterly, Mr. Henry Harland writes a little story called "Rosemary (a Remembrance)," the title used by Miss Mary Brotherton for a volume also published by Mr. Lane. Hitherto Mr. Carson has not hit upon very euphonious names for his plays. Not even the authority of the immortal "Izak" could ever make "Gudgeons," which Miss Janette Steer produced at Terry's, a pretty word, nor was "The Blue Boar" a title likely to inspire any sentimental reflections.

Mr. Arthur Chudleigh's name has been taken in vain at the Pavilion Theatre, where the author-actor-manager, Mr. William Bourne, of "Man to Man" fame, has assigned to himself the character of the Hon. Arthur Chudleigh. When the real Mr. Chudleigh reopens the Court in September, he will revive "Vanity Fair," and some old English comedies.

"Les Cloches de Corneville" seems immortal; Londoners will have another opportunity of hearing the bells which Planquette set ringing many years ago, for Mr. William Hogarth produces it at "Stratford at ye Bowe," where the French of Paris was unknown in Chaucer's day, with Miss Annie Halford as Serpolette. This lady made appearance

at the age of sixteen at the Avenue Theatre, as Murielle in "The Old Guards." For some years she has figured almost exclusively in the provinces, and has made a name for herself in pantomime and burlesque.

What is claimed to be the first drama ever written illustrating life in the Royal Navy, has been finished by Mr. Leonard Outram in collaboration with Lieutenant Stuart D. Gordon, R.N. He bases this claim for the play upon the fact that the story and its incidents, scenes, and principal male characters are essentially of the service, and that an accurate representation of the service is given as it is to-day. The proposed title for the play is "True Blue."

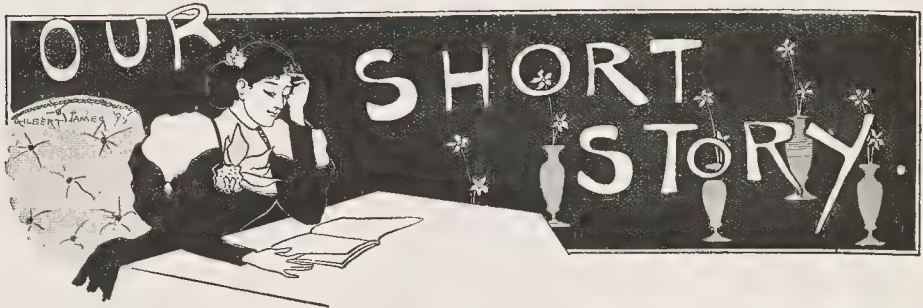
What has become of Mr. Outram's ladies' company who produced "As You Like It?" It was an interesting experiment. Mr. Outram's career as an actor has been varied, for between plays like "The Silver King" and "Ghosts," in which he has appeared, stretches a gulf unspeakable.

Another maritime melodrama, "Saved from the Sea," has just been produced at the Princess's with Charles Glenny as the hero. Will it save the Oxford Street Theatre from being shut up continuously?

Vague rumours are abroad as to the possibility of Mr. Wilson Barrett's opening the Princess's again; but the rumour is always playing round the stage—statements, contradictions and re-statements. I suppose the explanation is that the mummer's word is mercurial and that he doesn't remain of the same opinion for very long at a time. Gossip, of course, must always be rife in the silly stage season, and with seventeen theatres in town shut, the theatrical paragraphist is distinctly hard up.



MR. LEWIS WALLER.
Photo by Russell & Sons.



A LOVE SACRIFICE.

SCENE: Breakfast-room at Elmwood Villa, Boxhill.

HURST DAVISON, a young author. MARJORIE, his wife.

[Marjorie is busying herself about the breakfast-table, and placing a pile of letters upon her husband's plate.]

Marjorie.—I'm perfectly certain Hurst has forgotten that this is his birthday—he forgets all the important facts of life nowadays.

[Goes to a cabinet, and takes from it a long, bulky envelope, which is not only tied with silk ribbon, but is also garnished liberally with sealing-wax. As she places it underneath the other letters, the door opens, and her husband comes in.]

Hurst.—What are you doing with my letters, Marjorie?

M.—Arranging them alphabetically for you, dear.

H. [with a suggestion of sarcasm].—Thank you.

M. [going up to him, and taking his face in her hands].

—Do you mean to say that you have forgotten?

H.—Forgotten what?

M.—What to-day is.

H.—Much the same as every day, I suppose—it isn't Whit Monday, or anything of that sort, is it?

M.—No, dear; it is only—only your birthday.

H.—Is it? And how old am I?

M.—Thirty-two, and we have been married five years.

H.—Poor Darby, poor Joan!

M.—And I have a present for you; it is quite different to any I have ever given you. You *will* like it, won't you?

H.—Why, of course, child. You were sweet to think of me. [They sit down at the table, and while Marjorie performs the arduous duties of tea-making, her husband begins to open his letters. One, written in a large, feminine hand, attracts Marjorie's attention.]

M.—Who is that from?

H.—From John Hengist. Don't you remember her at the Parkinson-Smiths'—a little frail thing, with great dark eyes?

M.—John Hengist, did you say?

H.—Yes; she's a lady novelist, and that is her *nom-de-plume*. The name John is so manly, you know.

M. [timidly].—She's not a New Woman, is she?

H.—Actually she is, seeing that she is not yet thirty, but in the sense you mean she is decidedly not.

M.—Is she clever?

H.—She's rather attractive.

M.—But her books, I mean.

H.—I really don't know—it is ten to one against it.

M.—Why?

H. Well, dear, you know my views about woman's work. There are many things they can do gracefully and charmingly, but when they begin to ride bicycles, become doctors, or write books—[he shrugs his shoulders.]

M. [in a frightened voice].—But, Hurst, I've never heard you say that before. Do you mean to say a woman should never write books?

H.—I won't go as far as that, Marjorie; but the literary gift is very rarely found among women. Have some bacon?

M.—No, thank you. [She rests her head on her hands, and there is a troubled look in her eyes.] Hurst, underneath your letters there is a large envelope. Will you give it to me?

H. [taking it up].—It's addressed to me in your handwriting—what's the mystery?

M.—Hurst, give it to me, dear—I'd rather you shouldn't see it.

H. [laughing].—You little Sphinx—it is addressed to me, and is therefore mine by law. Just to tease you, I am going to open it.

M.—Please don't!

H. [cutting the silk ribbon].—When I was a small boy I was always allowed to do what I liked on my birthdays. In consequence I was always bored to death, as the only thing most boys care about doing is the forbidden. Now I am older and wiser—mayn't I see whether, after all, there is not some subtle pleasure to be found in the custom? [Marjorie grows a trifle paler, but says nothing while Hurst breaks through the sealing-wax and takes a manuscript out of the envelope.]

H.—What in the world does this mean? [Reads aloud.] "The Concealment of Andrew McPherson," by Marjorie Davison." Why, what—

M.—Don't be angry, Hurst—it is my birthday present to you. I—I didn't know you felt that way about women writing. It is a story I have just finished—I thought I might be able to help you.

H. [looking at the offending document with a slight frown].—Who was Andrew McPherson? And why was he concealed?

M. [meekly].—He wasn't, *really*, but all the tales nowadays seem to be the "Something of Somebody Something," and I thought it would be a safe title.

H. [laughing, perhaps a trifle coarsely].—No, dear—go back to your embroidery; I will do the bread-winning—you have only to see that the toast is properly made. [Reads.] "It was one of those dull, murky evenings that seem to make the darkest night itself welcome; the autumn winds souged drearily through the nearly leafless boughs of the elm and chestnut-trees; a sullen procession of watery clouds scudded across the sky. An old man, bent nearly double, made his way through a muddy lane that was clotted with fallen leaves and broken twigs, while—"

M. [clutching at the table-cloth with her fingers].—Hurst, don't read aloud. I can't bear it—it *hurts*. Laugh at it as much as you like to yourself.

H. [looking up surprised].—All right, little woman—I was only in fun. [Continues to read the manuscript to himself, and Marjorie sits watching him silently. When he has finished the story the expression of his face changes, and he lays it down on the table, and, getting up from his chair, walks up and down the room.]

M.—Hurst, dear—forgive me—I only did it for a joke, and I thought that if the story should happen to be any good I might be able to make a little money and—

H.—Don't, Marjorie. I wish I could find fault with your story, but it is original—every bit of it—and strong, and—Marjorie, I have never in my life been so miserable as I am at this moment.

M. [going to him and putting her hand on his shoulder].—Why, dearest?

H.—Can't you understand, Marjorie? You loved me, first of all, because you thought I was clever. You read every word I ever wrote—you valued the privilege, as you chose to think it, of even doing that; when the critics abused me your eyes flashed with thoughts of revenge, and when old Dunstan, of the "Acropolis" called to praise me you wanted to kiss him. Do you remember?

M. [with a brave effort at flippancy].—Of course I do, and would kiss him this instant if he were here! Come, let's sit down and go on with breakfast. Everything is getting cold.

H.—No, I don't want any breakfast to-day. [With sudden emphasis.] Marjorie, do you know what the real reason of all this is? It is that I am jealous—yes, jealous—of *you* and of your story. I love you, Marjorie—I will love you always as I have always loved you, but don't write any more, dear. [He goes to the window and looks out. Marjorie steals on tip toe to the table and takes up her manuscript with tears in her eyes. She presses it to her bosom and crosses to the fireplace. After a moment's hesitation she throws it into the flames and watches it burn.]

H. [turning round].—What are you doing?

M.—Paying for a silly mistake. Hurst, old thing, I am so happy; I know now that you really do love me. [With the ghost of a sob.] It is your birthday—kiss me—and yes, I can say, "Many happy returns of the day!"

GILBERT BURGESS.



BRAY, ON THE THAMES. BY T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.



AUTHORSHIP.

AUTHORSHIP prevails in nurseries—at least in some nurseries. In many it is probably a fitful game, and since the days of the Brontës there has not been a large family without its magazine. The weak point of all this literature, is its attempt at commonplace. The child's effort is obviously to write something as much like the dull books that are read to him as possible, and his work is sometimes dreadfully fluent and foolish. If a child simple



MURIEL WYLIE HILL. E. A. WALTON, A.R.S.A.
Exhibited in the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

enough to imitate could be also clever enough not to imitate, if he might—but be unchildish enough to show all his childishness, he might produce nursery magazines that would not bore us.

As it is, there is sometimes nothing but the fresh and courageous spelling to make his stories go, except where, in spite of himself, the adult style and the dowdy phrase betray the blank unskilfulness of the little hand. He has tried to be common, and he has proved to be nothing except innocent.

"He," however, is hardly the pronoun. Whether ordinary experience be to the same effect or not, that of the house which suggested this criticism of young authors is that the girls are more active authors than the boys. It must be owned that they are, if more voluminous, more prosaic. What they would have written if they had never read the dull authors who write for children it is not possible to guess. What they do write is this—to take an extract: "Poor Mrs. Bald (that was her name) thought she would never get to the wood were her aunt lived, she got down and pulled the donkey on by the bridal. . . . Alas her troubles were not over yet, the donkey would not go were she wanted it, instead of turning down Rose Lane it went down another, which although Mrs. Bald did not know it led to a very deep and dangerous pond. The donkey ran into the pond and Mrs. Bald was drowned."

To give a prosperous look to the magazine containing the serial story just quoted, a few pages of advertisements are added of mixed character: "The Imatation of Christ is the best book in all the world." "Read Thompson's poetry and you are in a world of delight." "Barrat's ginger-beer is the only ginger-beer to drink." "Beechen's pills." "The place for a ice." Under the indefinite heading, "A article," readers are told that "they are liable to read the paper for nothing."

A still younger hand contributes a short story, in which the hero returns to his home after a report of his death in a sham fight had been believed by his wife and family. The last sentence is worth quoting: "We will now," says the author, "leave Mrs. White and her two children to enjoy the sudden appearance of Mr. White."

Here is an editorial announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, every week at the end of the paper there will be a little artical on the habits of the paper."

In all this, everything is second-hand, and yet the child's freshness manifests itself constantly. For all their pottering jog-trot, both these authors are children of fire and spirit. She who records the sudden appearance of Mr. White has a liberal sense of humour, and an apprehension of human tragedy that is heroic and entire. She who writes of Mrs. Bald and the "Donkey" is capable of observing for herself. She has, for instance, perceived by her own vigilance how much the conviction that one has repeatedly dreamt the same thing is itself the illusion of a dream.

"You don't dream the same thing often," she corrects her sister; "you dream that you have dreamt it often." And the saying seems, in fact, to explain the sense of frequent and familiar repetition which is so well known to dreamers. When we dream for ourselves a life and a career that are not our own, we instantly dream a past, upon which we call for our dream-memories and for our dream-allusions, even



MISS CLEOPATRA COONEY.
Photo by Chilvering, Boston.

as our real past serves us for real memories and real allusions. But to dream a whole past in a series of events

would be an ordinary narrative-dream, and not a corporate memory-dream. It is the corporate, done-with memory-dream upon which we seem to draw for our casual, implicit, and partial recollections in sleep; and a conviction of frequent repetitions is a very usual incident in this reference to an undetailed past. Of this curious comprehensive act of the sleeping mind the little child had made herself aware.

On the whole, authorship—at least of this periodical kind—does not seem to foster the quality of imagination. Convention is the children's whole ambition. And convention, during a few years, may be a very strong motive—not so much with children brought up strictly within its limits, perhaps, as for those who have had an exceptional freedom. Against this, as against a kind of childish bohemianism, there is, in one phase of childhood, a strong reaction. To one child, brought up internationally, and with almost too much liberty amongst peasant playmates and their games, in many dialects, eagerness to become like "other people," and particularly like the other people of quite inferior fiction, became something like a passion. The desire was in time outgrown, but it cost the girl some years of her simplicity.

If these little writers of less than ten years old are so dull in their stories, they are not dull in their letters. In their impulsive letters—not letters from a distance beginning "I hope you are quite well," but letters on the spot written to their mother there present and put secretly into her hand or amongst the papers on her table these children show their childishness unstrained. Wild, unconscious, and tender, ardent and upright, expressive without words, this letter-writing proves once more that there is something perceptible behind the otherwise inadequate phrase, and that the Style is the Child.

ALICE MEYNELL.



"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying."—HERRICK.



A LITTLE book, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, "The Variety Stage: A History of the Music Halls from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," by Charles Douglas Stuart and A. J. Park, treats a subject at once amusing and important with amusing importance. When its authors write what purports to be English, they give you plenty for your money. Their oysters are "delicious bivalves," their food is "gastronomic fare," and "the Dr. Johnson derived its name from the erudite lexicographer who, when engaged upon his *magnum opus*, resided close by, and died in the vicinity." (The implied distinction between "close by" and "in the vicinity" is subtle.) When they write what does not purport to be English—"camarderie," "bonhommerie," "prima donni" (plural, it would seem, of *prima donna*), they puzzle the most erudite lexicographers. And while their language swells to colossal proportions, their facts are microscopically minute. After mentioning the name of a late "chairman" at one of the minor music halls, they add:—"The last-named gentleman recently died very suddenly while returning home in a tramcar from one of the metropolitan hospitals, at which he was being treated as an outpatient." Another gentleman "expired of pneumonia at his residence in St. John's Road, Brixton, at ten o'clock on the morning of June 1st, 1893." But not all the chairmen are dead. "Mr. Tom Tinsley, the jovial chairman at Gatti's, Charing Cross, has done much to restore the waning glories of his office, and there are few men more deservedly popular than this excellent good fellow."

Keep your eye on the chairman, please, because he is not only, in general, an excellent good fellow, but what the biologists (and erudite lexicographers) call a "survival." For the music-halls, which are now, as our authors say, "veritable Temples of Variety, designed by the leading architects of the day, and upholstered, appointed, and embellished in a style rivalling in magnificence, luxury, and display the palace of an eastern potentate," were originally nothing more than tavern-parlours, and that excellent good fellow, the chairman, was then the tavern landlord. There have been, I should say, three well-marked stages in the process of development. In the first stage, the tavern was primarily a tavern, and only a music-hall *à ses heures*, so to speak—the small hours, of course. Talented amateurs would oblige the company with a song—as, for instance, the song with which Captain Costigan obliged the company, and very much disoblige Colonel Newcome, at the "Cave of Harmony." Gradually the talented amateur found he could make money by his talent and became a professional, like little Nadab the Improvisatore, another of Thackeray's cave-dwellers. And

the landlord became a chairman, shouting (like great Hoskins of that cave) "I drink your 'ealth and song, sir." Then the music-hall arose. The great examples of it in this stage were the Cyder Cellars in Maiden Lane and the Coal Hole in the Strand. In the second stage you find the offshoot tending to separate itself from the parent stem. The music betook itself from the tavern parlour to a separate room, which came to have an independent existence as the "saloon"—the Grecian, the Albert, the Bower, the Union are famous saloons described in this little history. Finally the saloon became the principal, and the tavern—subsiding into a mere side-bar—the auxiliary institution; and from that moment the music-hall, as we know it, was an accomplished fact. It is now one of the greatest of facts. Two or three newspapers are exclusively devoted to its interests. A whole quarter of London is peopled with agents who act as middlemen between its managers and its "artists." It has its own bards and its own more or less musical composers and its own music publishers. Messrs. Stuart and Park know all about the managers and the agents and the artistes and the composers and the bards; indeed, what they don't know about the music-halls isn't knowledge. Their bardic lore strikes one as especially curious. They give biographies of the heroes who make the people's ballads, and are, as usual, strong in the department of what the erudite biographers would call necrology—Mr. A. "died at Holloway on the 16th of June, 1870, at the age of forty-five, after a short illness of Bright's disease," and Mr. B. "died at his residence at Shepherd's Bush on the 15th of July, 1872, after a brief illness." Two bards who have not earned an obituary notice are doing well, much better, in fact, than their predecessors ever did. "At one time," I read, "the highest price paid for a song was ten shillings. Charles Sloman, a prolific song-writer in his time, states that his price for songs was the last-mentioned sum, while he was prepared to supply poems at the rate of five shillings for twenty lines, and threepence a line after. Nowadays, a good song-writer receives from one to five pounds for the singing rights alone of his work, while the royalties on the publishing, when he does not sell the song to the publishers outright, may reach to a very big amount." Messrs. Stuart and Park oblige the company with assorted specimens of the music-hall song, as it has evolved, from "Vilkins and his Dinah" and "The Rat-Catcher's Daughter," through "Paddle your own Canoe" and "In the Strand," down to "We don't want to Fight," and "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." They are wonderful lyrics. After reading them, I feel inclined to bow, like the great Hoskins, to Messrs. Stuart and Park, with a "Gentlemen, your 'ealth and song."

A. B. WALKLEY.



"THE MINE OF MACHIN."
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



WOOLACOMBE.

BUT a short distance from Ilfracombe and some two miles from Morthoe Station lies the picturesque little watering-place of Woolacombe, still in its infancy, but of rapidly increasing repute as a summer resort. The village of Morthoe, a mile off, has long attracted visitors from the surrounding district. Morte Bay, with its dark, jagged cliffs and its Morte Stone, surrounded by sombre associations

of shipwreck, has been the centre of much interest. Before the Bull Point Lighthouse was built wrecks were frequent on this stretch of coast which Kingsley has described as a "chaos of rock-ridges." The same writer has well said of Barricane Creek, which lies beneath the cliffs of Morte Point, and is celebrated for its wealth of shells, "The sweepings of the ocean bed for miles around are piled there, millions upon millions, yards deep." The church at Morthoe is an interesting Norman structure, containing a



WOOLACOMBE SANDS AND SEA SHORE.

Photo by F. Frith & Co., Reigate.



THE WOOLACOMBE BAY HOTEL.
Photo by F. Frith & Co., Reigate.

tomb which is said to be that of Sir William de Tracy, one of Becket's murderers. The Tracys were Barons of Barnstaple, and were connected with Morthoe, but it is more probable that the tomb in question is the burial place of the William de Tracy, who was rector of the parish in 1322. Tradition, however, asserts that the murderer, De Tracy, found a hiding-place in Crewkerne Cave, Ilfracombe, and after his death was doomed eternally to weave into bundles and wisp the sands of Woolacombe shore.

Woolacombe itself is approached from Morthoe along the sea-front. The place lies at the mouth of a finely-wooded gorge, and commands a splendid view of the Woolacombe Sands which afford as free an expanse as the more famous stretch at Westward Ho, reaching for some three miles in the direction of Baggy Point, from which a magnificent view of the coast is to be gained. Straight out from Woolacombe lies the dark outline of Lundy. The sands afford a luxurious bathing place and pleasure ground for children. At the back of the hotel, a comfortable establishment, managed by Arnold Perrett & Co., who also have the control of many pleasant lodgings in the village, Potter's Hill commands a fine view of the Bay.

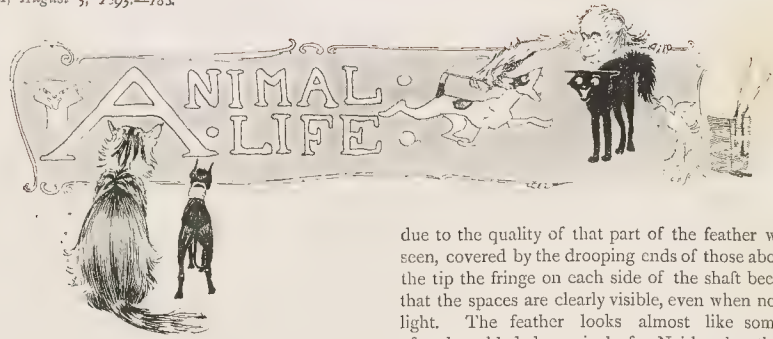
There are many other walks and expeditions to be made in the neighbourhood, either inland or along the coast. Those who prefer the latter course will be rewarded with several fine views. Among interesting spots within easy reach may be mentioned Croyde Bay, which lies just beyond Baggy Point. There is a beacon here from which some five counties may be seen. Beyond Croyde Bay stretch Saunton Sands, which merge themselves in Braunton Burrows to end only just above Bideford Bar.

Among the attractions of the place is a Golf Club, of which Viscount Ebrington is President. The links include a nine-hole course, and extend over some sixty acres. They have been lately laid out by Mr. Gibson, of the North Devon Golf Club at Westward Ho, and the natural advantages of the ground promise well for their popularity with golfers.

Sheltered on all sides except the west the links lie across the centre of the coast of the bay, consisting chiefly of pasture land. The hazards are all natural ones, sand-hills, occasional rough ground, a road with a boundary ditch, and a high bank, being amongst the features of the ground. A special tariff is offered to golfers by the Woolacombe Bay Hotel.

The observations of the Royal Meteorological Society tend to establish a most favourable climatic record for Woolacombe. The most open and exposed spots have been chosen for the placing of test-thermometers, with the result that the climate may be said to hold its own with that of any other health resort in the West of England.

Woolacombe, indeed, bids fair, before long, to rival in popularity her sister watering-places of more established fame, but one may hope that she will be long in losing the charm of her present simplicity, which makes a sojourn in her picturesque surroundings so agreeable to those who care not to make holiday in a big town, barely redeemed by a sea-frontage. At present Woolacombe has the advantage of being far from the madding crowd, yet full of interest and resource in her own neighbourhood, and at the same time within easy reach of so good a town as Ilfracombe.



THE AUSTRALIAN EMU.

AUSTRALIAN birds are not the zoological puzzle which the Australian beasts presented for solution by the early explorers. It was long before even the keenest naturalists among the settlers realized that in the quadrupeds of the new continent they had discovered creatures really belonging to an older world, most of which imitated, by what has been aptly termed "a law of anticipation" the forms of the more developed creatures, but which were all "marsupials," bringing their young to life in pouches, and in some cases, as that of the platypus, even laying eggs and hatching them. But the birds had nothing abnormal about them, though the first discovery of the black swans must have suggested a doubt whether in bird life also we were not about to find an upset of all preconceived ideas of what the necessary colours and forms of birds should be. But the black swan is really no more curious than the black geese—Brent geese and Bernicle geese, when contrasted with the grey and white species; and the great bird which is the subject of Mr. Gambier Bolton's illustration, on the opposite page, does not greatly differ from the "struthious" birds of Africa and South America. Why "struthious" has come to be the name of the ostrich tribe is not very clear. In Homer a "struthus" has a nest in a beautiful plane tree—not exactly the place for an ostrich or an emu to build in—but as Xenophon called ostriches "ground struthuses," probably meaning only birds which run and do not fly, we have taken the word which means "bird," and then applied it to the family of living and extinct birds of large size which have no wings and immensely developed legs for running. There is no bird or animal which does not become more interesting on close acquaintance, and the emu is no exception to the rule. It is not so much in touch with the decorative arts of Europe as the ostrich, because it has none of the fine plume feathers, which first threatened the ostrich with extermination, and then saved the species, because it was commercially worth while to domesticate it, and breed it in ostrich farms—an industry which has actually transplanted the African ostrich, and settled it, probably to stay, in the Western States of America. But its rich brown feathers, graded in all shades from the palest mealy tint at the base, through darkening shades of brown, down to the almost black tips, make the celebrated "emu boas," which are as soft, and in their way as beautiful, as those made from curled ostrich feathers. The "coat" of the emu, thick and glossy as it looks when the bird is in good health, hardly suggests the wonderful softness and warmth of the boas and trimmings made from it. This is

due to the quality of that part of the feather which lies unseen, covered by the drooping ends of those above. Towards the tip the fringe on each side of the shaft becomes so thin that the spaces are clearly visible, even when not held to the light. The feather looks almost like some miniature of a sharp-bladed acacia leaf. Neither has the fringe, the "barbs" and "barbules," which usually interlock and make feathers compact. Turning now to the base of the feather, this is short and thick, and only inserted the eighth part of an inch in the skin; but from each little "root" spring not one, but *two* feather shafts. One lies above the other, each is the centre of a complete separate feather, and each shaft is light, flexible, and yet so strong that it may be tied into a knot and untied without injury, and will then resume the graceful curve in which it usually lies. From the base to within an inch of the tip the double shafts are fringed with the softest and most exquisitely sub-divided fringe. When held to the light every tiny barb seems to lie independently of the next, and the whole blends into one of the softest, lightest, and most elastic structures in nature. That the "emu" boas should be in request is not surprising, considering the material of which they are made. On the bird itself only the drooping tips of these feathers are seen; they "sit" round the base of the neck like a thickly-trimmed jacket, and in the pairing season, when the bird's neck is almost as blue as turquoise, and its bright eye the colour of brown rock crystal, it is a very handsome creature. The emus belong to the cassowary division of the ostrich tribe, but are distinguished from the cassowaries by the absence of the "helmet" on the head, and in habits by frequenting open ground instead of thick forest. Unlike the ostrich, the emu pairs, and the female is larger than the male. They are easily kept in England. One has been in the Zoo for fifteen years, and they have laid eggs and hatched young in the gardens, the male bird sitting on the beautiful dark-green eggs. These are laid in February, and care has to be taken that they are not spoiled by exposure to morning frost. In several English parks emus are now more or less acclimatized, and as the male birds do not become vicious in the pairing season, they can be kept as ornamental pets where it would be impossible to keep the handsomer, but dangerous ostrich. The most successful owners of emus usually enclose two or three acres of grass land, and erect some rough shelter for the birds in storms and hard weather. A shed built of faggots, with a wide door, and an appearance as little house-like as possible, suits them best, for like the Australian "black-fellow," the emu has a natural mistrust of entering a building. A little straw and hay put down early in the year will induce them to nest there, and thus both the eggs and the sitting bird are protected. Besides the common emu, the spotted emu has been reared in England. The eggs were laid in Surrey, and the story goes that the owner, who was a strict Quaker, when the bird left its nest and refused to sit, took them to bed with him one Sunday, to keep them warm, and on Monday transported them to the Zoo.

C. J. CORNISH.



THE EMU.
PHOTO BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN



I AM bidden to discourse upon *lingerie*, a not altogether displeasing mandate, for it is a subject I think I understand, and it is one I am certain I appreciate under its most luxurious aspects. I confess to a holy horror of the woman who wears Jaeger combinations, even though,



A CHINÉ SILK.

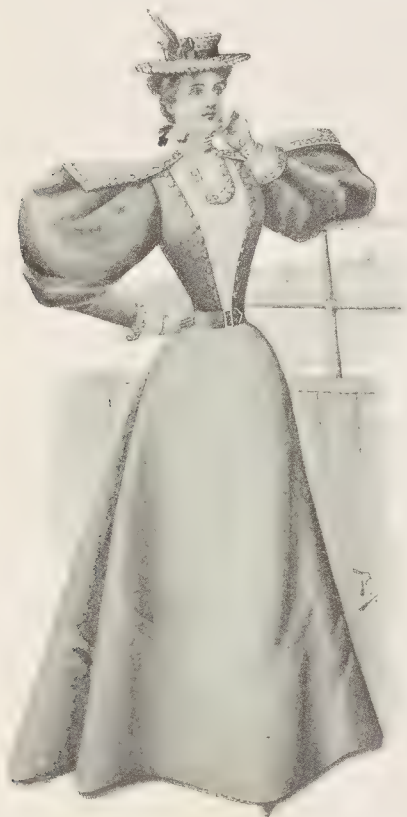
poor lady! she may have been forced into such misfortune by the edict of an unsympathetic doctor; but should this trouble overtake her in her youth, I beg her to consider the importance of cutting the vest a little round at the throat and trimming it with a lace insertion and an edging threaded with ribbons, treating the ribbed edges of the sleeves and

the legs in the same fashion, when she may feel she has done her best to mitigate her woes. Unquestionably the finest lawn and lace should be permitted the privilege of making underclothing, the touch of this, as well as its appearance, bringing infinite comfort to her who realises the best meaning of the word aesthetic. Intimately I want to discuss the charms of the chemise which is supplied with pointed revers trimmed with Valenciennes, these revers falling over the corsets, when they serve the purpose of keeping them unsullied by the dress lining. The Empire style intrudes itself upon our underclothing, and many of the prettiest models in nightgowns and chemises show the high belt, which is being made of lace and embroidery, while it is elaborately threaded with ribbons. Ribbons for our *lingerie* are quite an important item in our dress expenditure, the good old-fashioned pink and blue being undoubtedly the most becoming, although some women hold a theory that black has superior charms. This reminds me that the other day I met a chemise made of black batiste trimmed with white lace, threaded with black ribbons; and, furthermore, I have come across a chemise of white batiste accordion kilted, trimmed with black lace, threaded with white ribbons. The black underclothes or black lace trimmings cannot be seriously considered, though, for they must needs visit the cleaner instead of the laundress, and this way inconvenience lies!

I would wish to impress upon the mind of every woman who would be well-dressed, that it is necessary that she should supply herself with at least three or four silken petticoats, and two or three pairs of stays to match these. The ideal corsets are made of white silk, embroidered in pink rosebuds, while the petticoat to be worn with these can be either of plain white or plain pink, the ribbons in the underclothes, of course, to be of pink. More economical stays are made of holland coutille embroidered in silk, and to this a tussore petticoat, trimmed with lace, threaded with ribbons, may be a suitable complement. The latest extravagance in petticoats is made of shot *glacé* silk, measuring some five yards in circumference, and trimmed with accordion kilted frills of *glacé* silk, these being cut into vandykes, and edged with a narrow Valenciennes lace. They absorb, so I am told, some twenty yards of silk, so they may be, indeed, voted luxuries for the wealthy.

Alas! the knickerbocker form of underclothing really does find favour in the sight of many women. A pity 'tis, 'tis true! These are generally made of black satin or of white soft silk. Unquestionably, they are of value to the athletic woman. These may be commended to the girl who plays tennis, either in the plain form, buckled at the knee, or on the lines of the Turkish trouser, when they are more decorative, and almost elegant in white accordion-kilted silk, trimmed with lace frills and lace insertion. They need only reach a little way below the knee, so there is no fear of

the lace catching in the shoe, and these trousers are infinitely prettier than the knickerbockers built on the sportsman lines. But to continue. Stockings must be very seriously considered, and again I am aware that there are some unfortunate invalids amongst us who are forced to wear cashmere hose. To these I beg to tender my sincere condolences. The pure silk stocking should be the only wear, these either of black with silk clocks, or in tan colour to match the Russian leather boots or shoes, which we are delighted to honour during the summer. A novelty in shoes is of white leather, with a rough surface, elaborately brogued. These are rather trying, and should be only adopted by her who boasts a small foot. Russian leather is, as a matter of fact, not so becoming as black, but then it looks so nice against a serge gown that it is impossible to resist it. The shape of shoe known as the "Langtry," which has a long tongue, and either ties or buckles just above the toes, is one of the most becoming ever invented, and this is to be found in black or in brown.



A BLUE SERGE DRESS.

But let me kick aside boots and shoes for a minute, and contemplate the latest extravagance in night-gowns. These are made of the finest muslin with enormous collars, often open at the throat, and invariably tied with ribbons and

trimmed with lace. A lovely night-gown in the Empire style fastens down one side under the arm, and has a lace yoke and sleeves of lace. Another absurdity of fashion—but, oh, how delightful a one it is!—is a night-gown of



THAT STRIPED SILK GOWN.

accordion kilted batiste striped *à jour*, with narrow Valenciennes lace set at three inch intervals; the sleeves of this reach to the elbow and are also striped with lace. What would our great-grandmothers have said to such modern innovations—those dear old ladies who used to weave their own linen, and edge them with a piece of home-made lace, and go to bed saying, "What a good girl am I!"

But I am not a good girl to have forgotten the costumes which appear on this page. The details of one do not deserve to be ignored. It is a gown of striped silk, with a vest of pleated chiffon, and it has a fichu over the shoulders edged with frills to match this. Another is of blue serge, with a vest of white serge outlined with a blue-and-white and red *galon*, and at the back of this is a collar of grass lawn bordered with lace, while the little buttons on either side are of gilt, and the sleeves and vest are of the grass lawn. The third picture shows a gown of chiné silk, with a yoke at the back of mirror velvet, and the long shoulder seam, whose advent into fashionable circles has been threatened for two seasons.

PAULINA PRY.



TRAGEDIES OF THE BATH.

THERE seems to be something wrong about this August from the swimmer's point of view. Here the month has opened, and no medical newspaper has sounded the loud trumpet of natatory despair. Save for a few scattered paragraphs, in which ample rules are laid down for the salvation of the common man who is thirsting to be snatched from a watery grave, the scientific journals have been wanting in their duty. They have not even discussed that over-ripe question: why do strong swimmers sink so suddenly, without betraying any premonitory symptoms of fatigue or distress? They have not supplied us with the rather obvious piece of advice that we should not swim any farther than we are able to. They are waiting, possibly, for a catastrophe, for a tragedy of the bath, which will serve as a suitable text. And, meanwhile, thousands of energetic persons are disporting themselves daily in the invigorating waters of the Channel, and are delightfully regardless of the fact that these newspaper perils hedge them in on all sides.

It is to be noticed, when the aquatic catastrophes of the year come to be reckoned with, that there are comparatively few accidents in big bathing centres. We rarely hear of a man drowned at Margate, at Ramsgate, at Scarborough, or at Southport. Though the average Englishman refuses to learn to swim with an obstinacy which is national, a considerable local authority, with an eye to the rates, persists at tragic moments in fishing him out of the water with boat-hooks, and in providing small boats wherein he can be resuscitated. Abroad, they do things even better; but there the temptations to wander are less evident. Obviously, when a man can flirt with a pretty girl on the steps of a *voiture de bain*, he has no reason to swim against such a silent and unentertaining companion as time. I remember at Ostend, a couple of seasons ago, being the victim of a demonstration which was more embarrassing than flattering. I had wandered, perhaps, twenty yards from the shore when the entertainment opened. An elderly gentleman on the bank began to sound the loud trumpet literally. He blew strange noises on a horn until he was black in the face, and presently was joined by other gentlemen who made other noises on other horns. To this distracting concatenation of sounds, there was added presently the shrieks of the fair women and the shouts of the boatmen who had put off in small boats. But it was many minutes before I discovered the object of the demonstration, and the fact that I was at least three feet out of my depth. Nor could I be angry with men and women who shed such tears of real joy when I had come to shore again.

While this entertainment was in itself amusing, it could hardly be considered satisfactory from a sportsman's point of view. The truth is that the man who loves a long swim, and desires to be on good terms with prudence at the same time, has difficulty in finding fit bathing places on the South

Coast. Many of the accidents of the last ten years may be set down entirely to one fact—and that is the fact of currents. Twice in three years I have seen a man nearly carried round the east pier at Ramsgate, and on each occasion the victim of tide was a powerful swimmer. I myself remember swimming to the quarter-mile raft at Eastbourne some four years ago, and getting back with such difficulty that when at last I touched ground I was almost unable to lift a hand. It is when a man fails at some such foolhardy feat as this that he goes down suddenly, and leaves the medical papers to quarrel over him. Just as a runner falls senseless at the tape, or an oarsman tumbles back fainting upon the knees of the man behind him, so does an exhausted bather give up the struggle without word or cry, and sink like a stone. The pity of it is that ninety-nine men out of a hundred refuse to believe that any sort of training is necessary for a long swim. They find themselves by the sea on a hot day. An enthusiast suggests, "Let us go in." Not one of the party stops to remember that, this being the first dip of the season, some restraint is necessary. Out they all go, regardless of tide or currents; and finding the exercise delightful, they are carried two or three hundred yards from the shore before they have had time to think about it. Then comes the moment of peril. It was easy enough to swim out; it is work of a different order entirely to get back again. To exhaustion, it may be that panic is added. A man finds he is tiring, and for the first time in his aquatic life he loses his head. Instead of turning upon his back, and trying to keep himself drifting towards the shore, he begins to struggle wildly, oblivious of all the science of his art and of the measure of his strength. If he come to shallow water ultimately, it is in a state of breathlessness and fatigue which he will never forget. If he fail, and his heart give way under the trial, he makes a tragedy of the season, and the *Lancet* writes a leader on his case, searching for hidden and many-vowelled explanations, when but one explanation is possible.

It is curious that this folly should be almost the peculiar property of the bather; but the fact is not to be denied. When a runner begins the season of his running, he is not fool enough to try the whole distance which he will ultimately run. When a cyclist goes forth for his first ride of the year, he does not race against time or set out upon a journey, of ten hours, say to Brighton and back. Rather, he has a mild spin, taking things easily and contenting himself with a "pipe-opener," as the saying goes. And as in cycling, so in rowing. Your boat-captain, training an eight for the Mays at Cambridge, does not lead his crew to Baitsbite and back as a preliminary. He is satisfied with a gentle paddle to the railway-bridge, and a high rate of striking is never attempted even during the first month of coaching. Only in the bath is the folly of performance without practice attempted, and here you have the whole secret of those grim catastrophes which are part and parcel of every swimming season.

MAX PEMBERTON.

The Isle of Wight.—First Series.



CARISBROOKE CASTLE—THE GATEWAY.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



TOTLAND BAY.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH
& CO., REIGATE.



WEST COWES.
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WHIPPINGHAM—THE QUEEN'S
ALMSHOUSES. PHOTO BY F.
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WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.
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WEST COWES—THE PRIVATE ENTRANCE
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WEST COWES—THE GREEN.
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ALUM BAY.
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SEA VIEW.

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CARISBROOKE CASTLE—THE GATEWAY.

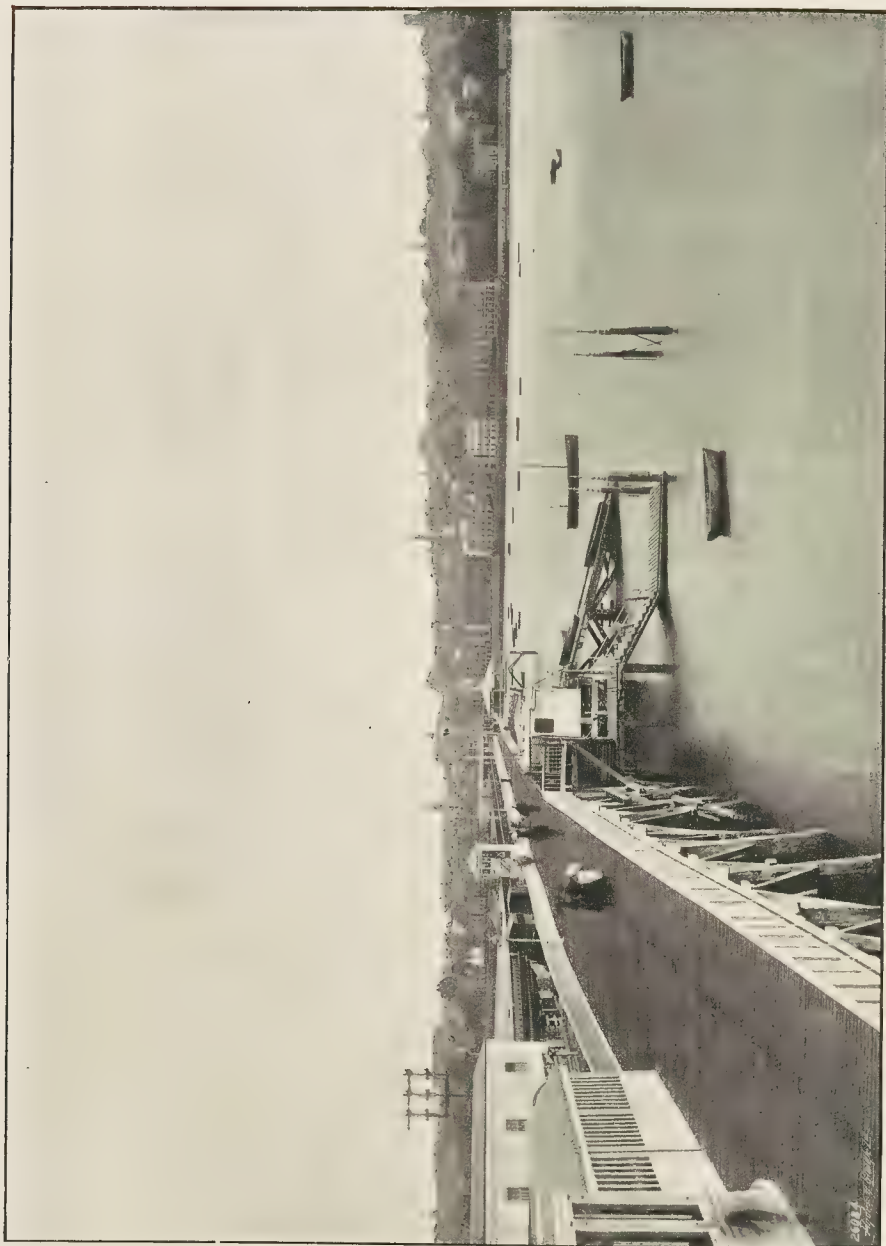
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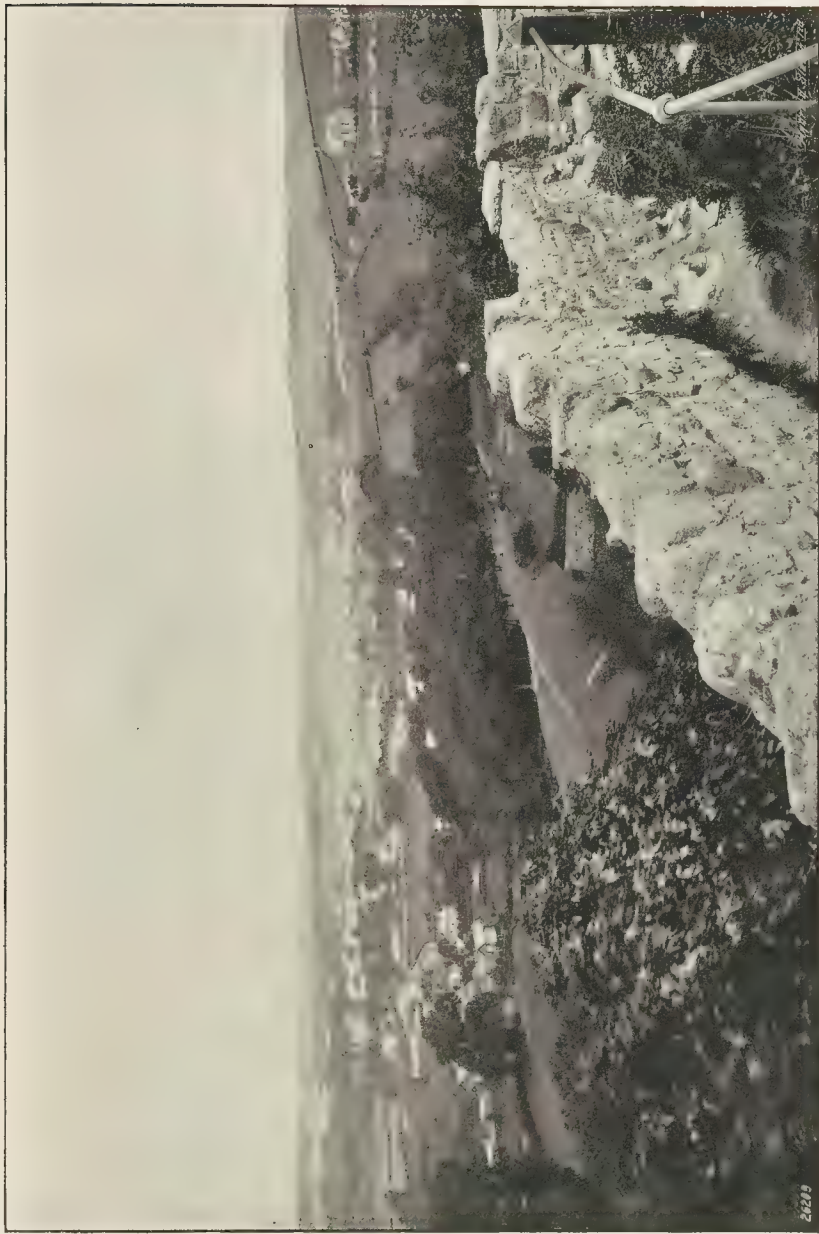
THE SWISS COTTAGE IN THE
GROUNDS AT OSBORNE. PHOTO
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BEMBRIDGE.
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RYDE, FROM THE PIER.
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NEWPORT, FROM THE KEEP OF
CARISBROOKE CASTLE. PHOTO BY
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ST. HELEN'S TOWER,
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

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AN ARTICLE ON MR. FORD'S WORK
APPEARS ON PAGE 222 OF THIS
NUMBER.

MR. E. ONSLOW FORD, NEW ROYAL
ACADEMICIAN. PHOTO BY RALPH ROBIN-
SON, REDHILL.

MERE GOSSIP

LORD DONINGTON looked a handsome old man even at the time of his daughter's marriage to the Duke of Norfolk. The long white locks of twenty years ago had become scantier of late, and the erect figure bowed. Still, Lord Donington was not an old man as ages now count, and his death came unexpectedly. Lord Donington had many strange vicissitudes in his personal history. And it was a piquant experience to be the brother-in-law of the Marquis of Hastings, the greatest waster of modern times, and the father-in-law of the Duke of Norfolk, who has denied himself every extravagance and has devoted to charity a larger sum of money than any peer now living.

In memory of his wife, Edith, Countess of Loudoun, and Baroness Hastings in her own right, Lord Donington annually distributed a hundred tons of coal from his Moira collieries to the poor in the parishes of Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Castle Donington. Two or three years ago Lord Donington built for himself a wooden house at Farleigh, in Somersetshire, for his favourite summer residence. But his pleasure in that, as in nearly everything, was lost last year when Lady

Egidia Hastings, his daughter and constant companion, untimely died at the age of twenty-two.

The usual gay house-party at Goodwood House was a notably missing feature of the week's festivities this year, the Duke of Richmond's family being thrown into mourning by the death of Lady Florence Gordon-Lennox, who was buried in the Lady Chapel at Chichester Cathedral on the 27th July. So many were afraid of rain that the second day's gathering did not present such a bouquet of bright colour on the lawn as that preceding it. But a goodly company showed up, notwithstanding, Royalty being represented by the Prince, Prince Christian, and the Duke of York, who watched the sport with keen interest, and was amongst those to congratulate Captain Machell on the somewhat unexpected form of his good horse Campanajo. Tremendous excitement was felt over the last race when Omladina and Flitters practically got home together. The stakes were divided, and beyond putting up with six pairs of gloves instead of twelve, or none, fair betters had nothing to complain of. One lucky young woman, who had plumped on the first-named and hedged on the latter, seemed very well satisfied indeed, as well she might.

Short engagements become shorter and still more short in these days of acute activity, and the motto "no sooner said than done" seems the accepted standard of all modern bachelors, who nerve themselves for the deeps and rapids of



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE STARTING ON HIS COACHING TOUR FROM NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE.

Photo by Russell & Sons.

matrimony. Lady Moyra Beauclerk's engagement to Mr. Cavendish only dated from Cup Day, and the last day of July saw their wedding in the pretty little church at Bestwood. Lord and Lady Middleton, who live close by, brought some members of their house-party, which included Lady Jeune and her pretty daughter, Miss Stanley. Colonel Seely brought Mrs. and Miss Scott Murray and Mr. Arthur Blake, while various other neighbouring houses furnished contingents from amongst their guests; so that besides the Duchess of St. Albans' friends and those from the Devonshire side, a respectable number were provided by surrounding squires' houses which swelled the original wedding party very considerably.

Lady Inglefield's engagement was an open secret to her friends for some months past. Her wedding with Baron von Haugwitz made the final fashionable ceremony of a very marrying season. Lord De-la-Warr lent his house for the breakfast, and Lady Mary Sackville looked very pretty, as she always does, in white, with touches of green. The bride wore grey, with mauve trimmings. Lady Fitzwarine Chichester, Lady Clarke, and Lady Seymour were amongst the guests. Baron von Haugwitz is well bestowed both in good looks and fortune, while Lady Inglefield's charming person is, if possible, enhanced by a personality of sixty thousand sterling.

Lady Egerton of Tatton, whose portrait appears on this page, is a daughter of Sir Graham Graham-Montgomery, Bart. In 1885 she married the third and last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, who died in 1889. Five years later she became Lady Egerton of Tatton. She is the authoress of a graceful and entertaining volume of reminiscences of foreign travel.

Contrary to all preceding traditions the present is a grey year at frivolous fascinating Trouville. Grey from the alpaca point of view only, however—that silvery and serviceable material queening it over all gaudy compeers for the

moment; otherwise a more brilliantly opened month one does not remember; the Princesse de Sagan, typical *grande dame* as she is, having just taken possession of her pretty villa; the Prince de Chabannes-la-Pallice, another leader

of the *Jeunesse dorée*, and supposed to possess the most luxurious smoking-room in Europe having also arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ridgeway are at Sweet Cottage and the latter goes about in a bewitching frock of white mohair, with deer-skin collar, cuffs and buttons, white beaver shoes completing this attractive get up. A good many smart English are on the spot, thus infringing the tradition that Trouville is the most entirely *chic* and exclusively French of all the Gallic watering places.



LADY EGERTON OF TATTON.

Photo by Thompson, Grosvenor Street, W.

balls goes round the neck and sleeves, the waist band being similarly decorated. It is a most ingenious contrivance and gives much additional buoyancy to one's marine experiments. Another idea to be utilised in this autumn season of universal tramp is the travelling pillow case, to be carried in one's trunk and so avoid contact with hotel pillow-covers. Mauve lawn is the material which I have set up for my immediate needs. It has a gay design of lilac, red roses, and apple blossom in delicate tones, and edged with wide white lace looks exceedingly dainty.

An engagement of considerable interest to literary circles is on the wings of rumour. I am in a position to state that this is not "mere gossip." Both are young, and one of the twain is very well known. It was a case of love at first sight.

The reproach of insularity will soon be a thing of the past. We have not yet reached the point of filling our music-halls on Sunday evening in the decorous family party-way popular, say, in Brussels. And the Thames Embankment still lacks bright, open-air cafés, with marble-topped tables and ubiquitous ant-like waiters, where tired folk could sit through long summer evenings and review their youth over glasses of *syrop grosseille*.

But Battles of Flowers and of Confetti are fighting their way into the strongholds of English watering-places. To me personally these summer day hostilities are somewhat of a nuisance. I went to Eastbourne for rest. I found the town topsy-turvy, and the air full of cries and loud laughter. The roads were strewn with *confetti*, the cab in which I drove from the station was foot deep in the little coloured paper discs, and by the time I reached my hotel I was covered with *confetti* from head to foot, and had *confetti* working insistently down my back.

It was roses, roses all the way, too. But people exercise more restraint with the roses they throw away. You are not introduced to your opponent in a *confetti* battle. If she hits you, you must laugh. But you mustn't laugh if you hit her. Girls find it easier to hit the mark with *confetti* than with tennis balls.

On ordinary occasions my hotel at Eastbourne looks at the sea, but during the battle, and for two days afterwards, there was no sea. Along the parade, stands, gay with bunting and flags, had been built in a long night of hammering and shouting. And through that "dem'd, damp," dripping Sunday that followed the battle, sodden stands and disconsolate flags protested against the transportation of King Carnival from his home in the land of sunshine, of the vine, and the blue heavens.

I was surprised to learn the other day that the penny-in-the-slot photographic machine has been in existence for five years. I was also surprised to discover that it acts, but why it should act I leave amateur photographers to explain. With me the business was over in five seconds. It happened in this way. I put two pennies in the slot: I stood three yards off the machine, smiling at a mirror, and after the space of five seconds a bell rang and my photograph, the size of a piece of butter-scotch, glided into a tray. It was a most excellent likeness, and pleased me a deal more than one produced for me by Messrs. ———, of ——— Street, a few days before.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert has long been at work upon a commission after his own heart in that delightful goldsmith's work in which he follows in the footsteps of Cellini. It is a set of dinner spoons and forks for a very wealthy man who can afford to indulge a hobby far beyond the dreams of ordinary folk. But this is no common or garden set of spoons and forks. There are spoons and forks for each course, from soup to fruit, and they are designed to follow the mood of the discreet and advanced diner from that time of calm and grave expectancy, when he lifts the first spoonful of soup to his lips, through the various adventures of dinner, till that supreme moment when he rises from his chair and sighs happily as silk skirts rustle past him to the door.

Mr. Gilbert has lavished his invention and art upon each detail. The soup spoon is as different from the ice spoon, as the temper of a hungry man is different from the temper of a man who has dined wisely and well. The rest remains with the servants. Imagine the feelings of the host if by some mischance the series of spoons and forks became mixed up, or if some wandering guest pierced a *hors d'œuvre* with the fork destined by its maker for preserved ginger.

One of Mr. A. J. Balfour's hobbies is to do without a hat altogether. I have continually seen him on hot days, both walking and driving, carrying his hat in his hand, blissfully unconscious that he is attracting attention. A correspondent of a religious paper has been describing Mr. Balfour's habits, what time he visits his country home, Whittinghame, in East Lothian. He rarely retires to bed till the small hours, and being passionately fond of music it is his way to spend an hour after midnight alone with his grand piano, upon which he plays with no small skill. Like many other great men's, his bedroom is austere to a degree—a plain iron bedstead, such as you might see in a labourer's cottage, and little else in the way of furniture.

What slaves we are to the silk hat! I should have thought that on the sea, at least, it could be discarded, but the first Lord of the Admiralty thinks differently. When Mr. Goschen paid his State visit to the Italian fleet, he paced the deck of the *Re Umberto* with a large, shiny silk hat pushed over his eyes, and a frock coat buttoned tightly around his figure. When is that long-delayed paper to appear which will be devoted exclusively to men's fashions? The material is abundant, and the advertisers are ready and waiting. Here is a subject that should certainly be treated in a leader in "The King." Do you know that straw sailor hats have had their day? They are tabooed in the best circles. The right hat to wear now is conical in shape, with the crown knocked in. It is made of fine white straw, and a good one will cost you as much as two guineas.

Mrs. F. R. Benson, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, is a daughter of the late Captain Samwell, and made her *début* in the Lyceum Vacation Company under the name of Miss Constance Featherstonhaugh. She subsequently joined Mr. F. R. Benson's well-known Shakespearian Company, and was married to Mr. Benson in 1886. During Mr. Benson's London season at the Globe Theatre she won considerable repute as Ophelia, Desdemona, Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," and Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The young actor-manager and his wife have since appeared in a varied *répertoire* throughout the provinces, where a large following of playgoers delights to honour them and their artistic productions of Shakespeare's plays, and old comedies. For several years they have given the annual Shakespeare Memorial performances at Stratford-on-Avon, reviving such less-known pieces as "Coriolanus," "The Tempest," "Timon of Athens," and "Henry IV. Part II.," in addition to the more frequently acted of Shakespeare's plays. Mrs. Benson has availed herself of such golden opportunity, and has become an actress of exceptional accomplishment as well as great natural charm. The tragic intensity of her Juliet and Lady Macbeth, the dainty comedy of her Rosalind, Viola, and Lady Teazle, and the vivid realism of her Doll Tear-sheet—to mention but a few of her *rôles*—have combined to win her an enduring reputation.



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS DOLL TEARSHEET
IN SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY IV., PART II."
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., did not get quite his catalogue price for his academy picture, but close upon it. This is not a time when a good offer can be refused.

Aix is in a paroxysm of all the gaieties, just as if the halt, and maimed, and very gouty, who go to pick up after a season of infinite dining-out, had gone there for the one only and indivisible pursuit of pleasure. The "cure," must be judiciously admixed, no doubt, with diversion, and the poor victims who take it are certainly by no means averse to improve the shining hour. The Casinos are crowded every night, and in the afternoons Guignot's excellent band gives open-air concerts at the Villa. Amongst the people staying here are Lady Randolph Churchill, who

Madame Melba, who has been engaged for every party of importance this season, Miss Clara Butt, and Signor Ancona sang, while Hollman and Wolff fiddled delightfully. The supper was served on the terrace under a huge tent with dozens of small tables. The society was chiefly recruited from American literary and artistic sources, but amongst the well-known I noticed Lady Henry Fitzgerald, Mrs. Cazalet, Mrs. Parkinson Sharpe (much thinner since she took to bicycling), Mr. Kenneth Howard, and Lady Hart.

Mrs. Ronalds, another prominent American, and one, too, who has successfully opened the sesame of English society, gave a musical party the same week, at which the lion of the evening was the Duke of Coburg.



HARVEST-TIME
Photo by Reid, Wisnau.

makes a most engaging widow, Lady Feo Sturt and "Mr. Humphrey," Lady Fitzclarence, Major Stuart Ogilvie, the ever-popular Mrs. Fiske, Colonel and Mrs. Norman, Sir Simeon Stuart, City Marshal, and Lady Stuart. Sir Simeon has had a varied career, for following his time in the 5th Dragoon Guards, he left the army and went on the stage, where *on dit* he also met his pretty wife.

Concerts have been considered quite the smartest form of entertaining in the season which is just over, and one of the last occasions of the sort was given by Mrs. Mackay in her great house at Carlton House Terrace. Everything, from artists to nectarines, was of the best that money, most useful of go-betweens, could accomplish.

Lady de Grey looked, as usual, very handsome in black, and wore her wonderful pearls. Lady Feo Sturt, just on the point of starting for Aix, put in an appearance for a short time. Lady Yarborough, Mdme. de Bille, and the Danish Minister were present; also Mrs. Maguire, one of the season's brides, who looked very pretty in white satin. Mrs. Ronalds constantly wears pink, and her pretty frock of that colour suited her very well. She sang to some few friends who remained on when the artists and greater number of her guests had left. Mme. Réjane's recitations were superb, and music was provided by Melba, Marie Brema, Ben Davies, Plançon, Hollman, and Wolff. Decidedly Mrs. Ronalds deserves the success of her lavish entertainments.



"Call this a boundless ocean? Why, it's all bounds!"

Exhibited in Mr. Phil May's Exhibition, at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street. Reproduced by permission the Proprietors of "THE SKETCH."



A WORD FOR LACROSSE.

MR. NORMAN MELLAND, who is perhaps the finest all-round exponent of lacrosse in the country, has just given some very encouraging words to an interviewer who asked his opinion as to the future of this singularly fine and exciting pastime. In Mr. Melland's view, that future should be a great one. While he admits that a steady nerve, a quick eye and a good wind are necessary qualifications for the player, none the less is he assured that the number of players will multiply quickly during the next decade, and that lacrosse will ultimately take a great hold upon the people and a greater hold upon boys. With the latter limitation I have little sympathy. I cannot conceive the day when the crosse will take the place of the cricket-bat or the flags the place of the goal. Your schoolboy is mightily conservative in his sports. The taw succeeds the top, as Thackeray told us, with a regularity which is unchanging through generations. The lad of to-day plays much as his grandfathers did and turns a deaf ear to novelties. The future of lacrosse will be with the young man, who, when the merits of one of the most delightful of sports have been brought home to him, will take it up with a fever which may rival even the fever for "socket."

This is a bold claim. It may be an extravagant claim from one who is a mere spectator of lacrosse. Nor do I forget when making it, that the progress of the game so far has been almost disheartening to the stoutest of its friends. Before the year 1867, we knew nothing of lacrosse in England. We had heard that it was a game played by Indians. Possibly we had a sneaking suspicion that it was a bloodthirsty game—the preliminary to orgies whereat aged ladies were cooked like chops and elderly gentlemen were relieved of their locks. When in the year 1867 a team of Indians exhibited their skill for our delectation, and we were satisfied that the sport included neither the roasting of elderly females, nor the encouragement of premature baldness, we applauded, but we did not imitate. As Mr. Norman Melland assures us, no serious attempt to play lacrosse was made until the visit of the Canadian team in the year 1876. Even then, though many clubs were started, and the North especially awakened itself to the pretence of enthusiasm, the result was not cheerful. Many of the clubs perished in their first season. The right man did not take up the game. There was no perseverance shown, no persistent attempt to conquer those first principles upon which the whole art of lacrosse rests. Indeed, there seemed at one time a probability that the new favour was to be a thing of months. It was not until the year 1883, when a second team of Canadians came here, that the good seed took root and the harvest was reaped. Lacrosse has progressed steadily from that time. Always popular in Lancashire and in Belfast, it has spread slowly to the South. Such associa-

tions as Owen's College, Cheetham, Stockport, and particularly the clubs of Ireland, are rapidly approaching to the Canadian standard. More than all, the right spirit is in the men; they are warming rapidly to the vigour of the enthusiast.

All this being admitted, it remains to ask, what of the onlookers? The answer is not for the moment satisfactory. You can get gates for a game of lacrosse anywhere in Lancashire, and at many places in Ireland. In London there is little patronage; but this is to be set down rather to the ignorance of the man in the street than to his indifference. I am convinced that if he could but see a really fine exposition of the Canadian game, he would be converted there and then. There is no more exciting business to watch than a meeting of skilled lacrosse men. The sport is quick, changing, exciting, stimulating. It possesses all the fascinations of association football, with absolutely none of the dangers. It might be that the gentler side of it would not appeal to the miner of Northumberland, who "kicks the ball when he cannot kick the man"; but in civilised climes its comparatively pacific nature could not fail to help its success. And otherwise it has every feature of football, and others beyond. To watch a great thrower send a ball a hundred yards, and more, from his crosse is a feat worth going far to see. The run, the dribble, the feint, the shot at goal—all these are precisely similar to the main points of the "socket" game, but are made with the ball in the bat, and not at the toes. The worst injury that can befall a player is a rap over the fingers with a light stick. And for sheer excitement, I know nothing to touch a fine rally on a lacrosse ground.

It has been said again and again that the popularity of football is due to the swift decision of the game. Lacrosse is equally as swift. The man in the street does not mind standing for an hour and a quarter watching neat rallies and sharp runs. Lacrosse would give him both. The new game of "socket" compensates him for the loss of the cock and the pugilist. Lacrosse would prove as fine a substitute. He would prefer, perhaps, a sawdust arena in which men discarded a football altogether and simply went for each other with their fists, but being deprived of these by the long arm of the law, he takes the mock battle and cocks his ears when he scents slaughter. Such a man, while lamenting the absence of the "sudden-death" element in lacrosse, would soon succumb to its spell if once he witnessed the game in its perfection. And it is possible that scores of those who now find cricket a bore would take up the pastime if the pioneers of a summer season were forthcoming. They play the hot months through in Canada. There is no earthly reason why we should not do the same. At any rate, the experiment would be worth trying. That it would end in "gates" I am convinced.

MAX PEMBERTON.



"THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST." BY JAMES
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A HAPPY accident caused me the other day to read an article called "The Philosophy of Furniture," which gives the ideas of a really cultured man upon the question of rendering a home beautiful. The author is Edgar Allan Poe, and since the essay must have been

written somewhere between 1835 and 1849 it is really a voice from what may be called a very dark period—perhaps the very darkest in the matter of home decorations. Now, Poe is a writer chiefly known over here as an author of horrible stories and eccentric poetry, or of three eccentric poems, for I doubt whether many could name more than "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee," and comparatively few are aware of his critical writings in which he shows himself a scholar and widely-read man, with extraordinary powers of



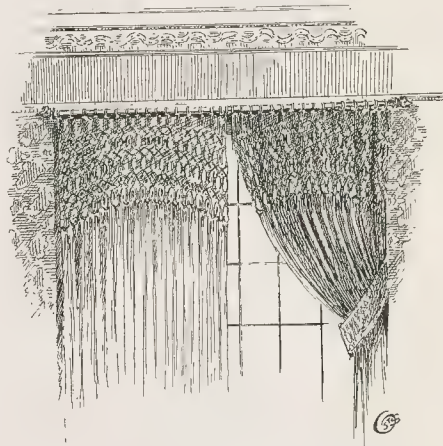
A PORTIÈRE PASSED THROUGH A
COR DE CHASSE.

analysis and a delicate, very nice taste in matters of literature. Consequently his opinions at the period a little before the Great 1852 Exhibition had started, a movement which, despite its follies and extravagancies, may be called a little Renaissance.

Poe begins his article with the remark that "In the internal decoration, if not in the architecture of their residences, the English are supreme. The Italians have but little sentiment beyond marbles and colours. In France, *Meliora probant deteriora sequanter*—the people are too much a race of gad-about to maintain those household proprieties of which, indeed, they have a delicate appreciation, or at least the elements of a proper sense." The statement was somewhat rash, since Poe's direct knowledge of the subject was slight. When he was seven years old he came to England and dwelt here for five years. At the age of eighteen, fired by the example of Byron, he determined

to aid the Greeks in their struggle against the Turks and was in Europe, or at least absent from America, for a year. What he did during this voyage and whither he went is a mystery. After this he never left America: consequently he can hardly have based his remarks on real evidence. However at the present day, certainly, the observations have some foundation.

Whether Baudelaire, whose brilliant translations have rendered Poe the one American writer really well-known in France, has by translating "The Philosophy of Furniture" caused the French to suspect our superiority, I cannot say, but certainly nowadays our old friends and enemies have come to the conclusion that we combine the comfortable and beautiful more successfully than they. In consequence, there is a steadily growing Anglomania in the matter of furniture. Indeed, it is within my knowledge that of late years wealthy French people have spent big sums in buying Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Adams, and other Early English Century furniture, and the wonderful wares of William Morris. However, I must pass from the first sentence. The next noteworthy matter is on the subject of carpets. Again I quote: "Carpets are better understood of late than of ancient days, but we still frequently err in their patterns and colours. The soul of the apartment is the carpet. From it are deluded not only the hues, but the forms of all objects



SMOCKED CURTAINS.

incumbent. A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must* be a genius. . . . Everyone knows that a large floor may have a covering of large figures, and that a small one *must* have a covering of

small. Yet this is not all the knowledge in the world." All this is true and obvious. Unfortunately, Poe goes on to declare that, "as regards texture, the Saxony alone is admissible," and one comes to the conclusion, sadly, that the brilliant author of "Arthur Gordon Pym" hardly distinguishes between hand and machine-made carpets, and knew little of the beautiful work from the looms of Persia. Possibly the Turkish which he describes as "taste in its dying agonies," were the fraudulent German wares, which, like the cigars from the land of Sauerkraut and waiters, are sent abroad and reimported as products of distant lands.

"Glare" is a leading error in the philosophy of American household decoration—an error easily recognised as deduced from the perversion of taste just specified. "We are violently enamoured of gas and glass." These words, alas! apply to other lands than the States. Then comes a diatribe against the glare of gas, with which I sympathise, accepting as I do, his views about the ugliness of the light, and adding my own as to its effects on ceilings, wall papers, pictures, etc. Perhaps as a woman, I do not accept fully his philippic against mirrors, and yet I must admit, despite myself, that the "mirror presents a continuous, flat, colourless, unrelieved surface—a thing always and obviously unpleasant," and do not deny that "considered as a reflector, it is potent in producing a monstrous, odious uniformity." Just as old Benjamin Goldfinch gave up shoemakers, coachmen, and waiters, I give up mirrors for the drawing room, and there is no third act to re-establish them in my favour.

Unfortunately, when the brilliant author of "Eureka" from the destructive comes to the distinctive, it is impossible to follow him. I now quote from his description of an ideal drawing room. "The windows are curtained within the recess by a thick silver tissue, adapted to the shape of the window, and hanging loosely in small volumes. Without the recess are curtains of an exceedingly rich silk, fringed with a deep network of gold, and lined with the silver tissue, which is the material of the exterior blind. There are no cornices; but the folds of the whole fabric issue from beneath a broad *entablature* of rich giltwork, which encircles the room at the junction of the ceiling and walls. The colours of the curtains and their fringe—the tints of crimson and gold appear everywhere in profusion, and determine the *character* of the room. The walls are papered with a glossy paper of a silver-grey tint, spotted with small Arabesque devices of a fainter hue of the prevailing crimson. Many paintings relieve the expanse of the paper. The frames are broad but not deep, and richly carved, without being dulled or filigreed. They have the

whole lustre of burnished gold. They lie flat on the walls and do not hang off with cords. The designs themselves are often seen to better advantage in this latter position, but the general appearance of the chamber is injured."

At the thought of this room, all gold and crimson, I feel like a bull gazing at a vermillion sunshade. Crimson and gold everywhere. What a fatigue of the eyes—a wild debauch of positive colour with silver tissue as a relief! And it is to be burnished gold, not "dulled or filigreed." Even the picture frames are to glare, even if their lustre may dull the pictures. Note the remark that the pictures must not "hang off the wall," but lie flat, though it be to their disadvantage, lest the appearance of this crimson and gold nightmare be injured! This last sentence raises a question of pictures in relation to house decoration, that I propose soon to discuss. How curiously the crimson and gold room shows the force of circumstances! Had a man whose

taste in literature was so exquisite as that of Poe, lived in our days and read his article, it would have made him ill; and yet it then realized his ideal. However, I find that I must come to humbler matter than the famous successor of Hoffman, and deal with some practicable question.

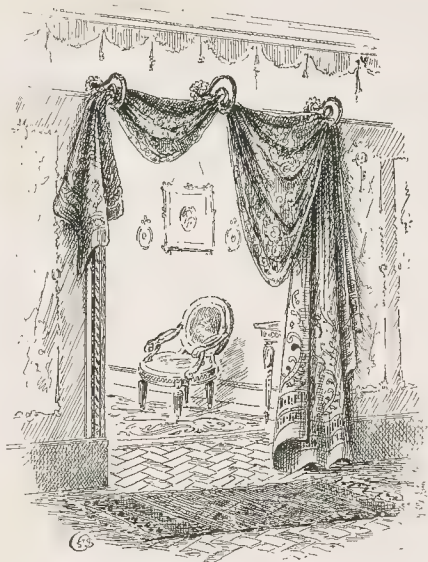
I have been asked whether it is possible to keep out the rays of early morning light, which, notwithstanding blinds, insist on streaming in at the top of the window. I think that smocked curtains will answer the purpose and also prove very decorative. I should advise having them made of soft washing silk, yellow or rose-hued, or else in printed Indian muslin, and the width of the curtain should be at least several times that of the window. Six or eight rows of coarse smocking extending to about 20 inches, will make the curtain not only quite opaque but also cause it to fall

in most graceful folds. Fringed balls or tassels of contrasting colours could accentuate prettily each fold caught by the smocking. Speaking of curtains reminds me that I have left "NIMROD'S" letter unanswered. He is so pleased with an arrangement of dog-collars as curtain-rings, suggested by me, that he again appeals to *The Album* for an original idea to hold back the *portières* in the hall of his shooting box. The above sketch will, I think, please him. The curtain is simply passed through a *Cor de chasse* fixed to the wall and can be pulled out in a second.

Another arrangement that I have had sketched for "NIMROD" may possibly suit the hall better. Ornamental brackets, such as are used to suspend lamps from the wall, are fixed to the frame of the door and the curtain is then drawn through in graceful folds.

Of course it is possible to get hooks of great beauty.

GRACE.



DRAPERIES PASSED THROUGH LAMP-HOOKS.



A LATTER-DAY POET.—MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

MR. LE GALLIENNE is the most kindly, the most courteous, and most considerate of hosts, and an afternoon spent in his pretty old world cottage at Brentford lingers pleasantly in the memory, and recalls two of the poet's own lines:—

A world of books, amid a world of green,
Sweet song without, sweet song again within.

The author of "The Book Bills of Narcissus" is a book-lover in the best sense of the term, as can testify those familiar with the dozen or so slender volumes which bear his name. Some of his literary treasures have come to him by chance, for the fickle goddess is kind to the lover of books; among those he has "picked up," and had given to him, is Izaak Walton's "Life of Bishop Saunderson," annotated in the famous angler's own hand. As is but natural, scarce a poet, major or minor, of the past and of the present is absent from his book-shelves.

"When did I begin writing?" echoed my host absently, as he turned over the leaves of the most prized of his autograph manuscripts, "I remember inditing a sermon when I was ten years old—if I remember aright it was on the text, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that despitefully use you'"—he added with a sly smile, "but my first verses were, I think, written at school, and were addressed to Mrs. Edward Saker, who was at that time acting at the local theatre. Greatly daring, I sent them to the lady, and received in return a kindly note.

"And when and how did you publish your first volume?"

"When I was twenty I brought out a little volume of verse entitled 'My Ladies' Sonnets.' I was then serving my articles in an accountant's office in Liverpool; Mr. John Lane saw a review of the book and, wishing to make my acquaintance, wrote me a note addressed 'Richard Le Gallienne, Liverpool.' I need hardly tell you that his epistle was returned to him with 'Not known' written across it. A letter *c/o* 'The Academy' was more successful, and led to our long and sincere friendship, and to my second book 'Volumes in Folio' being the first publication issued from the Bodley Head—the sole distinction of the little book to-day."

"And your first published prose—"

"Was a volume on George Meredith, written, I may say, before I had ever seen or corresponded with the author of 'Richard Feverel.' Whilst working on 'George Meredith, Some Characteristics,' which was, by-the-way, a commission from Mr. John Lane, I was also writing 'The Book Bills of Narcissus,' the little book by which I first became known to the wider reading public."

"And then, I suppose, you came to London?"

"Not immediately; in fact, not until I obtained the post of literary critic to the *Star*. Before this occurred I had been for some time private secretary to Mr. Wilson Barrett.

"If I may ask an indiscreet question, do you consider that there is money to be made out of poetry?"

"I made £25 out of my first volume of verse," he

answered, smiling. "But seriously, all so-called minor poets owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Lane, who was the first of recent publishers willing to bring out volumes of verse at his own risk."

"Then you would not advise modern Miltons to publish at their own risk and peril?"

"Yes, if they cannot bring out their works in any other way. I confess that in the case of a first volume I consider the format of great importance, for then the book-lover is attracted; and through him the book reaches the wider public. It is not a bad thing to begin with a limited edition," he concluded, laughing.

"And what has been the most successful among your own books?"

"Using the word 'successful' in its ordinary sense, I should say 'The Religion of a Literary Man.' It certainly attracted the most attention. I have had, and still receive, many letters from utter strangers, thanking me for having expressed their nebulous theories in clear language; and some, too, not thanking me; some, indeed, full of a tender anxiety for my soul."

"I suppose log-rolling is with you a thread-bare subject, and I hardly like to ask you what you think of the phrase and the late discussions concerning it?"

"Well, I hardly know myself what the phrase means. If dishonest praise, I certainly disapprove of log-rolling. But unless literary men are to live a life apart from each other, and be denied the ordinary social intercourse allowed to members of the same profession in other professions, what is to be done? People talk as if 'log-rolling' was peculiar to literature—as if personal predilection or private influence did not operate in every trade or profession, and in some far more shamelessly—the Church, the army, or politics, for example. They talk, too, as if log-rolling were a new invention in literature, as if Leigh Hunt had not log-rolled Keats and Shelley, Hazlitt and Lamb their friends Coleridge and Wordsworth, Hallam his friend Tennyson, and so on. Hallam was certainly well repaid by 'In Memoriam.' But I have said all this over and over again, and the whole question has been discussed, and, to my mind, the last word has been said upon it long ago, by Mr. Andrew Lang and others accused of the fearful crime of log-rolling. I need hardly tell you that I have constantly had occasion to praise the works of men whose names were, at the time I opened their books, quite unknown to me; that I should afterwards have made their acquaintance seems a perfectly natural circumstance, not to speak of one's being compelled by honest admiration to praise the books of men whom one knows to be anything but one's friend. Similarly, many a dilemma must have painfully taught any reviewer that the fact of liking a man by no means ensures a liking for his books."

"Are you engaged on a new book?"

"Yes, I hope to spend a portion of the summer writing what I suppose I must call a story, a travelling picaresque sort of thing, half romance, half essays, somewhat after the manner of 'Narcissus,' to be called 'The Quest of the Golden Girl.'"

"A voyage in the 'Pays du Tendre,' Mr. Le Gallienne?"

"Something of the kind," he replied, dreamily.

And then, after a turn in the quaint, sweet-smelling garden, I found myself once more in the pretty countryfied-looking road which might be a hundred miles rather than half-an-hour's drive from Hyde Park Corner.

M. A. B.



MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.
PHOTO BY A. ELLIS.



SIR HENRY IRVING will be absent a year from the Lyceum. The company, which includes about one hundred persons, will leave with the scenery and baggage, which amounts to seven hundred tons, on September 1st. The tour will begin in Canada, the repertoire consisting of fifteen plays. Mr. Forbes Robertson will open on September 15th with "Romeo and Juliet." So long ago as 1881 the young lessee appeared as the love-sick Montague at the Court Theatre, with Madame Modjeska as Juliet and Mr. Wilson Barrett as Mercutio. How will Mrs. Patrick Campbell compare with Madame Modjeska in the part? That is what everybody is asking.

In stageland "marriages are in the air," as Mr. Cayley Drummie would say. In addition to the engagement of Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Lena Ashwell already noticed, Miss Annie Hughes has married Mr. Edmund Maurice and next month Miss Adelaide Astor will become Mrs. George Grossmith, Junr. The young lady is a member of the quintet of sisters whose real name is Rudge, but who are known to the public respectively as Letty Lind, Millie Hylton (Mrs. Clulow Sims), Lydia Flopp, and Fanny Dango. Mr. Grossmith played with his *fiancé* in "Go Bang" at the Trafalgar where he used to sing, in his own peculiar way, the song, "I Command an Awkward Squad." By-the-way his father has gone to Switzerland for his health.

Few of our younger actresses have made such progress of late as Miss Esmé Beringer, who is now appearing in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" at the Vaudeville Theatre. Although she made her first appearance in 1888, when, in a sudden emergency, she replaced her younger sister Vera as Little Lord Fauntleroy, repeating the performance frequently on tour, her stage-career may be said to date from 1893, when she walked on in "Hypatia" at the Haymarket. Since then she has appeared in several little

plays (some of them by her mother). She had the insignificant part of the maid in "The New Boy," but happily for her she got a much better chance in "The Ladies' Idol," where she was the love-sick young aristocrat who is pining away for love of the music-hall singer. She played with subtle humour, showing that she had bounded from mediocrity to a keen appreciation of comedy.

The new piece at the Adelphi, an adaptation by Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Clement Scott of a melodrama, "Le Maître d'Armes," which gained considerable popularity in Paris three years ago, is due on September 5th. The story bears some resemblance to that of little Emily in

"David Copperfield," the action however taking place on the Norman Coast. The veteran Miss Marriott who was playing Hamlet not so very many years ago, will appear in the piece.

The Strand Theatre is to be opened by the son of its proprietor, Mr. John S. Clarke. Mr. Clarke is the author of the play to be produced, and has already played it in America. He will run it only for a short season pending the arrival of the syndicate which is to produce Mr. Harry Paulton's plays.

Mr. Richard Mansfield is surely an artist in the horrible. His "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will always remain one of the most memorable things in latter-day drama. He now proposes to produce in New York in September a new dramatisation of Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment" called "Rodion," in which he will probably be the merciless murderer.

The successful modern novelist of the romantic school, indeed, often has the satisfaction of seeing his stories dramatised. Thus Mr. Stanley Weyman's thrilling story "The House of the Wolf," is to be staged in New York this autumn, while a dramatic version of another of his books, "The Man in Black" will be produced by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who has also secured a play called "Israel" which is a stage-version of "The Scapegoat." Mr. Hall Caine's are essentially the books that lend themselves to stage representation. When a copyright performance of "The Mahdi" was given this spring at the Haymarket with Mr. Zangwill in the title rôle and several other parts, all



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.

Photo by Hana.



MISS ADELAIDE ASTOR.
Photo by A. Ellis.

that had been done was to strike out the descriptive passages and read the conversation of the characters. However, Mr. Caine has done nothing yet with this play.

Everybody has asked who will play "Trilby" at the Haymarket? And the answer comes as a surprise, for Miss Dorothea Baird, the lady who is selected for the part, is almost a new comer. A descendant of Dorothy Foster, her father was a barrister-at-law, while Mr. E. T. Cook, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, married her sister. Her first appearance was as Petruchio in the "Taming of the Shrew," given by lady amateurs only, at Oxford, where her family resides. She then appeared in amateur performances of "The Tempest," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and with such success that she was engaged by Mr. Ben Greet, in whose company she has made the acquaintance of a representative repertoire of standard plays. Her new engagement will be her first appearance at a London theatre, but her friends feel sure it won't be her last.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree makes conquests everywhere. His infant daughter, Felicity, has just won the first prize at an aristocratic baby-show, beating Miss Angela Mildred Baring, daughter of Lord and Lady Ashburton (prosaically described as "eighteen months old, weighing twenty-eight pounds, and having fourteen teeth.") Little Miss Tree has begun capturing the prizes of life at an early age.

It is curious how soon even a great actor is forgotten. The appeal made for funds to erect a marble statue of Mrs. Siddons on Paddington Green has not been so successful as might have been expected, for £100 is yet wanted.

Australia has sent us back two old favourites in Miss Emily Soldene and Miss Nellie Stewart, who are at present

in London. Miss Soldene is the grand old lady of comic opera, if I may call her so, for her experiences go back to the days when Offenbach ruled supreme. For some years she has been doing press work in Sydney. Miss Nellie Stewart is of a much later generation. An Australian born and bred, she is remembered by London playgoers for the excellent support she gave Mr. Arthur Roberts some years ago as Black-eyed Susan. She has come to London on this occasion on holiday only.

Miss Soldene has from time to time given pages from her biography in the *Sketch*, the latest being her account of the production of "Genevieve de Brabant" in 1871, at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington. She has some very curious stories to tell, and, if she cared, could write a lively history of the rise of French comic opera in this country. Her frankness is always diverting.

Miss Nellie Stewart is a great favourite throughout Australia, and on leaving Sydney received a benefit which brought her about two hundred guineas. This she handed over to the leading charities of the city. Although she avows her visit to be one of pleasure, she may, like many another, settle down, for a while, at any rate, in this country. Miss Pattie Browne, for instance, who has been taking Miss Lottie Venne's part in "An Artist's Model," came to Europe for a rest, and has remained.



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUNR., IN "GO-BANG."
"I command an awkward squad."
Photo by Hills & Saunders.



CORK, as a county, teems with natural and other attractions. Set amidst exquisite surroundings, and but a few miles from the bright, busy city of Cork, is Blarney Castle, a splendid ruin, dating from the 15th century, in whose huge, quadrangular keep rests the "Blarney Stone," whose legend is so quaintly sung by Father Prout in his "Reliques":—

There is a stone there
That who ever kisses,
Oh, he never misses
To grow eloquent.

The ancient town of Youghal, with its unrivalled, far-stretching sandy beach, curious old clock-tower and Walter Raleigh's house, in splendid preservation, should be visited. Glengariffe, a lovely nook, nestling deep in sheltering hills, with excellent fishing and a capital hotel, can be reached by mail coach from Cork. Like its beautiful neighbour of the next county, Killarney, Glengariffe has a great vogue with romantic honeymoon couples who find a temporary paradise rather in scenery than streets. Kerry, is indeed, a most comprehensive county in its natural features. It is difficult to realise that the rugged grandeur of such coast scenes as Valentia Cliffs, Virgin Rock, Ballybunnion, and Dingle Bay, are within a figurative stone's throw of such softer beauties as Killarney and its lakes so beguilingly exhibit. Waterfalls, cascades, mountain loughs, passes, glens, fifteen miles, in fact, of matchless scenery, constitute Killarney, which is rather a district than a town. Ross Castle, Old Weir Bridge, Muckross Abbey, Torc Waterfall, The Gap of Dunloe, are a few of the endless sights to be seen for which excursions are daily arranged from excellent surrounding hotels.

One cannot pass through the historic city of Dublin without observing curious traces of the many-sided life of the many-sided Celt; magnificent churches like Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, whose antiquity links them to centuries of the nation's story in odd proximity to unsavoury slums, where tottering tenements and a peculiarly cheerful unwashed, contrive perilous existence together. Trinity College, the Alma Mater of Goldsmith, Swift, and many other famous sons of Ireland, stands in the centre of the city, and close at hand the Irish Houses of Parliament, where Grattan and Burke and Curran thundered forth historic eloquence to their generation. This fine building is now devoted to the peaceful purposes of a banking establishment. Within easy reach of Dublin are several charming coast-towns, notably Clontarf, Howth, Kingstown—where the English packet lands its passengers—and Killiney. Dublin is, indeed, particularly rich in its environs, and the view from Killiney Hill all over the coast-line, would be difficult to over-praise. Clontarf is seen by all strangers as the site of a famous battle where the Irish

routed the Danes, but lost their great King Brian Boru, of whom it is said that, "dispensing a royal hospitality, he also administered rigid justice and established such peace through the land that, a woman might walk from Donegal to Cork and carry a ring of gold untouched on a horse rod," which estimable state of public morals Tommy Moore has immortalised in verse which shall endure, though the queen's highway be no more a background of all the virtues. Bray, a very fashionable seaside resort, the Brighton of Dublin practically, is the gate which leads into the beauties of lovely Wicklow. Within a radius of ten or fifteen miles one can reach by the friendly aid of an Irish jaunting car several adjacent spots quite professional beauties in their way. There is "The Dargle," a lovely little mountain glen with an ancient bridge, trout stream, and every concomitant of an ideal picnicing place. A few miles farther on and the famous Powerscourt Waterfall is sighted in picturesque proximity to the Wicklow Mountains, which well repay a trip by the sturdy pedestrian. Another of these fairy dells in which Wicklow is so wealthy, is called the Glen of the Downs, a wooded ravine gathered deep in the shelter of Sugar Loaf Mountain. Glendalough is, however, the central attraction of this well-endowed county—a hill valley shut in on three sides, two lakes reflecting the lofty mountains, which rise abruptly from their margin. The cluster of ancient Irish buildings at the eastern entrance of the valley have a world-wide fame as the Seven Churches of Glendalough; and here, notwithstanding such sacred proximity, we find a Devil's glen, and a Devil's punch-bowl, and a Devil's what-not. "Your friend the Devil seems to have a good deal of property in this country," remarked an observant Briton once to the Jarvey, who was doing the honors of his native isle. "True for your honor," remarked Paddy demurely; "but shure, like the rest of 'em, he's an absentee, and spends most of his time in England." The main road to Wicklow leads by the Vale of Avoca, through which the Avonmore flows, mingling its stream with the Avon beg. Renowned in song and story, this meeting of the waters deserves all the enthusiasm with which Moore's well-known lines describe it:

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

Further on one passes the wood of Shillelagh, famous as being the sponsor of a potent, national weapon. Westminster Hall it is not generally known—is roofed with oak cut in the woods of Shillelagh. Wexford, a quaint little seaport town, recalls memories of Cromwell which are better, perhaps, forgotten. Through the richly wooded country, watered by the Boyne, many relics of the past claim a tourist's attention, amongst them the Boyne Obelisk, recalling, in language of questionable taste, the pitched battle between William and the last of the Stuarts; while in the Golden Vale of Tipperary an artist might find the alpha and omega of inspiration, so rich is it in fertile landscape and antiquarian remains.



MR. FRANCIS GROOME'S memorials of his father, Archdeacon Groome, and of his father's old friend, Edward Fitzgerald, are delightful reading. They are full of pleasant glimpses of people who cannot be better described than in the good old phrase, "English Worthies"—people who are alive with a quaint individuality which is not macadamized by the commonplaces of a great city. Fitzgerald said of his family, "We are all mad—I know I am," and a kindly enjoyment of eccentricity gives a particular savour to these reminiscences of East Anglian character. There is a portrait of the Archdeacon, standing in a grass-walk that was called after him, near the rectory of Monk Soham, an old retreat of the monks of St. Edmundsbury; and here the Archdeacon, passing near the fishponds, would admonish the pike and roach, like another St. Francis, with "Fish, fish, do your duty"; whereupon they retorted, as he gravely affirmed, "If *you* do your duty, *we* do our duty," rather a neat repartee. There is an all too brief fragment of autobiography by the Archdeacon, who recalled a great festival in 1814, at which appeared a farmer's wife, a very large woman, who "wore a tight-fitting white dress, with a blue ribbon round her waist, on which was printed, 'Peace and Plenty.'" These touches of quiet humour make the prevailing note of Mr. Groome's book. He has preserved for us the stuttering old gentleman of Earl Soham, who, in the summer time, used to catch young frogs and let them jump down his throat, "when he would stroke his stomach, observing, 'B-b-b-beautifully cool!'" Another ancient from the same parts declared that it was wrong to go up in "a balloon," as it seemed "so bumptious to the Almighty." A lady of Monk Soham, who received a letter from her son at Hull, told the curate: "It did give me a turn at first, for I thought it came from the hot place." But the jewel of a humorist was the parish clerk who was asked by a clergyman for a glass of water in the pulpit. The parson remarked, "That might have been gin and water, John, for all the people could tell." Next Sunday it *was* gin and water, and from the clerk's desk below the astonished preacher heard the complacent murmur, "I took the hint, sir—I took the hint." If Monk Soham is as rich in comedy now as it used to be, some of our town jesters ought to go there to recruit.

Of Fitzgerald there are delicious tales. People who have just gone through the fever of electioneering ought to be refreshed by what W. B. Doune wrote to Archdeacon Groome. "E. F. G. informs me that he gave his landlord instructions in case anyone called about his vote, to say that Mr. F. would *not* vote, advised everyone to do the same, and let the rotten matter bust itself." When Fitzgerald's eyes began to fail, he employed boys to read to him. One of them read the whole of the Tichborne trial, fortified by plum-cake. Charles Keene was a visitor at Woodbridge, and used to retire to a summer-house to play the bagpipes. "Keene," said Fitzgerald, "has a theory that we open

our mouths too much; but whether he bottles up his wind to play the bagpipes, or whether he plays the bagpipes to get rid of his bottled-up wind, I do not know, and I don't suppose I ever shall know." There was nothing of the pride of authorship in Old Fitz. He wrote to please himself and a few friends, and he could not understand Carlyle's perpetual drumming in the public ear. In one of his letters he relates with complacency a transaction which made him part owner of a fishing smack. "So now I shall be very glad to drop *Esquire*, and be addressed as *Herring merchant* for the future." He would have cared more to be known as a herring merchant than to be advertised as the author of the poem on which his reputation rests. What would he have said of the agitation in the world of letters about royalties, and the cost of producing a six shilling novel? Something, I suspect, to the tune of letting the "rotten matter bust itself."

Here is a new edition of Defoe's "Journal of the Plague," which I commend to some of our rising young realists. The subject is gruesome enough for them, and the treatment may give them a few hints. Defoe was just six years old in the year of the Plague, and it is not likely that his narrative is founded in any way on personal observation. The incidents are for the most part imagined, and yet they produce a more vivid impression of truth than any collection of actual "documents." For instance, there is the story of the man driven out of his wits by the infection, who rushed out of the house in his shirt, swam across the Thames and back, and was cured of the plague by the violent exertion. "I have only to add," says Defoe, "that I do not relate this any more than some of the other, as a fact within my own knowledge, so as that I can vouch the truth of them, and especially that of the man being cured by the extravagant adventure, which I confess I do not think very possible." What a touch of consummate art that is! The immediate effect of it is to make you believe the story, which is by no means the effect of many modern fictions, narrated in the realistic manner. You can hear the carts rolling heavily down the streets and the cry of the watchman, "Bring out your dead." You can see the wretched man who follows these awful hearse to the improvised cemetery, where the bodies of his nearest and dearest are flung into the common pit. The superiority of Defoe to Zola is that, while not shrinking from horrible detail, the English master adroitly stops short of the point where it becomes too revolting. Zola would have written pages about the physical horrors of the plague in the manner of that delectable passage about the small-pox that kills Nana. In the romance of the dead-cart Defoe can teach a good deal to any modern practitioner. L. F. AUSTIN.

"Two Suffolk Friends." By Francis Hindes Groome. W. Blackwood & Sons.

"A Journal of the Plague Year." By Daniel Defoe. J. M. Dent & Co.



FASTIDIOUSNESS.

ALFRED DE MUSSET gave this for a sign of the losing of youth and the coming of middle age: "I like what I like less than I dislike what I dislike." But is this a matter of experience? Or is it not rather the fact that youth dislikes what it dislikes with an emphasis unknown to later life? Certain bonnets worn by his mother's aunts, sago, suburbs, some little part of his daily walks, and the manners of acquaintances of his parents—persons, doubtless, quite unconscious of offence—these are but a few out of the many things explicitly registered by the child on the tablets of his abhorrence.

He is intolerant, he is sore, he is unaware of anything to be said in favour of the things he dislikes. A sensitive child has so keen a feeling of distaste as to become perfectly conscious of it. His other experiences may lie half-acknowledged amongst the thoughts of his mind, but this is acute and acknowledged. But, though it is the feeling he most wittingly confesses to himself, it is the one least perceived or suspected by those who know him. These elders are apt to take the rather ready-made view of Alfred de Musset—that children like what they like so much and so joyously as to be hardly aware of their dislikes. The child himself knows all about this con-

vention concerning his own affections and disaffections. He hears an elder answer for him that he loves everybody, and he makes an internal protest, but he knows that the thing is believed by the speaker and must continue to be spoken.

The heartless rule that children shall eat what is set before them is an outcome of the conviction that they like the dishes which they like, with so much zest as to have no energy for their dislikes. Short must be the memories of those who think so. Children have far more dislikes than delights on that daily table—that spoilt festival—which is made an occasion of penitential silence and of chastening obedience.

Their are dislikes so strong that their admirable appetite is not able to overcome them. If their parents were but half as hungry, they would not quarrel with their entertainment. But the poor children do quarrel, and do complain, silently or otherwise. Some of the things they are required to eat are all but impossible to them. They are unused to the savours they detest, and nothing in the course of duller after-life will ever seem half so nasty.

Nevertheless, children are compelled to do themselves this hardly wholesome violence at table because it is feared that they may take an increasing habit of disliking, and so may grow to be comfortless and uncomfortable men, difficult guests, unhappy travellers, fair-weather soldiers, furious



MABEL, DAUGHTER OF C. J. GALLOWAY, ESQ.—E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.
On view in the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Lent by C. J. Galloway, Esq.

husbands, and so forth. But the fear is an illusion. Time will add to the little pleasures, and will take away from the little pains, of these fastidious children. By the time they have grown old enough to be able to take fat they will have no minor dislikes remaining. The evil will be rather that they like too liberally than that they dislike too largely.

To the fastidiousness of children in regard to the dress of the grown-up world no one has shown the least respect, and yet it might be consulted with some profit. Their tastes would make for that one charming quality of trivial modern dress—freshness. They are fond of variety, and as they live very much longer than their old contemporaries they have time to grow exceedingly weary of things which to adult eyes are as good as new. For there are two races abiding together in the world: the grown-up race to whom last year is a very recent memory, and the childish people, in whose eyes it is remote indeed.

It used to be a favourite fancy of one imaginative child, in very early years, that time might have some relation to size, and that the ants she fed in the cracks of an old terraced garden on the Mediterranean might be passing through some centuries of their national history during the days of a single human summer. Had she but known it she was herself a member of a people that lived through a time of their own—a longer time than the human time speeding along in the lives of her elders.



THE BROKEN DAISY CHAIN.—J. SANT, R.A.
On view in the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Lent by the Artist.



LITTLE STELLA.—J. SANT, R.A.
On view in the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Lent by the Artist.

Now it is clear that to the childish people; so measuring the tense and elastic months, fashions grow stale soon, and grow *very* stale. It is quite possible that the feminine jacket by the side of which they are tired of walking, the shape and the colours of which they are sick of, is anything but old in the eyes of its wearer. It has not lost its bloom for her; to the little boy whose hand she holds it is beyond words wearisome. He would not suffer it to live if he could help it. He not only dislikes it on his own account, he is afraid, with a child's sensitive worldliness, that the public thinks it dreadfully old-fashioned. If the child had his way there would be a wonderfully brisk movement in feminine dress, a rapid circulation, and a perpetual *renouveau*.

But it is not only in regard to the old age of things that he is fastidious. There is no more uneasy eye for a misfit than his. The imperfections of his governess's garment are patent to him. And yet, critical as he is of transitory and merely accessory things, the child is generous in his appreciation of those that are graver and more personal. He sees beauty in old faces, for example. He tells himself that the very wrinkles are lovely in a face he loves—lovely for their history and lovely also, artistically, to the eyes. As to their history, the wrinkle from the inner corner of the eye means one thing to him. It is the channel of tears, and is found only in those who have lost father or mother.

ALICE MEYNELL.



LOVE AND TIME.

BY MARY HARTIER.

"TAMZYN, hav'ee ever heard tell of America?"

"Ess fy, Gearge. 'Tis a place a turrabul long ways over the say, bean't it? And it takes folks hunderds of days tü get there even if they go in the fastest ships there be."

"Should'ee mind very much if I was tü go there vur a bit?" continued George. He drew his companion closer to him as he spoke, to soften the startling effect of such a proposition. His arm was round her in the orthodox Sunday evening fashion, as they strolled through the winding lane where the honeysuckle and wild rose trails bent over and gave them caressing little touches they were all unconscious of. They had *kept company* for nearly a year, though they were neither of them out of their teens.

"Gearge Dinnicombe, be'ee mazed?" said the girl, as her blue eyes widened with horror. "Why, I can't abide'ee out of my sight."

"No more can't I bear vur leave yü either, my dear, but there bean't no chance of our gettin' married so long 's I bide yer tü Berraton. There's Vaather, he won't give me no wages nor hold out no promise of none, though I work hard for'n. He says I bean't worth my food and clothes, and he can't see what the likes of me should want with money."

"Don't 'ee go, Gearge," interrupted poor Tamzyn, as the big tears fell on her short-waisted Sunday frock—a lavender-sprigged muslin that was in danger of losing its dainty freshness in the lover's rough comforting that followed.

"Yü mustn't go vur be such a müty-hearted little maid, my dear," said George. "Why, afore very long I shall be home again with my pockets full of gold, for they dü say tez a wonderful place vur make a fortune. Then us'll take a bit of a farm. My, what a proper little wive yü'll be, tü be sure! Such a hand for the butter as yü've a-got! And tez all through yü, I always uphold, that yer vaather has such luck with his poultry and his pegs. Don't 'ee cry any more, Tamzyn; tez turrabul hard to make up my mind vur go, and your crying makes it harder."

And so, because she was a woman, this appeal was successful, and Tamzyn choked back her tears and put on a

brave front. If the sweet voice grew tremulous it steadied itself again with a valiant effort, and the girl talked cheerfully to her lover of the hopes the future held, even though all the time her poor little heart was beating fast with terror at the perils lurking in those unknown watery wastes, and in that dim region of her imagination spoken of as "vurrin parts."

"Be there many maidens tü America?" she asked.

"Aw, I reckon there's women o' some sort," he answered. "They dü think no business can't go on without 'em; but I'll be bound, Tamzyn, there's none half so pretty as yü be."

"Gearge, don't 'ee *never* forget me and go after 'em," she said, and her breath came with little gasps as she clung to her lover.

"I'll be true to 'ee, Tamzyn, and come home and marry 'ee so soon as ever I've scraped enough money vur rent thicky little 'ouze."

* * * * *

Thirty years later the village of Berraton showed no signs of change to the casual observer. A few of the women, perhaps, wore long waists and full skirts instead of short-waisted, skimpy gowns; but not many were trivial-minded enough to follow the fashions, even at the most remote and respectable distance.

Tamzyn Tucker had left the old farm at her father's death. He had rubbed along from year to year and kept clear of debt, but the sale of his effects left his daughter a mere pittance for a yearly income. She rented a small, two roomed cottage, kept poultry and bees, and worked hard in her garden to raise early vegetables and fruit for the Torcombe market eight miles distant.

It sounds an idyllic life; in reality it was a hard one. Not worse perhaps, than that of many another woman in the village, with a husband and large family to do for, yet more grey and joyless, because there was no one to share the toil, and no children worried her into forgetfulness of self, and demanded her life to be worn out in their behalf.

So many weary years had left their mark on Tamzyn's face. It was difficult to believe that this hard-featured woman was ever the joyous creature who had won George Dinnicombe's love. The first three years of her lover's absence she had borne herself bravely. She was a little vexed that

no news came from him, but a letter in those days was such an unfamiliar sight that its non-appearance gave small cause for anxiety. After this time, however, the girl's face grew wistful; then its expression changed into hopelessness, and it was the combat with this last stage that began the hardening process. The neighbours left Tamzyn more and more alone as the years went on. She resented their advice to "take up wi' another man, for it wasn't likely as 'er'd ever set eyes on George Dinnicombe again." So she lived in solitude, and her soft womanly nature became gradually repressed into an uncompromising hardness.

One afternoon in May, Tamzyn stood in her garden, watching a swarm of bees pouring from the hive entrance. The whole place was alive with the whirl of perhaps fifty thousand wings, and with that fine organ-drone of music so dear to the heart of a bee-lover. The flight was in the direction of the orchard, and Tamzyn hoped the queen would not choose a branch of one of her choice young apple-trees to alight on, for the weight of the swarm would undoubtedly break it and ruin the promise of its wealth of blossom.

A stranger lingered in passing, and leaned over the little gate to watch the playing of the bees. Tamzyn curtsied in response to his "Good afternoon," but did not turn her eyes in his direction.

"A swarm in May,
Worth a load of hay."

quoted the stranger, and at the sound of his voice the woman started and looked round.

"Tamzyn!" he said, as he came through the gate towards her.

She turned suddenly, but her face was expressionless as she said, "Be yū George Dinnicombe?"

"Ess fy, I be," he answered, falling at once into the vernacular, for a Devonshire man, however long he may be absent from his country, returns at once to the soft-sounding dialect if he hears it from the lips of another. "Thirty year, Tamzyn . . . thirty year since us parted! And Time's treated 'ee rougher than 'er has me, I'm thinkin'."

It was rather a hard saying, but a true one, as no one could question who looked at the fine bearded man in the prime of life and the faded woman before him.

"Haven't 'ee a word of welcome after all these years, Tamzyn? I'm proper glad vur be back in the old place again, and though yū'm a bit altered, still I haven't forgot the maid with a face like a wild rose and the promise I made 'er."

"Tez pretty late in the day yū've managed to remember," the woman said, drily.

"There, I mistrusted yū'd be a bit up about it, but yū was always such a soft-hearted little wench, I thought as how yū'd come round and forgive me when I'd a-telled 'ee every-thing. First-along Tamzyn, I couldn't get 'ee out o' my mind day nor night, for I was turrabul fond of 'ee. But I didn't have no luck, and as I was never much of a hand for the writing I hadn't the heart to send 'ee a letter. 'Twas years afore I began to get on. Then when a chap makes a little money tez wonderful how all his thoughts dū get set on making more. But I didn't never forget 'ee, and I always

meant vur come home and marry 'ee some day. And yer I be, Tamzyn, rich enough tū make a lady of ee straight away."

"A fine lady the likes of me would make!" she said, scornfully, looking down at her toil-worn hands.

"Don't 'ee be hard on me," the man pleaded; "yū can't think what tez tū be home again after living with strange folk all these years. It makes yer heart so soft like, yū want vur be friends with everybody."

"I've had no call to think about my heart for many a long year," said Tamzyn, gloomily.

"But yū'll let'n warm a bit tū yer old lover, won't 'ee?" and the man drew nearer, and took hold of the woman's hands, and looked into her faded blue eyes. The glamour of old scenes and of old times was upon him. He had forgotten the gaunt figure, the expressionless face, and remembered the winsome maid of thirty years ago. He wanted this woman for his wife.

"George Dinnicombe, I've got no heart. 'Twas a-starved out of me long ago, waiting and waiting for 'ee, and yū never came. I don't want ever tū set eyes on 'ee again."

And as he dropped Tamzyn's hands the grey present came back to George Dinnicombe, and he knew she had spoken the truth.

* * * * *

"My dear Sose! Did 'ee ever hear tell of the like?" exclaimed Mrs. Cruse, the post-mistress, as she sat in Jane Smale's kitchen, and drank in the wonderful news.

"And after he'd a-been tū see 'er, he come staggerin' in yer for all the world as if he'd a-took more'n was good for'n. He sat down by the table where I was makin' dumplings out of the last cooking of long-biders I'd a-got left, and he sez, 'Tisn't much of a home-comin' after all, Mrs. Smale. 'Er won't have nothin' vur say tū me.' And with that he put his head down on his hands, and cried like a chield."

"And how did Tamzyn take on about it? Did 'ee find out that?" asked Mrs. Cruse, with interest.

"Well, I went round just now to ax if 'er could spare me a few gūseberries for a pie Whit Sunday, but I couldn't get much out of 'er. 'Er was in a most cantankerous mood 'cause 'er'd a-lost a fine swarm o' bees. If folks would come turning up from t'other ends of the earth, 'er wished they'd chūse more saysonable times. That was all that 'er said."

"Aw, 'er's a close crittur, Tamzyn is. All the same I think 'er was wise vur have nort tū say tū'n. How does 'er know he hasn't a got a wive awer there?"

"Wise 'er may have been," returned Mrs. Smale, "but wive or no wive, I dū think Tamzyn hathn't a-got much heart. Why, I felt for the poor man myself more than 'er did, though he didn't never come courting me when I was a maid."

But Mrs. Smale did not take into consideration the fact that whereas Tamzyn had for long years been shut out from love, her own heart had been kept soft and young by the clinging touch of little children.

"Granny, gimme wan o' thicky dumplings," piped a shrill little voice from the doorway, and Tamzyn Tucker and her ancient love affair were forgotten for the moment.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



THE order has gone forth, and we have to follow the example of the majority, and wandering away from our beloved London, seek rest and refreshment in the excitement of tennis, golf, and bicycling, while the breath of the ozone unsympathetically takes our hair out of curl, the skin off our noses, and yet succeeds in



THAT GREY ALPACA.

enchaining our best affections for the summer season. London is empty, all the windows exhibiting the proofs of journalistic industry; there is a dusty, deserted look about the streets, and the well dressed woman is, like

the x of algebra, an unknown quantity. Here and there a solitary figure is to be met in a well-fitting blue serge dress, sailor hat, and Russian leather boots, and, if she is interrogated, she will explain to you apologetically that she is only "here to-day and will be gone to-morrow" up North, or South, or East, or West, as the case may be. The weather, however, is keeping pace with the calendar, in which August writes itself down as a summer month, so that we are still bound to devote ourselves to the muslins and chiffons of diaphanous detail. This is a state of affairs which has its advantages and disadvantages, and amongst the latter may be reckoned the sad fact that such frivolities cannot retain their pristine freshness for long. Therefore we have to extravagantly renew them, or let them decorate us whilst they bear the dishonour of shabbiness thick upon them.

The economical woman, when buying the indispensable blue serge dress, should consider the charms of an absolute simplicity of style, such as that on the opposite page, a style which might be contrived without signal failure by the inexpensive dressmaker. Its sole trimming consists of straps over the shoulders, buttoned with small gilt buttons, while the vest is of tucked grass lawn, finished with a collar at the neck and a small tied bow of black. Another style, in the making of which the country *modiste* might succeed, is the gown of grey alpaca, reproduced. On this, again, the bodice overhangs the belt, the trimming down each side consisting of small straps of the alpaca buttoned with steel, while the vest is made of a piece of Indian patterned cashmere, which, erstwhile, no doubt, did duty as the centre of a shawl, whose other charms time has torn to shreds. But I wonder why I am considering so seriously the economical woman! As a rule, she is a dame whose necessities only seem to rouse in me a superficial sympathy. I have just been interviewing a lovely French tea-gown, which might be permitted to do duty at a country house in the evenings. It is made of soft pink silk, with full flounces of lace brought round the shoulders to fall, scarf-fashion, to the hem; lace also hangs in a pointed shape to the waist, which is encircled with a band of pink velvet, this lace being so arranged that it permits a peep at the shoulder between its edge and the top of the sleeve. The dress, indeed, strikes a happy medium between the tea-gown and the dinner-gown, and its style suggests itself to me as being eminently pleasing, even if made in black with cream-coloured lace, when it would be useful for ordinary wear at home in the autumn.

But what is the use of dreaming of the autumn when the glorious summer is here in its prime, and I am just off to revel in the joys of a country cottage which buries its pretty red roof amidst a belt of green trees, and is yet within reasonable distance of a tumultuous ocean! To be within sight of



A FRENCH TEA GOWN.

the sea is delightful. To be within sound of it in the middle of the night, if you are a particularly restless sleeper, is not an unmixed joy. However, there are unmixed joys in my life, such as my new dress of white silk with *chinté* flowers upon it set into black squares, with a fichu of sprigged net edged with black chiffon frills falling to the hem. The fichu has folded itself round our hearts again, in two senses. We are devoted to it; it is made in chiffon or in net; it is either crossed over the bust and tied at the back, or permitted to slip through the belt and fall with long ends to the knees. In the immediate future, no doubt, it will be passed round the shoulders to take the same outlines as those obviously useless little shawls adopted by our grandmothers when they walked on the Pantiles; but, at the moment, it does not lack a sweet reasonableness which makes for grace, and it is not wholly unbecoming to the stout woman when it is drawn in a rigid straight line from shoulder to waist. Indeed, under such circumstances, it will give an effect of narrowness.

Travelling capes and coats are the only novelties which are putting in their appearance in any of the shops, and these do much to prove the truth of the philosopher's dictum that there is nothing new under the sun; for which observation I run the risk of being voted Irish. The

Inverness form of cape appears somewhat in favour. This is cut exactly on the lines of a man's evening cloak, and certainly grace lurks in its folds—that is to say, when it is properly adjusted. It is not every woman who can wear one of these; but, then, most men who adopt them will tell you with a certain amount of characteristic pride, the while they enwrap themselves in their Inverness, that it is not every man who can wear an Inverness cape. Other coats for travelling are made in the ulster shape, with blouse sleeves and semi-fitting fronts. These are particularly attractive when made of alpaca or of a thin covert coating, devoid of lining, thereby lacking all unnecessary weight. One of these worn with an alpaca skirt and a lawn shirt may be recommended as pre-eminently comfortable. The soft felt travelling hat, with an indented crown and a brim graduated wide at the sides and rather narrow in the front should accompany such a costume, trimmed with two quills at one side tied with a ribbon bow. This, I believe, to the initiated, is known under the name of the French travelling hat. The white straw sailor hat trimmed with a black ribbon and speckled quills perhaps looks somewhat smarter, but it is not nearly so comfortable, rendering it quite impossible for its wearer to rest her weary head against the



A BLUE SERGE.

cushions of the railway carriage; and to be forced to retain an upright position for many hours out of consideration for a hat, is surely the last straw which would break the camel's back of a woman of fashion.

PAULINA PRY.



STRASBURG.

THE first thing that strikes the visitor to the Capital of Alsace—or, rather, Elsass as it is now spelt—is the thoroughness with which the town has been re-Germanised since the peace of Frankfurt. The French language is, of course, still spoken by many of the older inhabitants, and now and then a young man may be found, born about the time of the great war, who has been taught to hate the Teuton conquerors, and who would look upon it as an act of submission to speak their language. But such cases are very rare, and so thoroughly has the work been done, that it seems improbable that France would get any appreciable internal assistance in an attempt to regain the lost provinces.

Even before the war, Strasburg was not properly French, for although the town had been in the possession of France since the peace of Ryswick in 1697, the humbler inhabitants still spoke a kind of German patois, and lived the same life as their Baden neighbours; and the Gothic gables, the brilliant roofs, and the fine oak-carving of the houses in the narrow streets, gave Strasburg the appearance of an old German imperial city rather than a French industrial town. And again, the very dress of the peasants is still as it was before the Thirty Years' War, and the Elsässerin of to-day wears the same bow head-dress and brightly-coloured aprons that her great-great-grandmother did when Louis XIV.'s rough soldiers pillaged beautiful Alsace.

Its position has made Strasburg one of the most important strategical points of Europe, and the Germans have strengthened it with a wonderful system of fortifications, consisting of a ring of fourteen out-works about four miles from the town, and a powerful inner rampart. They have thus improved enormously on the French defences, which were in parts utterly destroyed by the bombardment of 1870. From the 18th of August till the 27th of September the German cannons poured shot and shell into the devoted town, and it seems marvellous that the Cathedral and other monuments escaped with so little damage, although the officers in command of the attacking artillery gave orders that not a shot was to be fired at the churches. It would have been a terrible thing if the Cathedral had been destroyed, as it is one of the most interesting in Europe; and there are few finer bits of architecture than Erwin von Steinbach's façade, with its delicate tracery and graceful statues. Unfortunately, during the Revolution hundreds of the statues were destroyed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the mad Republicans were prevented from destroying the spire; this, however, was effected by the happy idea of nailing a red republican cap to it. The sculpture on the three portals is

very beautiful; it consists of series of scenes from Biblical history wonderfully executed and with great dramatic power. It would be impossible to attempt to describe the Cathedral in so short a space, but there are one or two points worth noting which escape the casual visitor's eye. For instance, there is a window made entirely of stained parchment; it is as transparent as glass, and was executed by the tanners of Strasburg several centuries ago; unfortunately, their descendants have lost the art. Again, very few people notice on the beautiful pulpit the signature of Hans Hammerer, the architect; it is a small portrait of himself carved in the stone. Among many well-known names cut on the walls of the tower are to be found those of Goethe, Herder, and Lavater, and near them that of Voltaire. This tower is one of the highest in Europe, and commands a grand view of the Valley of the Rhine, the Vosges, and the Black Forest.

Strasburg is chiefly famed for two things—its clock and its *pâté de foie gras*; the latter is to be found in every corner of the civilized world, and the former can only be fully appreciated when all its intricacies are explained by one of the beadles of the Cathedral. A large crowd assembles every day at 12 o'clock to see its wonders, and marvel at the patience of the man who spent a lifetime in devising it.

The Emperor of Germany has built himself a magnificent palace in the upper part of the town, but he only uses it occasionally—for the Kaiser-Manöver or some important local function. Opposite to it are the Law Courts and the University; the latter is a beautiful building and very well appointed, but it has only a small number of students, and one does not often see a corps cap in the streets. But if students are wanting in Strasburg, there is no dearth of soldiers. It is the head-quarters of the 15th Army Corps, and the town literally teems with military men of all denominations. The great number of the officers is very striking. The cafés on the Broglie are always full of uniforms, and all along the boulevards the common soldiers have, every minute, to work their legs up and down in that extraordinary manner which the Kaiser ordained should be the salute of soldiers on the march.

As in all garrison towns there are plenty of amusements—an excellent theatre, concerts, and music-halls; some good shops and many bad ones, but there is many a bric-a-brac treasure to be brought to light in some of the old houses in the little crooked streets between the Kleberplatz and the upper part of the town; but you must know your subject, as the Strasburger has the reputation of being rather "canny."

J. SUTHERLAND HARVEY.



A STREET IN STRASBURG.



A CHAT WITH SIR WILLIAM C. F. ROBINSON,
G.C.M.G., GOVERNOR OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

SIR WILLIAM ROBINSON entered upon his first official duties in 1855, after a course of education which had adequately fitted him for the Civil Service. In his capacity of private secretary to his brother, Sir Hercules (then Mr.) Robinson, who had been appointed to the Governorship of St. Kitts, Sir William gained much valuable insight into official methods and the art of governing, and from a comparatively unimportant position in the Orient (where Sir Hercules was subsequently appointed Governor of Hong Kong, and whither his younger brother accompanied him for a further spell of secretarial work) Sir William stepped into the responsibilities of administrative governorship in the Occident. Sir William's career, like that of most ambitious and ardent workers, has not been without its cares, but his early efforts were so highly conducive to the satisfactory results which he obtained, and which were so warmly commended by Lord Dufferin and many others, that ere much time had elapsed Sir William rose to the highest degree of popularity and esteem among his people, who look upon him as a man thoroughly acquainted with the colonies, their populations and resources.

The brief chat I had with the Governor of Western Australia a few days ago, with regard to his past career, was illustrative of the patience, goodwill, and industry by which his nature is characterised.

"Tell me about your early impressions," I urged in course of conversation. "Do the representatives of the Crown find the administration of government an easy matter to deal with?"

"No," replied Sir William, smiling. "I consider it a very troublesome business indeed. It is the question of work and responsibility, rather than the actual governing of a Crown colony, that requires deft manipulation. The person in the position of Governor and Prime Minister

is called upon to steer his administration through a Parliamentary crisis while he himself is precluded from personally watching the proceedings and keeping his own hand on the helm. How often I have been entertaining guests at Government House while a no-confidence debate was proceeding in the Assembly! Amid the buzz of drawing-room talk and the hum of music I have often been engaged in carrying on a sort of *viva-voce* correspondence with the Colonial Secretary, who was asking my advice on how this or that vote should be dealt with, or whether this or that amendment might be accepted. The patience of Job, the industry of a Chinaman, and the ubiquity of a provincial French mayor is absolutely necessary to the wel-

fare and capacity of the chief representative of this form of government.

"It is now a matter of thirty-three years since, in the capacity of a very young official of the Crown, I was carried unostentatiously ashore on the shoulders of a black bearer at Montserrat, and in this queer fashion made my way to assume office as chief administrator."

"Did you find your people easy to deal with, Sir William?"

"Certainly; and in order to govern without friction it is essential to win the respect as well as the confidence of the country; conflicting opinions should be harmonised, and public judgment ought to be tempered with expanding ideas of development and union. Political disturbances and great periods of depression fall to our lot not infrequently, and in such times one is in constant touch with the various and many-sided life of one's community. To know the

correct and judicious thing to say at the right and propitious moment is a matter of serious mental debate to all who hold public positions."

The appointment of a Governor to a colony which is passing through a critical stage in its development is always a serious matter. The Secretary of State, in choosing Sir William as a fitting representative of the Crown on such an occasion, for instance, as when he was transferred from Prince Edward Island to Western Australia, did not do so without the full belief that the right man had been chosen at the right time.

After his presidency in Montserrat Sir William became Governor of Dominica. His brief but satisfactory *régime* here was succeeded by his appointment in 1866 as Governor



SIR WILLIAM CLEAVER FRANCIS ROBINSON, G.C.M.G.

Photo by Johnstone O'Shaunessy & Co., Melbourne.

of the Falkland Islands. In July, 1870, he was transferred to Prince Edward's Island, where agitation was in progress, having for its object the union of the island with the Dominion of Canada.

In 1873 Sir William was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and he remained in the colony until November of that year.

Western Australia was the next colony which Sir William ruled with a masterly hand; his inborn honesty and kindness, sympathetic disposition and firm will, cordiality of manner and dignified bearing, won him the hearts as well as the absolute obedience of his subjects.

Sir William Robinson's first term of government in Western Australia closed in 1877; he was then advanced to the dignity of K.C.M.G., and afterwards proceeded to Singapore, where he became Governor of the Straits Settlements. Here Sir William's most important work, he tells me, was directed towards endeavouring to define the relations between the European residents, as they are called, viz., the deputy-governors, and the native population—a difficult matter to deal with, requiring the gentlest possible handling. Sir M. Hicks Beach officially and profusely recognised the very special services Sir William rendered to his country during that critical period.

While at Singapore the Governor was despatched on a special mission from Her Majesty to the King of Siam, for the purpose of investing that monarch with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and in alluding to the grandeur with which he was right royally received, he said: "On our return to Singapore I was touched with a grateful sense of the hospitality shown to us at Siam; and when I think of the luxurious provision made for our comfort,

at the Ambassador's residence, and the extreme cordiality shown to us by the King and all his ministers, I am agreeably reminded of the respect in which England is held in the East, as evinced on this occasion by the consideration and courtesy shown to her representative."

Sir William returned to his old post as Governor in Perth, Western Australia, in 1881, when he at once set to rights a difficulty which had arisen between the Europeans and the natives engaged in the pearl shell fisheries of the North-West Australian seaboard, and which, affording opportunity for the exercise and display of admirable tact and diplomatic ability, elicited absolute approbation and applause from Lord Kimberley in a dispatch sent to the Governor on March 25th of the above-named year.

Leaving Adelaide in 1889, Sir William became Acting-Governor of Victoria, but he was not there in office very long, and after some speculation it was at length decided that Sir William should, for the third time in his career, become Governor of Western Australia.

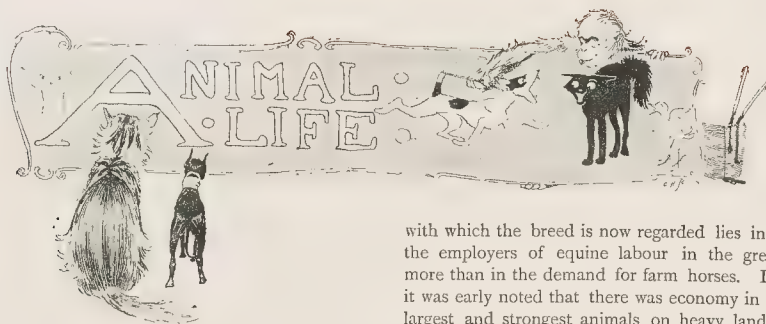
Apart from Sir William's brilliant political abilities, he is also a delightful composer of music. Several of his songs have achieved immense popularity in Australia, among which, "Remember me no more," and "Thou art my soul," are conspicuous favourites.

In speaking of his musical gift, Mr. Gilbert Parker very ably says, "The Earl of Beaconsfield was the greatest statesman who ever was a novelist, and the greatest novelist who ever was a statesman. We may paraphrase this, and say with justice that Sir William Robinson is the greatest Governor who was ever a musician, and the greatest musician who was ever a Governor."

M. A. VON Z.



"LADY BETTY GOING TO THE PLAY."
Photo by Russell & Sons.



THE SHIRE HORSE.

WHEN the Shahzada visited the show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Darlington, the object which first arrested his attention was the exhibition of prize shire horses. He had never seen, and in the East never could see, any equine breed which could compare in size and bulk with these immense draught horses, and if his visit had taken place some fifty years earlier in the century, no such collection of representative specimens of the race could have been exhibited. Then the attention of wealthy country gentlemen was mainly directed to the breeding of prize cattle. Why the "shorthorn mania," as it has been rather hardly termed, took precedence of the present taste for developing the excellence of the draught horse is not very easily explained. Horses had always held the first place in the estimation of the wealthy and leisured class—then a good deal wealthier than now—among the great country squires, and it might have been expected that if they turned their attention to breeding farm stock and for general purposes, horses, and not cattle would have been the object of their choice. "Fashion," which usually accounts for the unaccountable, chose the short-horn, with immense benefit to agriculture, and the size and quality of cattle, not only in England, but in the British Colonies and the plains of Argentina have been sensibly improved by what was at first the private hobby of English squires. Now that the movement has done its work, the price of pedigree cattle has fallen to the ordinary business level, while that of the prize draught horses is steadily rising. Noblemen and country gentlemen are setting up breeding studs, and there seems an unlimited demand for the splendid animals now offered at their sales. At that held by Lord Wantage at Lockinge last year, a hundred of these fetched on an average a hundred guineas each. It will be noticed that in the case of these horses, as in that of cattle, general opinion has selected one variety as that on which the efforts of the breeder shall be concentrated.

The origin of the "shire horse" seems rather obscure. Sir Walter Gilbey considers it the lineal descendant of the ancient war-horse, but this hardly accounts for its present size and character. It is said to have developed first in the North Midlands, where limestone hills gave bone bred of the soil, and a moist climate and wet pastures in the valleys gave size and ability to stand a varied diet and the humid atmosphere which is the general condition of English weather. Hence, perhaps, the rule that the shire horse should have hairy fetlocks. But the secret of the favour

with which the breed is now regarded lies in the needs of the employers of equine labour in the great towns, even more than in the demand for farm horses. In the country it was early noted that there was economy in the use of the largest and strongest animals on heavy land. A team of three animals of moderate size and price needed the care of a man and a boy when working. Two larger and dearer horses could plough the same area in a day, worked by a man only. Hence a saving, both in labour and in stable room. But the conditions of urban draughts enforced this consideration. The streets of the City, and of the great distributing centres east of the Exchange are narrow, and crowded with traffic. The great brewers, tea-merchants, distillers, and warehousemen desired their draught power to be concentrated. One immense horse which would do the work of two, was a far handier animal for London work, and 3 of these, when driven "unicorn fashion," two at the pole and one as leader, will draw 8 tons! But there is no doubt of the great improvement in the size of the horses, even compared with those war-horses which, even as late as the days of Henry VIII., carried 4 cwt. on on their backs. Three shire horses can now do the work which took four of the best class to do twenty years ago in the London streets. This is in accordance with past experience in increasing the size of horses, an experience gained, not in the efforts to produce a large animal, but a fast one. The increase in size of the thoroughbred, which is not necessarily a large animal, except as that may extend its powers as a racing machine, has been duly noted. It has grown one hand in a century. In 1700 the thoroughbred stood, on an average, 13-2. He now stands 15-3. Probably the shire horse might be developed into a monster, standing a hand, or even two hands, higher than it does at present, if that were desired. But there are limits even to the usefulness of large horses.

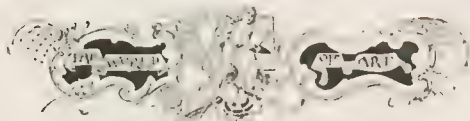
They must be harnessed by hand, and as a horse cannot kneel down, like an elephant, to be made ready for work, and no one desires a creature which must be groomed, or bitted, with the aid of a pair of steps, the horse of 19 or 20 hands, which might otherwise be the draught animal of the future, will probably not be developed at all.

One result of the general favour extended to the shire horse will be regretted. He is supplanting fine and characteristic local breeds, interesting in themselves, and well suited for farm work, such as the Suffolk punch, long held in honour in the Eastern counties. This is inevitable, for the shire horse generally begins its career by working on the land, and is then sold for use in the town, after it has been brought into condition and trained, at a higher price than was paid in the first instance. Most of the other cart-horse breeds have to begin and end their work on the farm, their feet and legs being too soft for use on the metalled roads of the London streets.

C. J. CORNISH.



"IRON DUKE"—SHIRE STALLION.
PHOTO BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.



THE NEW SCULPTOR R.A., MR. ONSLOW FORD.

SCULPTURE is hardly popular in this country. Its hour has not quite arrived, although each year brings that hour nearer. Had the men who are working now been working a century back—Gilbert, Onslow Ford, Thornycroft, Bates, Frampton—things might have been different. But we know a good thing when we see it, and until the majority of the grimy, uninspired and inarticulate statues that flaunt their mediocrity in London streets are hurled down, and the Abbey, that abode of silence and reconciliation, is cleared of three-fourths of its lumber, the sculpture of England must remain a reproach in our eyes, and in the eyes of our neighbours across the Channel. When the anarchists decide upon sacking London the Academy students might seize the opportunity to make a dead set against the frock-coated amiable gentlemen who stand patiently on pedestals wherever the traffic is densest. A few ropes and a few willing hands would lighten the pedestals, and nobody would grieve much at the return of the monuments to the earth from which they came. A few might be spared. Gilbert's "Her Majesty," at Winchester; Thornycroft's "Gordon," in Trafalgar Square; Onslow Ford's "Gordon on a Camel," at Chatham, his "Shelley," his "Folly," and his "Lord Strathnairn" at the top of Sloane Street. Gilbert's Fountain in Piccadilly Circus might also be spared, although (I say it in a whisper), it is not monumentally successful. For sentimental reasons, let us spare also the effigy of King Charles at Charing Cross.

London statues, even the best of them, are not conceived in the grand manner. Therein lies their failure to please or to awe. They are too insignificant. In a city of dwarfs they would make a brave show, but for the greatest capital of the greatest people in the world, they are unworthy. Abroad, to see an allegorical group big as Titans hurtling down the side of a house, or a huge equestrian figure standing sentinel in the market-place, marred so nobly by the ravages of wind and snow and many rains, compels one to slap one's thigh, and to throw out the chest, and to be proud that one is a citizen of the world, in the finest century that the world has ever known. You do not experience that feeling when you

meet the statue to Cobden in the Kentish Town Road. Neither do the works of Mr. Gibson in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House rouse enthusiasm.

Mr. Onslow Ford, who in company with Mr. W. B. Richmond, has just been promoted from Associateship to the honour of Royal Academician, is forty-three years of



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.



"IN MEMORIAM." BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

age, and is certainly one of the most talented and the most industrious of our sculptors. His ideas are original, his execution graceful, and his work shows a fine sense of delicacy and proportion. Till the unveiling of his "Lord Strathnairn," the other day, he was known rather as a modeller of delicate



"DANCING." BY E. ONSLOW
FORD, R.A.

figures suitable for hall or gallery decoration, although to be sure his "General Gordon riding upon a Camel," showed what he could do in the grand manner. But he is best known by his smaller single figures. "The Singer," "Applause," and "Dancing" are among his most successful efforts, and happy the amateur who possesses either of these examples. In the old days it was thought superfluous to pay much attention to the stand upon which the group was placed, but Mr. Onslow Ford carries his invention to the uttermost limit of the design, lavishing exceeding care on the accessories, and so bringing every part into harmony with the main design.

Sculptors depend more upon commissions than painters, and consequently they have to endure much more at the hands of their patrons. When those patrons happen to be the sub-committee of some corporate body who have voted a sum of money for a group or a statue, the sculptor must make up his mind to rather a bad time. Vestrymen were born to interfere, and it is their custom to call upon the sculptor at odd moments with suggestions, comments, and criticism. It is impossible to imagine anything more irritating to an artist who, after infinite labour, has completed the sketch of his design, than to receive a visit from half-a-dozen elderly gentlemen, who, blessed with no art training at all,



THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.
BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

His career has been in the main smooth. He began life as a painter, and it is but little more than twenty years ago since he determined to forsake paint for clay. Such a transition is natural. Other men, burning with the desire to reproduce beautiful things, have felt that the handling of brushes and pigments did not seem to offer enough scope for their energies. And other men, like Mr. Onslow Ford, have one fine day made the discovery that the sensation of modelling clay into definite forms is a better thing than creating landscapes and historical scenes upon canvas. Sir Frederick Leighton combines the two, but Mr. Onslow Ford has devoted himself entirely to sculpture.

proceed to criticise the work, and to indicate, by means of stumpy umbrellas, the parts that they consider might with advantage be altered.

If the truth could be told, these hindrances, that continue till the work is completed, explain many of the failures which dot our streets. An artist who is denied a free hand can never produce work to his own or anybody else's satisfaction. Happily most of Mr. Onslow Ford's works are the inspiration of a moment carried out at leisure, and that they stamp him as worthy the honour to write R.A. after his name, no one can doubt.

L. H.

Picturesque Ireland.—Second Series.

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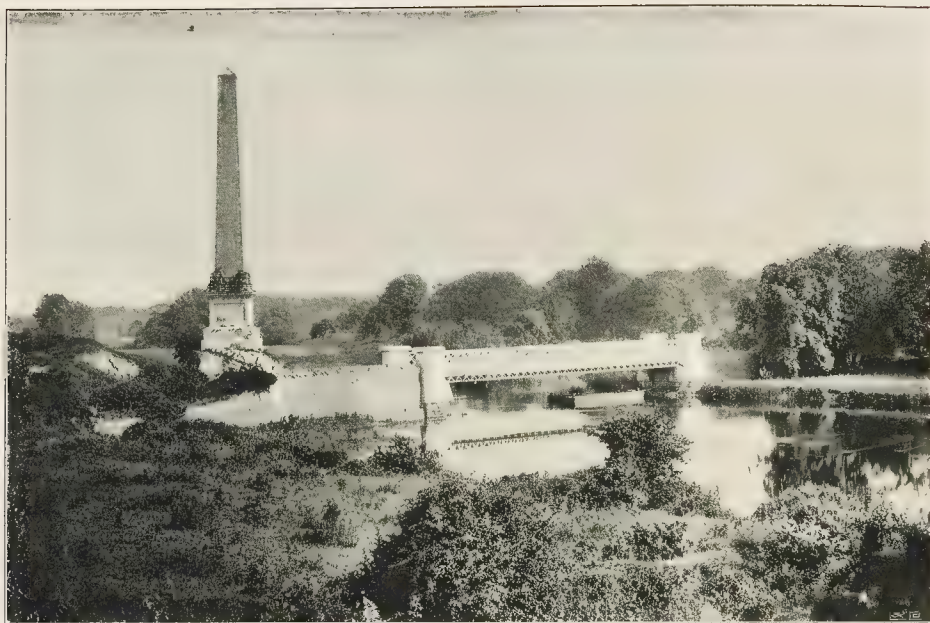


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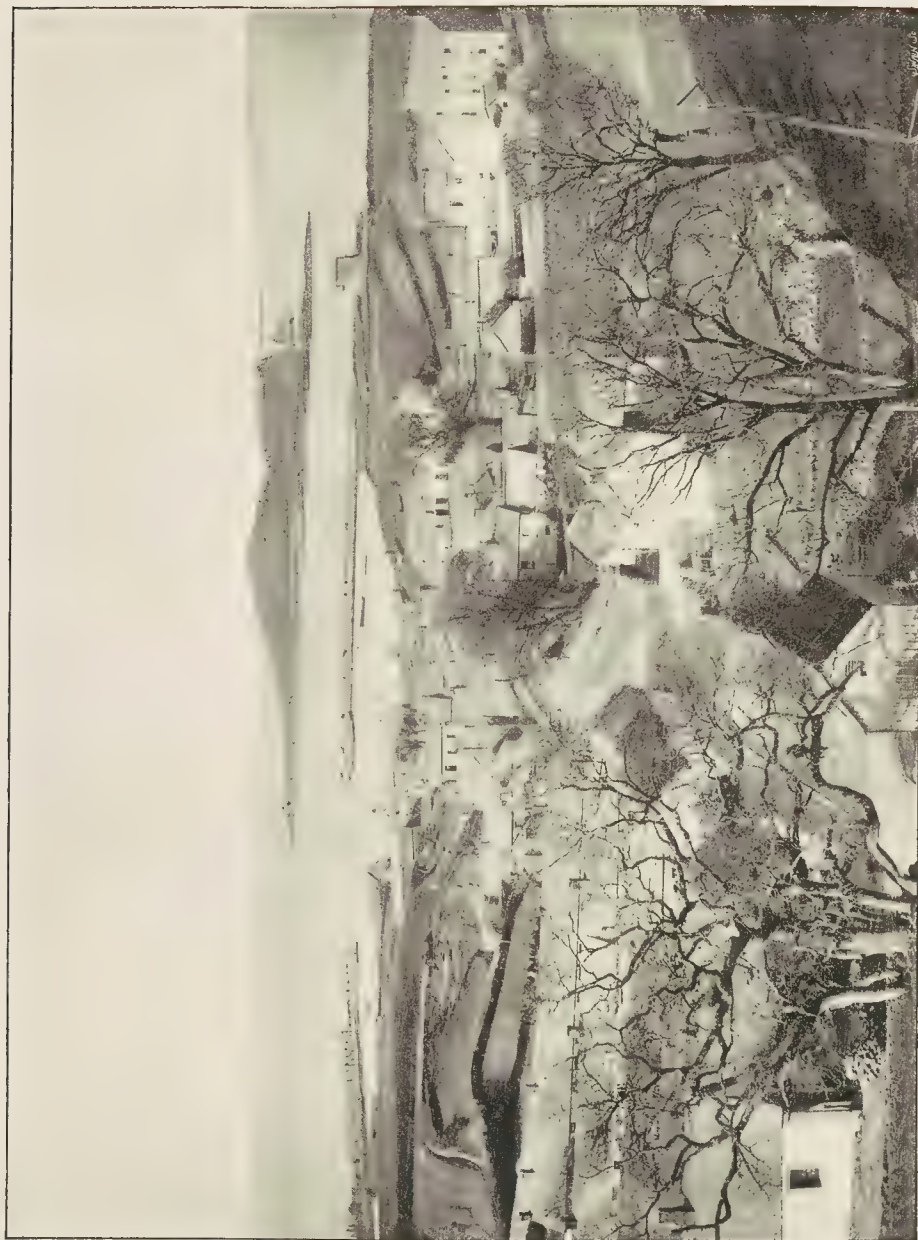
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The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

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AUGUST 19, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER
GRANDCHILDREN, LADY ALEXANDRA AND
LADY MAUD DUFF, DAUGHTERS OF H.R.H.
PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF FIFE. PHOTO
BY W. & D. DOWNEY.



MR. AUBREY DE VERE, who spent some six weeks in town this summer, paid, on his way home, a visit—rare for him—to Scotland, this time as the guest of the Duke of Argyll. Mr. de Vere will pass the winter at Curragh Chase, the Irish seat of his brother, Sir Stephen de Vere.

The first Club this season to close its doors was the Athenæum. Ladders instead of Academicians, and pails of whitewash instead of Bishops, blocked the doorway. The inhospitable mania for all manner of renovations soon spreads; and the Windham followed suit on the Athenæum. The United Service Club is so handy to the only Club Henry Kingsley thought women should let their husbands join, that the inconvenience to its members is reduced to a minimum.

The Queen is in favour of the Duke of Connaught's appointment to the Commandership-in-Chief of the Army. The *Times* and the *Spectator* are distressed at the hint of it. Lord Salisbury is anxious to please all parties—but how? Lastly, in the Army itself, the feeling is one of almost indifference.

We have by no means heard the last of the Shahzada as anyone "trekking" in the neighbourhood of Lucerne will soon find out. Here for the last week or two visitors at the Hotel National have had the excitement of watching a new kitchen in course of erection for His Highness's gastronomical ceremonies, it being against the Afghan rule to use a kitchen from which mere Christians have been supplied. No doubt this new room, which is being constructed on the Afghan model, will be shown as a curiosity when its immediate uses are over, meanwhile people staying in the hotel have excellent food for curiosity and conjecture. The Duchess de Mai lè is there, and at the Kursaal listening to the music Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, and the Duchess, may often be seen. Both are staying at the Schweizerhof. So is Mrs. Pennington Mellor, well known in Biarritz for large and well-done hospitalities. King Milan, travelling incognito, is another notable visitor.

Mrs. Tevis, whose pretty daughter, Lady Francis Plunkett, is wife of the English Minister at Brussels, has just arrived at the Beau Rivage. Crowds of visitors are let loose by every train in fact, and Lucerne never looked gayer than during the big *fête* of the last week in July, when all high mountain points around were illuminated with fireworks, and the lovely lake itself was a fairy vision of twinkling lights and gaily decked boats. Count von Münster, who has just left, took part in the Venetian *fête*, and had a party on board his gondola, on which both French and German colours, in amicable juxtaposition, were picked out in small lanterns, the Count being ambassador to the former country for the latter.

Long distance bicycle parties are on the increase—a

growing argument, by-the-way, that this form of amusement is by no means the mere craze which some still regard it. Unhappy members who have to re-assemble on Grouse Day at St. Stephen's for instance, can escape town in the off hours by pedalling in parties to Richmond or other suburban haven, and lunching or dining there rob their enforced imprisonment of half its terrors and ennui.

Invitations were sent out for a biking party of forty strong, for instance, the other day by a lady who lives near Sandown. On arrival there was a lunch, followed by an afternoon dance, for which "chiffons" and maids were dispatched by train, after which biking frocks were once more mounted and the wheelers started off home with apparently undiminished energy. The beauty of biking when once an acquired accomplishment, undoubtedly is, that there is little or no fatigue from the exercise.



LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH, nee BEAUCLERK.
Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street.

The Hon. Richard Fredk. Cavendish, M.P. for the North Lonsdale Division of Lancashire, who was married the other day to Lady Moyra de Vere Beauclerk, is the son of the late Lord Edward Cavendish and a nephew of the Duke of Devonshire. Lady Moyra, whose portrait adorns this page, was given away by her father, the Duke of St. Albans. After the reception at Bestwood Lodge, the bride and bridegroom left for Chatsworth, lent by the Duke of Devonshire, where they are spending part of the honeymoon.

The death of Joseph Thomson, alas! in early manhood, has robbed us of one of the bravest, and most skilful of explorers. Near Thornhill, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born thirty-seven years ago, is a quarry, still worked by his father, and there he learned lessons from the stones which

made him an able geologist in his teens. He had matriculated at Edinburgh University when his chance came through his selection as Keith Johnston's lieutenant in the Geographical Society's Expedition to Central Africa in 1878. The caravan had left the coast only a few weeks when Johnston died, and Thomson took his place. A mere stripling, he led his men into the heart of hitherto unexplored regions, and brought them back without having lost a porter, or fired a gun at the natives. The stock of information which he collected filled up blanks over an enormous territory, and his future as a born explorer was established. The Sultan of Zanzibar employed him to search for coal in East Africa, but none was found, and in 1883 he started on his memorable expedition through the Masai Country, mainly to seek for a trade route from the seaboard to Victoria Nyanza.

The story of that journey is told in one of the most thrilling books of travel in the language. Thomson shows that bullying and fighting are no necessary equipments of the explorer. His followers were "the refuse of Zanzibar rascaldom," but his tact and sympathy so converted them that "they returned as men." "Through Masai Land," as the narrative is entitled, possesses permanent value in the contributions which it makes to our knowledge of barbaric manners and customs, and to the solution of the question of the adaptability of tropical Africa to the white races. Thomson proved himself a statesman in the successful treaties which he made with native chiefs, both in the territories of the Niger and in South Africa in subsequent expeditions. In ten years of active life he cleared a vast area of Africa of the mysteries enveloping it, brought territories of enormous extent under British rule or within the sphere of British influence, and, withal, has made the work of colonization easy to his countrymen in the bloodless record which follows him to his premature grave.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S.
Photo by Maull & Fox.



THE HARVEST FIELD.
Photo by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

Most young men and women nowadays know something of the terrors of shorthand; few, however, master the art to any great proficiency. But of the Dunmore College for Girls, Bletchley, it may truthfully be said "There's a chiel



MISS F. E. HOLLOWAY.

among ye takin' notes," for Miss F. E. Holloway, aged twelve, has just gained Pitman's 1st class full certificate of proficiency. Miss Holloway gaily scribbles one hundred words per minute, and manages to transcribe them accurately, too, which is more than many stenographers do. She has won her "century" very young, and we congratulate her.

Let no boy or girl, ambitious of literary fame, fear nowadays that they will be denied a hearing. The one thing necessary is merit—something to say and the power to say it. Granted so much, and industry, success is certain.

Take the case of two young men who have fought their way into success, and with whose careers I happen to be familiar. They are Mr. W. Pett Ridge and Mr. H. G. Wells. Neither had any influence; neither, when they began to write, had friends in the literary world; neither had the advantage of a 'Varsity education; and yet these two young men have six books between them on the eve of publication. Moreover, the stories and articles and dialogues that make up these books having already appeared in serial form, these authors have already made incomes out of them which barristers or bank-clerks of the same age would consider exceedingly handsome.

How was it done? Just by choosing fresh subjects, by looking at those subject with fresh eyes, and by having the gumption to know just what journals those subjects would suit. Mr. Pett Ridge is a Londoner born and bred, and a Londoner who was blessed by nature with a most observant eye, great patience, and quite an abnormal sense of humour. He began by writing paragraphs, and that species of article

dished up from books that editors know so well, which gain the success that such adaptations deserve.

Then one day he wrote an account of an evening he spent at an East End free-and-easy, which was immediately accepted by the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Pett Ridge had found his *métier*. Since then he has written hundreds of dialogues, short stories, and sketches, which have been published in the chief London and provincial journals—weekly and daily. Mr. Ridge is very methodical in his habits. Hardly a day passes but he writes a short story or a dialogue, and hardly a night passes but his shrewd brown eyes peer into some corner of the London he knows as well as Mr. Gladstone knows Downing Street. One of his books will be published this autumn by Mr. Bentley, another by Mr. Arrowsmith, and a third has just been issued by the *St. James's Gazette*.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the other bookman, has made his reputation in an incredibly short time. Two years ago he sent an article to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Its mordant humour, keen observation, and gay inconsequentiality suited the style of the paper to a T, and for a couple of years Mr. Wells probably contributed more to the *Pall Mall Gazette* than any outside contributor. Written in an exceedingly neat handwriting, his contributions flowed in at the rate of two or three a week, and between whiles he turned out a score of creepy, scientific short stories, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Budget*. Then followed "The Time Machine," which was written under the spur of Mr. W. E. Henley's praise for the *New Review*. Mr. Wells' three autumn books are a romance dealing grotesquely with the possibilities of vivisection, a humorous satire, and a volume of short stories called "The Stolen Bacillus."

When and where did Kipling first get the notion of his jungle stories? Was it during that summer when he disappeared from London with a friend, and was discovered to be living the life of a back-woodsman in the New Forest? It is likely enough that it was there Kipling gained his knowledge of forest life, and of the little paths that feel their way through the tall trees—a knowledge never better shown than in the latest of the jungle stories that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a few weeks ago.

Great is the pomp and ceremony connected with the christening of a Grand Duchess in "Holy Russia," judging from elaborate details sent me by a lively friend, whose husband is officially employed at St. Petersburg. Her baby Highness is the Grand Duke Alexander's daughter, and was baptised in the Emperor's private chapel at Peterhof on Wednesday. A veritable gold coach and six conveyed this precious morsel of humanity to church, on reaching which the august infant was carried in on a pillow by the lady-in-waiting, with two General aides-de-camp on each side holding the coverlet. Amongst the sponsors, about ten in number, and all Royalties, were our own Princess of Wales, the Emperor of Russia and Dowager Empress, who placed the Order of St. Catherine round the baby's neck after the baptism, whereupon bells from every steeple in Peterhof made joyous clamour. Irena Alexandrovna is the little Princess's name, who has just abjured her original shortcomings with so much pomp and parade. She will be an Imperial Highness later, when the Emperor bestows the prefix.



LADY HELEN VINCENT.
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

At Spa there is rejoicing because the Queen of the Belgians, most popular of sovereigns, has just purchased a house in the neighbourhood, which is an earnest that she will spend more of her time than before at this charming watering-place. On Her Majesty's arrival last week, the streets were illuminated and profusely decorated with flowers. Crowds of smart English and French are there already. The Duc d'Aumâle, who has just gone, was the Queen of the Belgians' guest during his stay.

Mrs. Stanley Cary gave a very successful ball at Harbourside House, Balbriggan, on the 7th, at which a large gathering of neighbouring families showed up, besides the ever useful and ornamental military contingent from Dublin

going on to their country house visits. Lady Carbery is, by-the-way, coming to the front as a musical composer. The music of "Love and War," a cleverly written light opera, recently put on at Islington for its trial trip, was composed by her, several numbers being notably attractive. Sir William Young was responsible for the book, and Mr. Basil Gotto for the very engaging lyrics with which it is so well supported. Altogether the production was one which must have surprised such of the critics as those who went to hear an exhibition of amateur talent. With some pruning in the second act, "Love and War" should run the gauntlet of town audiences very successfully.

Lord Cadogan's State entry into Dublin is fixed for the



"ALL IN A ROW."

Photo by Landor, The Mall, Ealing

and other stations. Lady Mowbray and Stourton brought a party, and Mrs. Chadwick another. The ballroom, prettily decorated with palms and bunting, looked very gay. Mr. Boylan, of Hilltown, opened the cotillon with the Hon. Frances Southwell, and dancing was kept up with extreme activity until the small hours were considerably grown up, after the immemorial manner of country house festivities in Ireland. Some very pretty frocks were worn, and Miss Stanley Cary in white satin looked charming.

Lord and Lady Carbery have been stopping at Glen-gariffe, which has become more than ever one of the places to stay at, it would seem, so many smart people having made it a halting place after the season's gaieties this year before

22nd, following which important function come Leopards-town Races on the 24th and 26th, Sunday intervening between the first and second days of this popular meeting, after which immediately follows Horse Show week, which promises to be "even more so" than usual, the number of entries being unusually large, even for this pre-eminently prolific occasion, and all the smart world surrounding, not to mention a goodly English contingent, being due. The Honorable Murrough O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin's second son, who is to be one of Lord Cadogan's A.D.C.'s, has had some of his previous experiences in the different lines of soldiering and city life, having for some time tasted the sweets of a wine merchant's office, and later shared the active service of the Northumberland Fusiliers.



"I don't care for them 'ats, 'Arriet; everybody's a-wearin' of 'em."

From Mr. Phil May's Exhibition, at the Fine Art Society's. Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "THE SKETCH."



ROTHLEY TEMPLE, LEICESTERSHIRE, THE
BIRTHPLACE OF LORD MACAULAY.

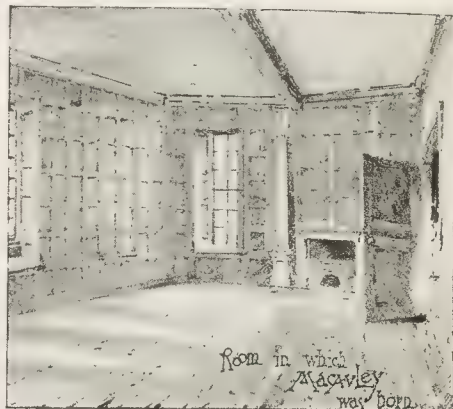
Illustrated by HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

IT was in August, 1857, that Lord Palmerston offered Macaulay a peerage, and the historian assumed, as "every schoolboy knows" (we like to be appropriate), the title of Lord Macaulay of Rothley, concerning which assumption *Fraser's Magazine* had a word to say in the November following.

Fraser's contributor had a vein of playful raillery in him, and was minded to show his readers, in as airy a manner as might be, how very little claim, after all, Thomas Babington Macaulay had to style himself "of Rothley." In order, however, to prove such connection as existed between the man and the place, the writer revived an old love story of seventy years before, when a Babington of Rothley was crossed in love by some person or persons unknown, at which misfortune the master of that pleasant seat in Leicestershire fled for assuagement of his wound to Scotland, and found it in a Scotch manse, for this Thomas Babington married Jean, daughter of the Reverend Mr. Macaulay of Cardross, in Dumbartonshire.

Thus first were linked the names of Babington and Macaulay, and thus the daughter of the Manse became

mistress of all that the fair but cruel unknown had rejected with her rejection of the master of Rothley Temple. They were an ancient race, the Babingtons, and a famous. In the days of the Plantagenets they were of the stock that furnished officers and gentlemen. One ancestor had a knight-hood from Edward III., and another was so loyal a subject to King Henry that, Esau-like, he sold his birthright to a



THE ROOM IN WHICH MACAULAY WAS BORN.

brother, that he might fight his sovereign's battles in France, where he gained lasting renown, bequeathing his sword and bow, "as a rich legacy," unto his issue. The arms were long shown in the Hall at Rothley. A Babington fell on Bosworth field, and the best known of the stock lost his head for fealty to Mary Queen of Scots.

But it was not a mere empty roll of ancestral honour that

the minister's daughter came from the North Country to share. The Babingtons possessed a fine estate and a noble residence in the fairest portion of fertile Leicestershire, and the curious antiquary notes that the manor enjoyed some most agreeable old feudal and ecclesiastical privileges, including a peculiar jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical exempt and free from all other ecclesiastical courts; also the privilege of marrying within itself, the Commissary granting license under the authority of the Lord of the Manor.

Rothley Temple itself was formerly the property of the Harcourts, then a Preceptory of the Knights Templars,



THE GARDEN FRONT.



THE HALL.

and at the Dissolution of the Monasteries it passed into the hands of the Babingtons. Previous to the Dissolution, a Sir John Babington, of Dethick, in Derbyshire, had been Master of the Preceptory at Rothley, and when the monastic orders were turned adrift, a certain Edward Cartwright, to whom Henry VIII. had awarded the estate, made them over to Humphrey Babington, brother of the Sir John afore-mentioned. This Humphrey was ancestor, in direct line, to Jean Macaulay's husband.

If accident, in the shape of love-disappointment, led to the alliance of the house of Babington with that of Macaulay, to accident also it was due that the future historian of England should have first seen the light of day at Rothley Temple. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was brother to Mrs. Babington. That good lady, who belonged, as Sir George Trevelyan naïvely puts it, "to the school of matrons who hold that the advantage of country air outweighs that of London doctors, invited her sister-in-law (Zachary's wife, the former Miss Mills) to Rothley Temple; and there, in a room panelled from ceiling to floor, like every corner of the ancient mansion, with oak almost black from age—looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into a little garden—Lord Macaulay was born, on the 25th of October, 1800, the anniversary of Agincourt.'

Yet once more was accident to forge another interesting link in the chain of circumstance that binds Macaulay to Rothley. The morning after young Tom's birth, his father was thrown from his horse and had both arms broken. Owing to this mishap Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay were detained into the winter at Rothley, and the child was baptized on 26th November in the private chapel attached to the house. About this chapel hangs a curious legend. "It is reputed," says Nichols, "to be in the parish of Jerusalem, as King's College, Cambridge, is in Lincolnshire." Such is Macaulay's connection with Rothley Temple. His lordship, Fraser was careful to point out, had none of the Norman blood of the Babingtons in his veins and the writer of the article saw no reason why Macaulay "that man of towns and clubs" should have fixed on Rothley as his territorial design-



THE CHAPEL.



ROTHLEY TEMPLE.

nation. It is conceded, however, by the prophetic scribe (whose grammar, by-the-way, gets curiously involved), that Rothley will doubtless be proud of having given birth to the historian, "long after his present popularity has passed away, and the style, which now fascinates thousands, be (*sic*) familiar only to a few students and scholars." Of Rothley's pride there can be no doubt; whether it has survived the predicted epoch is quite another matter. J. D. S.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

M. EDOUARD DETAILLE.

THE most famous military painter of modern days possesses to a singular degree the soldierly bearing and frank unaffected manner, which those familiar with his splendid work would expect to find in the successor of Meissonier and De Neuville.

"I found M. Detaille," writes a representative of THE ALBUM, "in the immense studio he has lately built himself within a comparatively short distance of the fortifications. The vast *atelier* is a thorough workroom, panelled with polished pine, and the only record of M. Detaille's brilliant career is to be found in a complete and curious collection of photographs of all his works hung dado-wise along the wall. Of studio 'properties' there are none, if a striking collection of military accoutrements and weapons, representing every period of military history, be excepted."

"Yes," he said, smiling, in answer to a question, "the painting of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught which I exhibited in this year's Salon embodied the first portraits I have ever done. I greatly enjoyed my stay in England, and spent some time at Aldershot, where I did a great many studies of 'Tommy Atkins,' mostly among the Highland regiments, whose costumes are so delightfully quaint and original."

"You must have found our English uniforms a curious change after those with which you have been familiar?"

"We also can boast of some very striking uniforms," he answered quickly, "those worn by the *Cuirassiers* and the *Chasseurs à pied*, for instance, are extremely picturesque, and a survival from long past days."

"And how came you to take up this branch of painting, Monsieur?"

"You know I had the good fortune to study two years—1867 and 1869—with Meissonier; and my first exhibited work was a corner of my master's study. Then came the Franco-Prussian War. I entered the *Gardes Mobils* and thus saw *de près*," he added, smiling somewhat sadly, "much of the fighting that went on round Paris, including the Battle of Champigny, though I little thought at the time that I should live to paint a panorama of the awful scene."

"Apropos of your panoramic work, I suppose romance plays as great a part as reality in such presentments of historic events?"

"No, indeed; one has, on the contrary, to be very exact. I took immense pains both over Champigny and Resonville; I visited the battle-fields again and again, and did all the work myself save the skies. These two panoramas took up the whole of my time for a year and eighteen months, for you know this kind of painting is just like any other, only the composition has to be somewhat larger," concluded M. Detaille, pointing to a huge picture suspended close to the ceiling. "There is a portion of my last panorama; you see it differs very little from an ordinary painting."

"And do you make a point of visiting all the spots which you portray when illustrating famous scenes in military history?"

"Yes, all my work is done from Nature; I have gone over many of the battlefields of Europe. I always do a great many sketches and studies, the final painting of a picture being but a small matter compared to the preliminary work done."

"Do you find photography of any use?"

"No, indeed, I have a horror of those so-called 'aids to art,' and I prefer to wait till I see a scene myself rather than trust to some utterly misleading photograph."

"How about your models? Is it true that you make a point of always employing real soldiers and so on?"

"No," he answered, quietly, "I often use professional models, although I occasionally get a friend or a soldier to sit for me; also I can always have the loan of cavalry horses if I apply for them."

"And what methods of study do you recommend to young artists?"

"I hold that no teacher can make an artist," he replied, decidedly; "a painter must learn alone. Of course hard study is indispensable, but where and how the apprenticeship is spent matters little. Studios such as Julian's are a great commodity, but have no other value in themselves, and I think the same thing also applies to *l'Ecole des Beaux Arts*."

"I suppose 'Le Rêve' represented no special scene?"

"Every detail of that," he answered, "was pure imagination, but I try to vary my subjects each year, so as to avoid getting into a groove."

"And if it is not an indiscreet question, how much time do you spend on your larger paintings?"

"Nine months to a year, but it all depends; in the case of an historical painting I have to make researches that sometimes take a long time; but, as you see, I am the fortunate possessor of a first-rate collection of old uniforms and arms; every kind of bric-a-brac finds its way to Paris from all parts of Europe, and I am always on the look out."

"And what time of the day do you work?"

"More or less all day, never at night. Some time ago I assisted at the Grand Manœuvres as a *Chasseur à pied*, and I greatly enjoyed the experience. I feel an ever-fresh interest in anything that has to do with soldiers and their life past or present."

"I trust, Monsieur, that your late visit to England will result in one or more counterfeit presentments of the British soldier?"

M. Detaille smiled diplomatically, and directed my attention to a fine sketch of men and horses which reposed on an easel hard by; and then, with a cordial hand-shake, "*à l'Anglaise*," I took leave of one of the finest specimens of French manhood it has ever been my lot to meet.

M. A. B.



MONSIEUR EDOUARD DETAILLE.
PHOTO BY LIEBERT, PARIS.



THE CASE FOR THE NORFOLK BROADS.

IT may be quite true, as the excellent Goethe has told us, that there is rest on every mountain height; but the plain man often prefers to take his holiday in the valley. For one thing, he cannot always call a cab and direct the gentleman who holds the ribbons to drive him up the aforesaid mountain height for a shilling a mile. There are precipices and things intervening, long nights in short carriages, smirking hotel proprietors who will consent to support his unnecessary existence for a pound a day. Such a man will give Cowper the lie direct, urging that absence of occupation is the perfect rest. He has worked hard all the summer; the very streets of the West End are loathsome to him; the suggestion that he shall be "personally conducted" provokes him to great wrath; he will not hear of "seven days in Switzerland"—he would prefer seven days in Holloway; he wants to lie on his back and to do nothing. Even if we admit that this state of mind is pitiable it is not to be denied that it is common. We take the game of life at such a speed, our normal pleasures are such distressing labours that the craving for an open way to Nirvana is easy to be understood. "Let me get away from it all?" is the cry of the victim of *la nervose*. And then he begins to learn how difficult is the task.

Possibly, in the first moments of his enthusiasm, a cruise to Norway tempts him. He reads an advertisement wherefrom he learns that he may enjoy twelve days among the fjords for the ridiculously small sum of twelve guineas. The advertisement promises him many things, including a shilling cab fare from Newcastle Station to the dock and a string band to the music of which he may dance. Thereupon his joy is great, but it is moderated so soon as a friend tells him that a third of his time must be spent riding in carriages for which his conductors do not pay, and that he will not avoid waterfalls and museums even on his journey to the North Cape. Exasperating as are these tidings, there are worse to come when other trips are analysed. It may even be that the weary individual resigns himself in sheer despair to a month at Mud-in-the-Hole, or a fortnight in the leery toils of a grasping farmer's wife whose carving knife will speedily sever any financial tail he may possess. This is the kind of man who should go to the Broads and lure a couple of men, or more, to share a wherry with him. Grant that he would miss the shilling cab fare from Newcastle Station to the dock, none the less would he steer clear of museums and waterfalls. And that he would find the nearest possible approach to the perfect rest, is not to be disputed.

I met a man the other day who had just returned from a three weeks' cruise in one of these wherries. He made Norwich his point of departure, getting his wherry at Elm Hill. He told me that he paid nine guineas a week for her and that she was fitted up with bunks for five. These terms

included the services of a skipper and a boy. My own experience was slightly more expensive. I started from Yarmouth with a party of four, two summers ago, and the hire of our wherry cost us ten guineas a week, including the services of two men. She was comparatively a big ship and we could have berthed more with comfort. But we demanded elbow room; and when the hatch had been raised and the hold properly partitioned, we made her delightfully snug and comfortable. If I am not doing the other members of the party an injustice, our luggage consisted of a barrel of light ale and four waterproofs. The "crew" obligingly drank the barrel of light ale during our first night afloat, and after that we had the waterproofs alone, and found it necessary to add certain tinned provisions and appliances for making tea and coffee. But once our commissariat was properly attended to, the whole voyage was a dream. We glided from broad to broad regardless of time and place; tides did not trouble us nor the wind's direction vex. When we were hungry we ate; when drowsiness locked up the mortal sense, we dozed. For fifteen days we did not set eyes on a postman or cut a daily paper. What we lacked in the finer arts of the kitchen we found in prodigious appetites and gloriously irregular meals. We had gone down to Yarmouth to scoff, we remained to play.

I have often been asked by men who know the Thames well, but to whom the Broads are unknown, what fascination can there be, or what superiority, in miles of flat sleepy rivers and grey-toned lakes? I answer that their charm is as little to be described as the first sight of a snow-mountain or the first fast flight in a toboggan. You declare on the day of your coming that the whole thing is a cheat and a fraud; you resent the dull ebb and flow of lazy streams. The torpor of villages, the lakes dotted with brown sails, the mill-decked landscape, the monotony of the fens, the very solitude, depress and disappoint. The Broads respond to your resentment by compelling a speedy acknowledgment of their fascination. You admit on the second day that there is something in it; you have slept well, anchored amongst the reeds, and the fresh air has filled your lungs. Your eye is rested by that very monotony which you bewailed. You declare that the difference between the Thames and the Broads is one of degree. There is a wider sweep of horizon here; no narrow valley obtrudes its heights upon your view. The grey stone of the churches; the brown sails of the wherries; the swirl of the waters through the reeds seem to preach rest. You say that the watchword of it all is sleep. And, in this mood, you will garner great stores of energy, which will surprise you when at length you return to town, and will be the confusion of that physician who found for you possibilities of life only in an immediate pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or the consumption of nauseous waters at a soul-depressing Spa.

MAX PEMBERTON.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—H.M.S.
"BLENHEIM" (CRUISER) AND H.M.S.
"HORNET" (TORPEDO-CATCHER)
ON THE LOOK OUT FOR THE ENEMY.



WITH September the theatrical world in London will awake. Mr. Willard has definitely settled to open the Garrick with "Alabama" this day fortnight. Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Bassett Roe, and Miss Marion Terry will join him. "Alabama" will be followed in due course by Mr. Jerome's play, "The Way to Win a Woman," which has already been seen in New York.

It is this day fortnight, also, that a new melodrama, with the capital title of "Tommy Atkins," will be produced at the Pavilion Theatre. It tells of a country curate who, becoming disgusted with the practise of his creed by his fellow-men, abandons the Church and "lists," ultimately distinguishing himself in battle.

At the end of next month Mr. Toole will revive "Thoroughbred," in which he himself appeared only for a few nights at the beginning of the year. On the first night he was evidently in great pain, and a few days later he was forced to resign his part and give himself up to his old enemy, gout.

Mrs. Bernard Beere is to tour for nineteen weeks, producing, among other plays, "As in a Looking Glass," "Fedora" (her masterpieces), "Peril," "Masks and Faces," and "The School for Scandal." She will appear at the Grand in November, and close at the Métropole in the following month.

In October, a short season of Wagner's operas will be given at Covent Garden, the attraction being the appearance of the Austrian prima donna, Frau Von Januschowsky.

The indefatigable Miss Olga Nethersole starts her five weeks' English tour to-day in a new version of "Camille," which she played so successfully in America, and also in

"Denise." Towards the end of September she will make her second visit to the United States, during which she will appear in "Carmen," and "Romeo and Juliet." She is to have a season in London next spring, under the management of Messrs. Frohman.

Mr. Penley is rehearsing a new farcical comedy which has been written by Mrs. Riley. It may be remembered it was a lady—Mrs. Musgrave—who wrote "Our Flat," and only the other week I had occasion to refer to the plays of Mrs. Cecil Ramsay.

One of the latest stage recruits is Miss Mary Mackenzie, a daughter of the composer. She is a member of Mr. Ben Greet's Company. Mr. Greet has started his autumn tour of four-and-a-half months. Mr. H. B. Irving is for the third time the leading man, and is adding the rôles of Hamlet, Benedick, Romeo, and Othello to his repertoire. There will be at least three lags during the tour, among them Mr. Laurence Irving and Mr. Greet.

Miss Gertrude Warden, whose most recent appearance in town was as Victoria Vivash in "The New Woman," has published a new shilling novellette, called "Five Old Maids." Unlike her earlier story, "The Haunted House at Kew," (the title of which reminds one of her sister Florence's famous "House on the Marsh"), it is not sensational. The youngest of the five old maids is a

charming little girl. Miss Warden has roughly dramatised the story for stage purposes.

The Earl of Yarmouth, who will one day be Marquis of Hertford, continues to amuse the Australians, whom he recently startled by performing skirt dances. His latest achievement is as a composer, for he has written the music to a song called "Dear Home Faces."

Stage machinery, despite the advances that have been made, seems capable of great improvement. The latest invention is the eidoloscope, which is an enlarged and perfected form of the kinetoscope. It is being exhibited on



MRS. BERNARD BEERE.
Photo by Russell & Sons



MISS GERTRUDE WARDEN AS VICTORIA VIVASH IN "THE NEW WOMAN."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

the stage of the Schiller Theatre, Chicago, where a burlesque, "Little Robinson Crusoe," is running. The instrument shows the American Derby, and the scene on the race-course is vividly illustrated, two girls being seen dancing a skirt-dance, and a boxing match of six rounds being fought in sight of the audience. In the third act of the burlesque what is called a "bare-foot Trilby dance" is introduced.

The "Trilby" fever, indeed, is very far from abating in the country where it was contracted. Mr. A. M. Palmer, the manager who owns the play, is said to have made of his share of the net profit, over £15,000, and the career of the piece is only in its infancy. Even the burlesque of "Trilby" has brought luck to Mr. Richard Mansfield.

The American actor, Mr. Otis Skinner, has a play ready for production, based on the life of the immortal vagabond Villon, whose career was popularised with English readers by Robert Louis Stevenson. The publications of the Villon Society are well-known to experts in French literature, but the delightful translations of the poet's ballades, made by Mr. John Payne, are certainly not so popular as they ought to be. It may be remembered that a one-act play called, "Villon, Poet and Cut-throat," was staged at the Royalty last autumn, Mr. Loring Fernie and Miss Florence Friend appearing in it.

Miss Jeanne Douste, the original Gretel in Humperdinck's charming opera, has been offered the same part in the French version about to be produced in Paris, and will also appear in America in the same rôle. Miss Edith Johnston,

whose charm and captivating singing were among the chief features in the production of "The Chieftain" at the Savoy, will also appear in the American production. This latter piece, by-the-way, will be produced the same week in America by Mr. Francis Wilson, who has purchased the trans-Atlantic rights. Mr. Wilson was desirous of securing Miss Johnston for her original part of "Maraquita," but unfortunately came several hours too late, as Miss Johnston had already signed a three years' contract with Sir Augustus Harris. Humperdinck is said to have completed a new opera founded, like "Hansel and Gretel," on a nursery story. It is called "The Wolf and the Seven Kids," and ought to charm the latter.

A curious story is being told about the divine Duse's first appearance in Naples. The few people in the theatre were half asleep. Suddenly a girl, about fifteen years of age, came on the stage wearing a little white dress, with a blue ribbon tied in her hair (so that Miss Cissie Loftus was anticipated). Not a hand greeted the *débutante*. But, at the first words she uttered, everybody sat up. TOM TIT.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Photo by A. Ellis.



IF Eastbourne—to use a venerable turn of speech—has leaped into popularity with all classes of holiday-makers lately, it is still by no means one of those mushroom growths which replace the sterility of yesterday with the brand new stucco of to-day. As far back as the middle and end of last century Eastbourne was held in much repute by our astute forerunners as a very pleasant village, well bestowed in the matter of pure air and sea bathing. So those few lodging or Sea Houses, as they were then called, which composed the wayfarers' accommodation, did not want for patrons in summer. Perhaps the past thirty years have done more to develop this favourite bit of sea-front than all those gone before. Eastbourne, as we see it, is quite one of the handsomest and most prosperous resorts of many which punctuate our coast-line. The town itself is laid out with admirable judgment, and its environs, which include a splendid sweep of grass-covered hills on one side, and several interesting ruins set in lovely scenery on the other, would alone have insured much added attraction to the allurements of this favoured watering-place itself. Band Promenades are the great business of the day, as in other seaside resorts, when some rank, and unlimited fashion disports itself on the triple row of promenades on the Marine Parade. Morning, afternoon, and evening, when possible, the lazy ones may be seen sunning themselves, like cats, in comfortably-arranged "shelters," while the more energetic peacock up and down in all the killing fascination of new and nautically-intentioned costume. The Parade finds a strong rival in Devonshire Park, no doubt, where tennis, golf, cricket, and other amusements variously are in constant swing, so much so that it is hard indeed to spend a dull hour at Eastbourne.

The necessity of open-air concerts and a sufficiency of good music, for want of which most such places at home have long been in unfavourable contrast with French or German neighbours, is well supplied in Eastbourne, where a capitally-managed music-garden in the aforesaid Park is arranged for either out or indoor band concerts. The old town should on no account be overlooked by visitors to the more luxuriously planned new. It is prettily placed between hills at the foot of the downs. On the well-established principle of the survival of the fittest, an early English church, with square Norman tower, is the most notable relic of earlier days left. Close by is the old vicarage, or, more properly, part of the old monastery. The Lamb Inn, which will be found in the High Street is well known to the artistic fraternity, its curious rooms, and the crypt, with grained arches, which lie underneath, forming a most picturesque contrast to their up-to-date surroundings. A pleasant beach tramp along the parade, brings one to the Wish Tower, where fine sea breezes and excellent views of surrounding country await one. A fossil collector of thrifty

habit is self-crowned monarch of the fortress, and exhibits his collection of localised treasures for a nimble and well-spent twopence. As one gets further from the town, a cliff-side pathway leads to a tiny cave where fisher-folk cottages cluster, and a tangle of sea pinks and loose-strife scramble over the cliffs. This is Holy Well, not yet improved out of its picturesque simplicity, though, if a road is carried round the shore to Beachy Head, as at present contemplated, Holy Well will, in all probability, resolve itself into a merely fashionable annexe of Eastbourne, and as a favourite secluded nook for sea picnics will be known no more. Continuing the route to Beachy Head, one or two Martello towers are passed, which recall the warm reception that our fighting progenitors intended for "Le Petit Caporal," when he turned omnivorous regards on this side of the channel. Boney never brought the tricolour this way, however, and so these Martello towers, particularly ugly erections, too, have not even had the excuse of fulfilling a mission. There is a pleasant legend concerning Beachy Head that the white cliffs of France can be seen from its summit, and many a confiding bucolic have I seen scale its grass-covered heights with a cheap sight of the Continent dangling before his mental vision for reward. It is not often that more than a very faint outline is atmospherically vouchsafed, however; but if a splendid stretch of Sussex weald on one hand, and far-reaching blue channel on the other, does not repay the climber, he must be more than ordinarily exigent with nature. It is a curious sensation, having reached the summit, to hear no noise from the waves directly below, but 500 feet sheer up is a respectable distance to carry sound.

In olden times, Birling Gap, just $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Beachy Head, was a favourite rendezvous of the adventurous smuggler. Now its natural advantages are turned to no more lawless spoil than excellent golf links offer. If the tide is going out Derby's Hole should be explored before leaving the gap. It is a cavern cut in the cliff by a former vicar of the adjacent pretty village of Eastdean.

Doubtless the cure of souls was a sinecure in his happy valley, which left this very unsecular Christian time to develop his philanthropic views elsewhere. Be that as it may, the good man hewed and hacked a very large hole in the cliff side so far back as 1750, where numbers of sea-fowl abide in stormy weather, and a further refuge has from time to time been given to shipwrecked sailors, as was its architect's benevolent intention. Hurstmonceux Castle is naturally the *tour de force* of Eastbourne, from a sight-seeing point of view. A really noble ruin, this, set down in exquisite surroundings, with a moat, tower, dungeon, ghost and all necessary romantic adjuncts of less prosaic days. The village of Pevensey makes a good halting-place for the castle of that name, another pilgrimage for those whose plan of seaside operations leads to something above and beyond the eternal constitutional of the sea-front parades.



IT is an oft-quoted saying of Scott's that, while he prided himself on the "big bow-bow" style in fiction, there was a subtle painting of manners which he regarded with honest envy. This was the great wizard's tribute to Jane Austen; but he took almost equal delight in the writings of Maria Edgeworth. Maria was not as exquisite an artist in portraiture as Jane. She had not that fine touch which makes character-drawing like a delicate etching, and gives to Mrs. Bennett and Elizabeth, to Mr. Bennett and the Rev. William Collins, in "Pride and Prejudice," a vitality that survives all changes of taste in fiction. Yet there is in Maria Edgeworth's best work a breadth that saves it from decay, an antiseptic which is admirably described by Mrs. Ritchie, when she says that Ormond is distinguished by "an amused tolerance, possible only to an Irish pen." You may smile because Harry Ormond abandons his pursuit of Peggy Sheridan, when he discovers that the pretty peasant girl is beloved of his faithful henchman, Moriarty Carroll. Possibly this sudden surrender is not in keeping with the modern spirit; but the warm-hearted impulse of friendship in Harry Ormond is quite consistent with the taste for adventure awakened by his ardent study of "Tom Jones." Besides, though he spared Peggy, "he took to vagrant courses," in which, as the author judiciously remarks at the end of a chapter, "the muse forbears to follow him." Nobody would accuse Maria Edgeworth of condoning vice. Yet this blameless spinster, who wrote "Ormond" at the age of fifty, was perfectly alive to the fascinations of Fielding's hero. She took Tom Jones, with all his imperfections and vices upon his head, as the typical young man, "generous, imprudent, with little education and literature, governed more by feeling than by principle, never upon any occasion reasoning, but keeping right by happy moral instincts; or when going wrong, very wrong, forgiven easily by the reader and by his mistress, and rewarded at the last with all that love and fortune can bestow, in consideration of his being—a very fine fellow."

What would be said if a most respectable single woman were to write now in this vein of old-fashioned morality, with its note of "amused tolerance"? She would be set down as a backslider by critics who describe any freedom of observation as a "retrograde" movement, who are ever reminding us of strait-laced views of our grandmothers. In the early part of the century our grandmothers could not have been very severe, when the only rebuke Maria Edgeworth thought fitting for the "vagrant courses" of her hero, who had taken Tom Jones as his earliest model, chastened later, I admit, by Sir Charles Grandison, was the reticence of "the muse." However, my chief business here is with the indisputable fact that, despite the lapse of eighty

years, Maria Edgeworth is still delightful reading. Sir Ulick O'Shane and his cousin Cornelius—"King Corny"—are as fresh as when they were painted. Sir Ulick's genius for insinuating himself "into the delicate female heart" is all the more attractive for a certain quaint old-world phrasing. "King Corny," as the type of Irish country gentlemen of the period, has never been surpassed in studies of Irish character. A terrible quantity of whisky-punch was drunk in Corny's time, and one of the best scenes in the book is the old gentleman's remorse for the rigour with which he had enforced the etiquette of his table on his nephew, Harry. "You don't choose to drink more than's becoming? Well, you're right, and I'm wrong, and t'would be a burning shame of me to make of you what I have made of myself—I was born before the present reformation of manners in that respect." So he sends for the priest and "my swearing book," and takes an oath. "Against drinking?" says the priest. "Against drinking!" says Corny; "do you think I'd perjure myself? No, but against pressing him to do it. I'll take my oath I'll never ask him to drink another glass more than he likes." An oath that may strike some of us as more rational than certain modern vetoes!

For some time past I have had no great yearning towards Scotch stories. They seem to me to treat the universe like a large slice of bread and butter, to be spread with the treacle of sentimentality, without any wholesome infusion of brimstone. So the title of Fiona Macleod's book was forbidding, and I began to read with a sense of compulsion, "The Mountain Lovers"! Well, the critic cannot always choose his fare, and I sat down to Fiona Macleod with a poor appetite. A few pages convinced me that my fears were groundless. There is nothing of the sickly sentimental style in "The Mountain Lovers." It is an idyll of shepherds and Gaelic superstitions, into which even a Cockney reviewer can enter with interest and sympathy. Possibly the word-painting is a little overdone. Fiona Macleod has a rich vocabulary, with a dash of the laboratory now and then, as when the wind undergoes a "chemic change." It is a wind that blows through some fifteen pages till you crave for an absolute calm. But even if it be somewhat too cunningly pictured, this opening scene has great beauty, a fitting background for the romance of the mountain shepherd, and for the legend of the dwarf's mother who was a demon woman. There is a kind of tragic sweetness in the loves and sorrows of these simple folk, and over all is an atmosphere of tradition which takes the imagination captive.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Ormond." By Maria Edgeworth. With an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Macmillan and Co.

"The Mountain Lovers." By Fiona Macleod. John Lane.



FASTIDIOUSNESS.—II.

CHILDREN dislike what they dislike most definitely when the thing belongs to the manners of their elders.

Of each other they are not severe critics. One kind of child they unanimously reject—the prig, girl or boy; but

for minor defects, excesses, or offences they have the tolerance of the real contemporary. We, too, have patience with those of our contemporaries, and endure better the fashions of our best twenty years than any others. They are of our vintage, and we know something of the suns and rains that have brought them forth. There is the *pays de connaissance* of time, and it speaks our language, or what is much the same, the language charged with our intentions and habits.

So children have a way of taking other children very much for granted. If they do not make any manifestation of great human interest in their fellows, it is that they have a fair general knowledge already, and almost everything in common.

But all the more is a child unsympathetically acute in perceiving most of the failings of the grown-up. He is, as a rule, perfectly aware of them. His observation is that of a mind unpreoccupied and at liberty. A young child suddenly imitates the distant crowing of a cock, which no grown person in the room, because of absence of mind, had heard. Even so the elders at a table are thinking and talking of so many things that they know much less of their own and each others' manners than do the boy and girl who say nothing.

All that is impatient and all that is irritable in young nerves answers to the provocation of bad manners. Unfortunately, bad manners are not accidental or unique. In those who practise them they are habitual. They are regularly recurrent, they are punctual, and the childish watcher expects them. He knows their times and occasions, and has them

in altogether exaggerated horror. He grows punctilious in his inward protest, and makes cruel phrases to describe them.

Two children together will generally speak to each other about what they consider flagrant. They enter into a kind of conspiracy of criticism. It must be confessed by those who remember their own childhood that relationship was little protection against the comments of this fastidious vigilance. Fathers and mothers were not subjected to this judgment, but aunts and uncles were, and grandfathers and grandmothers; and the children's code was most curiously severe and impartial.

The greatest offence, if the remembrance of one childhood is a measure of evidence for others, is too much youthfulness of manner in the elderly, or an untimely sprightliness in women. Such a habitual fault as this will make a child quite sensitively un-

comfortable. He will excuse far worse forms of affectation rather than this, which, to wiser eyes, is the most excusable.

Perhaps the newer, graver, rather harder elderly women into whom the girls of a later day will turn as they pass out of youth, will never provoke disapproval from the child of



"MIGNON,"—W. R. SYMONDS.

From the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Lent by the Artist.

the future, as the weaker women of an older day than ours irritated our own fastidious childhood. It was the laughing, appealing, dependent manner we could not away with, when it was assumed by the plain and the waning. We had an intemperate dislike of it, out of all proportion. If that kind of manner should survive or should ever re-appear, it will never, one may suppose, be so incongruously dressed as it has been. Thackeray saw it at its most grotesque; but long after Thackeray's day it vexed the souls of children in perfectly inharmonious ribbons and curls.

If children could have had the making of the laws for the dress of women, there would never have been any long curls in fashion; children could not endure to see them. Especially was this the feeling of those who saw them as a belated and discredited fashion. Too much fresh and energetic hatred, that might have been more rationally spent, was given to this single detail of *coiffure*. It was particularly galling to the patriotic, touchy, and rather worldly English child to see Englishwomen travelling abroad in curls. She compromised the national sense of art and of appropriateness.

Fastidiousness has another side; it is exceedingly sensitive to its difficult joys; children with acute distastes have keen admirations. They are aware of every charm and grace of manner even more than of beauty; but they love personal beauty. Nothing that is individual, nothing that is gay or noble, and nothing that has dignity is wasted upon them. They pay homage to it in private, and lie in wait for the pleasure of touching the chair or the dress of the approved and admired woman.



"CORALIE."
Photo by Lewis, Eastbourne.



"MISS KATE SERJEANTSON AT THIRTEEN."—PHIL R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
From the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Lent by the Artist.

There is, besides, the childish sense of beauty in nature, which goes with an exceeding fastidiousness. Children are intolerant of anything that tampers with the integrity of nature. They have an old quarrel with all that is suburban. Villas and the incidents of villa life, tradesmen driving about for orders, and all the ultra-English tidiness of such a world, are the objects of childish scorn. And because the child is reluctant to live even for a time amidst such things, he has the correspondent delight in fields unprofaned and a sky clear and clean. He loves what is true of its kind in all things; but it is of the honour and integrity of the country that he is most jealous.

A towny sea, a towny garden, towny walks, asphalt, gasometers, and the rest, are to him so many adulterations of the beloved real country. He is not to be won by parks or other devices of the mere citizen. And finally, if a child's distastes are strong enough and disquieting enough, unsparing and harsh enough, we may be sure that no charm ever escapes him—not an aspect of the world towards the sun, not a turn of the delicate crises of the spring.

ALICE MEYNELL.



HEROINE WORSHIP.

BY CLARA SAVILE CLARKE.

THE child stood at an open window, and looked out on the scene below. It was a starlight night, and the wind moved the trees in the garden until they rustled, and met and parted, branch kissing branch, with a sound which suggested the noise of the sea.

Under the gaunt shadow of the cedar in the kitchen garden sat two figures. One a fair, slight girl, the other a tall, dark man.

The child watched them jealously, for the man was talking to Aunt Lydia, and Aunt Lydia was her idol.

Somehow the evening was different to any other evening. As a rule mamma sat in the study below with the lamplight on her grave, stern face and nervous hands, and covered many long slips of paper with her firm, black handwriting. Papa smoked in the dining-room, wearied with his work in the city. After the hot railway journey into the country, he was glad to rest and be idle with the scent of the stocks and mignonette reaching him through the open window as he read his paper and sipped his wine. And Aunt Lydia called the child upstairs into her rose-pink bedroom, and showed her all her prettiest dresses, or danced and acted the part of some delightful fairy. Later on she followed the child into her own little room, and sat by her bedside telling her wonderful stories, till Aunt Lydia and the giants grew misty, and disappeared, and all was oblivion until a new day came.

This remarkable evening began with mamma insisting on accepting an invitation in London, for a literary party, to which papa had been loth to go. And after a quiet talk with Aunt Lydia, while the latter ate her dinner alone, Mr. Mansfield arrived quite unexpectedly; and the child had been banished with a smile and kiss from her aunt, and had crept upstairs to nurse her secret alone.

Her secret meant future disgrace, and she was longing to impart it to Aunt Lydia. The blue-eyed girl of seventeen was the one gleam of sunshine in the house, as ready with her tears as with her smiles, and delighting in worship, even from a child. Papa teased and laughed at his sister, mamma spoiled her reluctantly, and the servants neglected necessary work to run her errands and win her approbation. The child knew almost instinctively that her mother excused her tolerance towards her sister-in-law on the ground that she was hardly her own property, just as she would have been aghast at such lenience if shown to her offspring. The nervous, sensitive nature of her little girl roused a painful recollection of her own past, and needed, above all things, a

restraining hand. The child and her mother shrank from each other, and lived in a world apart, where papa appeared in company with the evening star in summer time, and was equally careless of both. Then his sister, whose chief virtue was her apparent frankness, recounted her amusements during the day, and made him merry over her flirtations. Of Mr. Mansfield she rarely spoke. There was something in his past, at which mamma frowned and papa smiled, and the child never understood. But that he was Aunt Lydia's secret the child realized beyond everything, and kept it loyally. Aunt Lydia was her champion, and had stood between her and punishment on many occasions. First, when she disturbed mamma while she finished her big book by hysterical sobs when the stable cat died in agony from poison; secondly, when her French governess complained because her "dictation" was so horribly misspelt; and on so many other tragic occasions, that they were impossible to count after a week had passed over their graves. Aunt Lydia was so brave. She went boldly into mamma's study, often interrupting the work sadly, and held the child's hand tightly clasped in her own.

"Here is Lita in disgrace again, Maud," she said, "and quite miserable enough to have been sufficiently punished. Mademoiselle is in a fearful rage—but you won't listen to Mademoiselle. I'll tell you the whole story."

Mamma always sighed, put down her pen, and looked hard at her little daughter; but in the end the blue eyes and pleading girlish voice won the day (perhaps the interruption aided matters), and the punishment was the lighter.

But the climax had come at last. A pet puppy had eaten all the chocolates sent to Mademoiselle by her fiancé in Paris. To save the dog a beating, the child had *lied*, an ugly word, but the only one, and declared that she had been the thief. A half-holiday sacrificed to French exercises was the result, and willingly sacrificed, until Mary (the red-faced housemaid with the harsh voice) confessed the truth to Mademoiselle.

The moon rose behind the trees, and eclipsed the stars. The couple in the garden rose and walked between the carnations and strawberry beds; and in a corner of the child's room, a small white fox-terrier, with a black patch over one pathetic eye, slept and snored in ignorance of her anguish.

A lie was a terrible thing, and she did not remember ever having told one before. Mademoiselle's black eyebrows and emphatic gestures had frightened her, and then her poor puppy had been ill—so dreadfully ill—that he was quite punished enough. A beating! The child shuddered, he did not know his danger. To her mind that made



"VIERGE CONSOLATRICE."
FROM THE PICTURE BY M. BOU-
GUEREAU IN THE LUXEMBOURG
GALLERY, PARIS.

matters worse. Mademoiselle was writing letters in her room—to the far-off fiancé perhaps, or to the little mother in a Normandy village; but she was certain to wait till the last train arrived from London to tell her story and point out the culprit.

Mamma would never forgive a lie!

The child pictured the scene, and remembered that she had not confided in Aunt Lydia at dinner, because it was easier to tell such a miserable tale when the lights were put out in her own little room, and Aunt Lyd sat at the foot of the bed, with her pretty hair in disorder, and her voice eloquent with sympathy.

She started as the front door closed with a noise which sounded all through the house. A light foot ascended the staircase, and a fresh voice called "Lita."

Melita was not a pretty name, but there was a Princess Lita in all the fairy tales, - although *she* would have scorned to tell a lie.

A creature all muslin and lace swept into the room, and the puppy stirred and woke, and barked three gruff barks, before it slept again.

"Aunt Lyd!"

"My darling! All alone and in the dark! Oh, what a night! Was there ever such a moon?"

She closed the door and crossed over to the window.

The moon shone on her fair hair and parted lips, and showed the face of the child white with anguish, with an over-refined delicacy of features and outline, and eyes that had been sad from birth.

"Why, Lita! what is it?"

The girl knelt down and flung an arm round the child's waist.

"Aunt Lyd! I've told a story!"

"What?"

"A lie."

"Nonsense."

"I did. To Mademoiselle. She is going to tell mamma."

The girl shook her head, till the soft curls danced in the moonlight.

"It is true," the child repeated. "It was a real lie. Prince Rupert"—(the puppy snorted in his sleep as his exalted name reached him), "Prince Rupert ate Mademoiselle's chocolates, and he was so ill afterwards. And I thought Mademoiselle would beat him—she was in such a rage, and her eyes glared so I said I had taken them. You see, Rupert is so small, and soft, and a beating hurts him dreadfully; I remember last time——"

She stopped, and shuddered, with a cry which vibrated with pain.

Her listener glanced up with bright eyes, and breathed quickly.

"You see, Aunt Lyd, Mademoiselle will wait for mamma, and then they will punish Prince Rupert, and I—oh! what will mamma say to me?"

The other rose, and as she paced the room, beat her hands together nervously. A clock in the village struck eleven. Below there was the sound of shutters being closed, and the cook, who was a stout woman, panted as she stumped up the stairs. From the garden came the scent of honeysuckle and roses, and the moon dipped behind a cloud, and was obscured.

There was a long silence. Then Mademoiselle, in a room not far away, upset a chair, and the child leapt forward.

"Aunt Lyd, are you ashamed of me?"

The other stopped short in her monotonous promenade and stared at the child. She laughed bitterly.

"Ashamed! Good gracious! What an idea! But—but—I have something to say to *you*."

The puppy stirred uneasily in its sleep, but the blue eyes looked at the grey eyes steadfastly.

"I can save you a scolding, Lita, if you will help me."

"And Rupert?" asked a faint little voice.

"And Rupert, of course."

There was another pause. The child trembled with an instinctive knowledge of danger.

"I can make Mademoiselle hold her tongue, if Mary does not know that you told a different story."

"She knows nothing, Aunt Lyd!"

"All the better."

"How can you——?"

"Leave that to me." There will be no tale told to your mother, and no scolding, if you will do what I ask you."

"What is it, Aunt Lyd?"

"Only, *not to mention that a certain visitor came to-night*."

The child trembled.

"But if they ask me?"

"They won't. If they do, surely you can save me a scolding, if you can bother about Rupert."

The child's heart sank.

The girl drew nearer, and knelt again, with her face upraised.

"Lita, I love you, and I have always done everything that I could for you. Now I ask you to repay that a little. My darling, it is nothing wrong, and it can't be found out. I let Mr. Mansfield in myself, and none of the servants saw who arrived. They will think it was cousin Jack,—he comes so often."

"Why do you mind any one knowing?" asked the child. "Is it because he is 'divorced'? What does divorced mean?"

The girl drew back sharply. "Who told you that?"

"Mary, I think."

"What rubbish! It—it means that he is separated from his family—his father and mother,—they weren't kind to him."

"Were they stern and grave?"

"Stern and severe, and *very* cruel."

The child shuddered.

"If mamma asks me?"

"She won't ask you."

The puppy stirred and rolled out of his basket. The child's mouth grew firm, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I promise, Aunt Lyd."

She was kissed and petted, and put to bed. Somehow it was not easy to say her prayers. God seemed so far away, and the dear Lord Jesus in the picture over the fireplace looked reproachful by the light of one candle, and His eyes haunted her, even when the light was put out. Later, Mademoiselle came in and kissed her, and said "It was all right." But she hated Mademoiselle for that kiss. Even the soft, white mass, which cuddled close to her side, seemed to share her sin, and its snores were no comfort; as a rule they were a sign of good-fellowship, on an unusually dark night. Aunt Lyd gave her some of her throat lozenges, so mysteriously delicious and sweet, like glorified lumps of sugar, but their taste was gone. She ought to have been

asleep long before, and yet was miserably wide-awake. In her loyal little heart it seemed wicked to doubt her idol; it was noble to suffer for her idol, of course, but she was not to suffer, she was to be screened at the cost of what? A child's sense of justice is acute, much keener than that which rules men and women in later life, and she would willingly have lied for Aunt Lydia, if her promise had not been sold. The fact that it was bought degraded it; and in a dim, uncertain way, she realised that. The room, bathed in moonlight, was hideous. Familiar objects took new shapes, and even pretty Aunt Lydia, who peeped in to see if she slept (in her dainty muslin night-gear) took the shape of the wicked fairy who led the princess down to the black pool and drowned her there.

* * * * *

She woke to know that she had been sleeping, and the room seemed full of people. It was heavy with the unusual perfume of a cigar. Papa stood with Aunt Lydia in the window. Mamma, in the familiar black evening dress, which had served in its quaint simplicity so often (while Aunt Lydia always needed new clothes), looked down at the bed. The candle dazzled the child, and she half rose.

Lydia spoke quickly,
"You will find out that it is true. I never lie, and Lita saw him."

Papa laughed recklessly. He looked excited and more youthful in his evening dress.

"You might have waited, Maud," he cried. "The child is half asleep, and there is always the morning - worse luck!"

A curious womanly instinct drew the child towards a sudden feeling of sympathy with her mother. But the stern face and grave eyes, glittering through a *pince-nez*, checked the impulse at its birth.

"I only want to ask a question, Lita; and when you have answered it, you can go to sleep again. Who came to see Aunt Lydia to-night?"

The girl in the window stirred uneasily, and by chance the puppy stretched itself, and flung a soft, warm paw across the child's neck.

"Cousin Jack!" she said, and then turned over and buried her face in the pillow.

No one spoke, nor did Lydia come and kiss her; only, when all was dark, Our Saviour's eyes in the picture seemed to shine through the night in pitiful reproach.

* * * * *

The sun shone the next day as usual, and the fields beyond the garden were yellow with corn, when she went first thing to the window to see if the sunflowers had grown taller during the night. No one shunned her, or seemed to guess how wicked she was, and her idol devoted half her time to showing that she was really grateful. Once or twice during the long hours she went close to the door of her mother's study, with a longing to disclose all, but a vision of Aunt Lydia with her blue eyes full of tears drew her back, and when she ventured to touch mamma's hand after lunch, she was bidden "to go and play."

She never looked at her mother's face without feeling a confession frozen on her lips, and her father, when he came home, happened to be unusually bad-tempered.

Aunt Lydia was going out to dinner with a friend near, and did not even trouble to put on an evening dress. She was fretful when Mademoiselle offered to arrange her hair,

and the Frenchwoman's cunning fingers shook as she replaced the pins. The child hovered near the toilette table with her puppy in her arms, and when the cab arrived, Aunt Lydia stooped and kissed her hurriedly.

"Be a brick, and keep my secret, darling," she whispered. "God bless you."

It was so hard to say her prayers, the eyes of the picture followed her all round the room. When she slept she dreamed that the old witch in the fairy tale had put her into the cauldron, and Aunt Lydia looked on and smiled, and would not help her to crawl out.

She woke suddenly to find the sun already in the room; and at the foot of the bed stood her father and mother, dressed as they had been the night before.

"We have something to say to you," the latter said.

She sat up, and trembled, suddenly wide-awake.

"Let me —" began her father.

"No," his wife interposed. "This is my affair. Lita, you told me Cousin Jack came here last night. Was that true?"

"Yes."

The eyes in the picture scorched her, and her face blanched.

Her father frowned, and her mother turned to him quietly, and said:

"You see."

The man, fretted by her satirical smile, broke in, impatiently.

"Look here, Lita, that's a—hum—a—beastly lie. We know all about it now, so you needn't pretend any more. I suppose Lyd got round you somehow. It's a horrid shame."

The child shook till her little bed trembled in sympathy, and the puppy woke in comic indignation.

"You have told me an untruth," her mother said, "and I learn that you did the same to Mademoiselle yesterday. I could not conceive it possible that a child of mine could descend to such a thing. I regret," she turned to her husband, "the bad influence which has completely turned her head." She glanced down at the bed, and added, with a movement of her right hand which held a letter, "Aunt Lydia is more frank, and we learn the truth from her *at last*."

The idol false! The child neither moved nor spoke. Aunt Lydia had told all, and *she* was to suffer.

Her mother moved towards the door.

"She must go to school, Edward," she said; "I cannot cope with a liar."

The child held out a shaking hand towards her father.

"Papa, Aunt Lyd—"

"Has run away with that cad Mansfield; and I'm sorry; but you have made a mess of it, and I am afraid you will have to go to school."

He came nearer, and bent awkwardly enough to kiss her. His careless sympathy scarcely touched her. When the door closed, she remained a frigid little figure, bolt upright in her child's nightgown, with the eyes of the picture on her face, and the sun showing the sensitive mouth, as it straightened into a curious likeness to her mother's. Her childhood took wing in the fresh morning air, while somehow all life grew into a desperate battle, and the whole world changed.

The puppy watched her face, and then crawled closer, and licked her hand.



BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

ALTHOUGH for years Boulogne has been a favourite watering-place for English people, and although it is quite close to London, it has never lost the old-world quaintness of the French fishing village, and one of its chief charms is that the people are quite unspoilt by the English invasion and occupation of their town. An Englishman in Boulogne might well say with Ovid, "*Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor illis*;" the Boulonnais do not understand him, and do not see why they should try to.

If the English wish to play cricket and lawn-tennis, they argue, why should they not? It seems quite harmless: and if they prefer to drink their pale ale crowded round a bar, "*Tout mieux pour nous autres*, we have our cafés to ourselves." And so the English have had to cater for themselves and the town is full of English shops, boarding-houses, and even hotels; there are English churches, schools, doctors, dentists, in fact everything to administer to Mr. Gladstone's "*Civis Romanus*," a type which is unfortunately only too prevalent in this Anglo-French watering-place. The great fault of the English colony in Boulogne is that it is too English, it does not appreciate the great advantages that would accrue to it by mixing with the French families. All those who have had the *entrée* into the French circle will readily testify to its charming character, and if English people would realise this, their sojourn in the town would be the pleasanter. Generous hospitality is one of the great features of the Gallic race and our countrymen can only suffer by not accepting it when it is offered to them.

From the historical point of view, Boulogne offers much of interest, as it has been intimately associated with the history of our country from the time when Julius Cæsar put out from the mouth of the Liane to conquer Britain, down to the beginning of this century, when Napoleon assembled his Great Army on the cliffs and pointed out to his Marshals the thin white line on the horizon behind which lay the little country which had so often foiled him, and which he meant to crush in one great blow.

The story has often been told how the great soldier had to relinquish his cherished plan, but rarely so eloquently as by the veteran of that Grande Armée who was for many years custodian of the column raised in its memory. Poor old man! He would burst into tears as he told the visitor of his love for the Petit Caporal under whose banner he had fought and bled, and he never quite forgave the country that had robbed him of his idol.

The Old Town, the Haute Ville, as it is now called, was at

one time an important fortress surrounded by stony ramparts, and is a very important strategical position, commanding as it does one of the easiest harbours in France. The municipal authorities are at present engaged in opening one of the gates of the ramparts which has been unused for many years, and in the course of their excavations, have brought to light many things of interest to the antiquarian, mediæval helmets, Roman coins, &c., &c.; and they have discovered a net-work of subterranean passages, one of which goes right under the river to a point in what is now the suburb of Capécure. These were probably used as a last resource by the beleaguered burghers, or perhaps as a means of conveying provisions to the town or communicating with allies. And as we wander through the quaint old streets under the shadow of the grey Belfry that has looked down on so many generations, it is not hard to conjure up pictures of the Old Time, and we can almost see in the Square, which still bears his name, old Godefroi de Bouillon telling the excited townsfolk of the prowess of their countrymen in the Holy Land, and enlisting eager recruits to fight under his banner in the Sacred Cause. Or a few generations later, a gaily-clad noble leading a joyous cavalcade on his way to join Francis I. to help him to entertain Henry VIII. of England on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

There is not much to be seen in the Cathedral; it is modern and is poor in relics, and it is by no means a triumph of the architect's art.

The lower town is very bright from the Market place, which is a mass of colour, through the main streets, along the busy harbour, down to the Casino and sea-front. The Casino is one of the best in Europe and offers endless attractions to both English and French; and the bathing is unquestionably the best in the North of France. The *plage*, a stretch of very fine sand, is a pretty sight in the season—the bright dresses and the differently-coloured tents making a charming foreground to the sea in the distance, dotted over with the brown sails of the fishing-smacks.

And on the beach there is no discordant note, none of the many things which so often make an English sea-side place unpleasant—no niggers, no German bands, and no 'Arries. No, 'Arry can find nothing to amuse him at Boulogne and the female of his species finds that her lovely feathers do not make her French sister at all envious; so in spite of the cheapness of the trip on the "*Marguerite*," they stay away and leave Boulogne to those who only want a holiday in a Continental town, not too far from home, and who might indeed go further and fare worse.

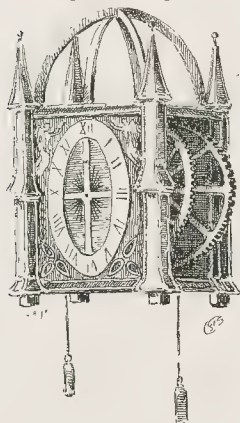
I. S. H.



CHERBOURG—THE ENTRANCE
TO THE HARBOUR.



I T was a Yankee, I believe, who stood on a hill with his Waterbury or Waltham in his hand and announced that if the sun did not disclose itself within two minutes it would be behind time. Unfortunately, the Americans are too practical or prosaic for me to sympathise with them entirely. Boston, the home of culture and baked beans, is the only American city in which I would venture to suggest that the first duty of a clock or a watch is to be beautiful. Perhaps even the "hub of the universe" would be weak enough to pretend that in watches and clocks the most important element is accuracy in time-telling, and although such an idea is heretical and deeply to be censured, history has something in its favour.



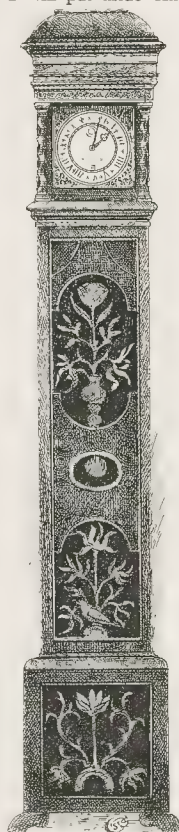
15TH CENTURY FRENCH PORTABLE CLOCK.

The temptation is strong—as strong as that of the "after-season sales"—to use the encyclopedia and talk for ten minutes with an abundant store of second or third-hand learning concerning water-clocks—clepsydræ (if pretty foreign words will pass)—hour-glasses, sun-dials, King Alfred time-candles, string clocks, and and other ancient, wonderful, inconvenient, and inaccurate methods of letting one know the time of day. I might talk of the plants that close up in strict relation to the height of the sun, of birds that put their heads under their wings at a given moment and lose their character by going to bed at ridiculous hours when there is an eclipse, of the time-denoting movements of the heavenly choir, of the disclosures of the tides, revelations by the moon, and direct statement from the sun. Unfortunately, these matters hardly touch the "Artistic Home": time and tide may wait for woman, though not for man, but such paltry matters as manners of detecting infinitesimal shades of infinity do not concern art. The beautiful despises time and exults in the phrase "*ars longa*." Yet time graciously comes to the aid of art and gives a quality to sincere efforts in honest materials that no skill can simulate.

It is time (I cannot avoid horological phrases) to "come to cues," a term of course borrowed from the profession, and consider the effect of time measurers upon the eye, and—further restriction—upon the eye in relation to the house. There are hour-glasses of the 16th and 17th century in English churches that are delightful, and sun dials which have turns of beauty as well as quaintness; I might instance

the happy negro in lead—too little used medium for statuary—that has migrated from Clement's Inn to the gardens of the Temple. Undoubtedly there were beautiful clepsydræ, and even the complicated self-adjusting water-clocks of Ctesibius of Alexandria may have been mounted splendidly. However, I must talk of clocks as we know them; yet, as Lamb excluded different works as non-books, I will put aside American "timepieces"—things too indolent to proclaim the hour audibly—and clocks in marble, in Mexican onyx, and in fact the whole stock of the ordinary dealers in time—I do not refer to stockbrokers or jobbers.

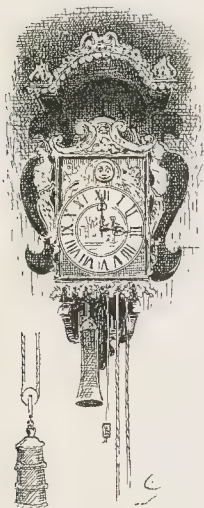
There is left matter too abundant—and yet for three years I have sought in London, Paris, and the Provinces for a clock to give beauty to my drawing-room and hints for departure to tedious guests, and to this day the mantel-shelf is timeless and I feel unrespectable! I have seen lovely Louis XV. and XVI. clocks in water-gilded ormolu with the slightly greenish tinge affected by such masters as Caffieri and Gouthière, adorned with graceful figures perfectly modelled but outside the range of my shallow purse. I have yearned for dozens of Empire clocks because the workmanship of the *bas reliefs*—reproductions often of mythological subjects from old Italian gems and seals—is excellent and the heavy mercury gilding lovely in tone. Yet when it came to viewing the clock as a whole, I found it impossible to ignore the general design which with few exceptions is oppressively pseudo-classical and I felt that I—and others—would soon weary of winged figures in awkward attitudes, classical tripods with simpering nymphs, and trophies of lances surmounted by Phrygian caps.



GRANDFATHER CLOCK, IN SIR JOHN BENNETT'S COLLECTION. DATE 1720-40.

Possibly of all clocks, the most entirely unpleasant are those on sale in Paris during the latter half of the century. Not only is the design bad, but the workmanship is so careless that the marks left by the casting are rarely filed away, and the so-called gilding of the ormolu is, in reality, only a process of lacquering. This is done

by applying a solution of shellac and spirits of wine to the heated metal; when the volatile spirit evaporates, it leaves a thin coating of shellac which may be treated so as to seem like gold to the inexperienced eye.



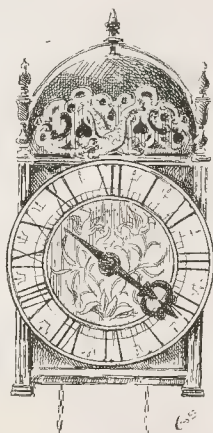
A DUTCH CLOCK, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. S. T. SMITH.
Sketched by special permission.

strongly recommended a glass shade—it was *d'un bel effet*, in fact, *très English*. The "English" settled it and his advice prevailed. I can easily imagine that unless such clocks were kept under air-tight cases their golden glory would be short-lived!

Of wooden clocks there are many that have great charm—some of the old fashioned "grandfather's" clocks in Marqueterie are very decorative. Though so often meretricious in style and gaudy in colouring, it is possible to find an "Old Dutch" not only well designed, but also with inlays of wood rich and harmonious in tone; in fact the work of the period called Dutch Renaissance is very interesting, and shows great skill in the arrangement of different woods, and escapes the reproach of crudeness and coarseness deserved by much of the latter work. Possibly the finest clock in Marqueterie is the superb specimen, now in the South Kensington Museum, by Robin, with mounts of gilt bronze and surmounted by an exquisite figure of Time.

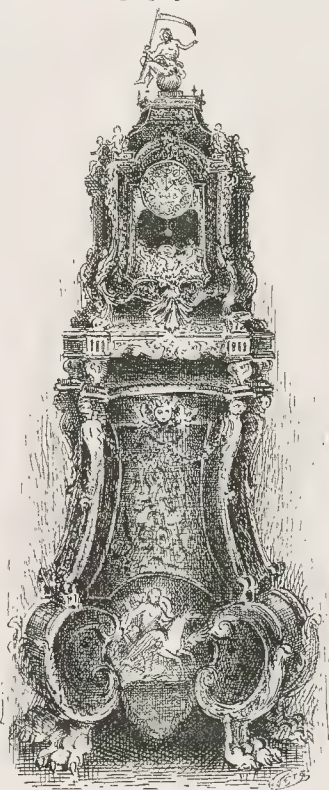
The clock cases of mahogany designed by Chippendale, often with inlays of lighter woods, are charming examples of

Last year, whilst passing through Paris, I wanted to have a watch glass repaired, and waiting in the shop of the well-known Orfèvre, witnessed the sale of a *garniture de cheminée* to a typical provincial family. After much debate, a gorgeous clock was chosen—a clock neither historical nor mythological in subject—which in fact could not shock the political susceptibilities of M. le Maire, nor the awakening intelligence of *Mesdemoiselles*. Then came a trying moment for the salesman. What *style* could the beautiful *garniture* be called? I listened eagerly, for, except Brummagem, it seemed to me utterly impossible to find a word to describe the article—yet when the dapper little Frenchman, with a suave smile answered: "*Carnot 1^{er}*," I felt there was an equivalent for the English word. Of course he



ENGLISH LATE 16TH CENTURY
 STRIKING CLOCK.

his fanciful art, but, unfortunately, have led to some horrible imitations, and I hardly know any "line" in which there are more clumsy, coarse frauds. By-the-way, in buying an old clock, three matters are to be considered: in the first place, of course, the case; in the second, perhaps, the works; and in the third, the face. Not only are the faces often condemned to tell dreadful fibs about the time, but also concerning the maker. I pass by the fact that every paltry clock seller has his untruthful name set as maker upon the thing he bought from the manufacturer, and really refer to the daring way in which such names as Le Roy are forged. Fraud takes more cunning forms than mere forgery. It is a sad fact that a large proportion of real Empire and



BUHL CLOCK, BY MASSON, OF PARIS, IN MR. S. T. SMITH'S COLLECTION.

eighteenth-century clocks are offered for sale with modern faces and hands that have never been filed after being stamped. The explanation is that the real faces have been taken out and put into worthless imitations, and since they bear great names and have a notable style, the guileless are defrauded. There are curious customs with clock-makers in connection with the figures. In Italy you have the dials showing the twenty-four hours—an effort was made here some years ago to cause us to use such phrases as half-past twenty-three o'clock. The figures as a rule, of course are in Roman numerals, yet by some chance the fourth hour of the day is written IIII. instead of IV. GRACE.



THE LAST NIGHT OF THE R. A.

MOST of us have forgotten all about the Royal Academy by the first week in August. So much has happened since that Monday in May when the doors opened, and people were excited about the Chantrey Bequest purchases, and columns of criticism sprawled through the newspapers. All these things seem so far away that it is something of a shock to stroll into the rooms on the August Bank Holiday, and to find the galleries as crowded as they were on private view day.

But the quality of the crowd is different. These are the sixpenny public. They are so called because during the last week of the R. A., which ends at half-past ten on the evening of the Bank Holiday, the price of admission is reduced to sixpence, and the catalogues cost you but sixpence. And on Bank Holiday those who do not care for Rosherville or Hampstead Heath take advantage of the council's generosity.

How different are these English folk from the Sunday crowd at the Salon in the Champs Elysées. In France they distinguish between subject and treatment. If they don't like the sitter, or if they differ from the painter in some trifling detail, they do not express disapproval of the whole composition and pass on their way sneering. In England, that, alas! is the common attitude towards art. Here is an example. I was standing before Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Graham Robertson, which we are all agreed is one of the slickest and most remarkable bits of painting in the exhibition. To this portrait approached a man and woman, elderly, and evidently of the shopkeeper class:—

He (gruffly): "Isn't it ugly?"

She (tartly): "I wonder what he's got his full-length portrait here for. He only looks a boy."

Observe, these two people, who cared enough about art to spend a rare holiday afternoon at the Academy, thought only of the subject. That it was painted well or ill, and that their criticism should be based on those facts, had never occurred to them.

As to which of the pictures this crowd of the last day made the most popular there could not be two opinions. It was Mr. Alma Tadema's "Spring." Throughout the day there was a dense crowd around it. Each head, each flower, each of the many details Mr. Tadema loves to worry into his pictures, were studied in turn, and from each batch of gazers the comment "Oh, how beautiful!" always followed. Mr. Alma Tadema, who strolled round the galleries later in the evening, was amused by the devotion of the crowd. A characteristic comment about this picture was uttered by an American. "Yes," he said, after gazing critically at the canvas for some seconds, "I guess that's worth 600 dollars."

The second most popular canvas was Mr. George W. Joy's "The Bayswater 'Bus"—a picture in which the painter has collected all the most taking types that ever rode from the

Marble Arch to Queen's Road in a year of fine days. The third most popular work was Lady Butler's "Dawn of Waterloo." Of course, popular pictures in these days are small beer compared to popular pictures when Mr. Frith was in his prime, when a special iron rail had to be placed in front of "The Derby Day."

In the vestibule of the R. A. is a little table, and on that table are books giving the price of each picture, and also notifying which have been sold. There may have been worse selling years at the Royal Academy than this, but I have never seen the catalogues so blank of that little word "sold" marked in the margin. Glancing hastily through the books, it certainly looked as if out of the 1,700 and odd works not more than a couple of score had changed hands. Of course, many of the portraits are commissions, and consequently they do not appear as sold in the catalogue; but, leaving them out of the question, I should certainly say that it is the worst selling year that the Academy has known.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who paints homely incidents in a most masterly way, probably sells as well as any living painter. His "Smithy" has been bought by an Irish Master of Hounds for £1,050, the price in the catalogue. Other pictures that have changed hands are Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Home again by the Ferry" for £315; Mr. Hamilton Macallum's "Crossing to the Dunes" for £459; Mrs. Maude Goodman's "Critics" for £157 10s., and Mr. Wild's "Happy Days with Old Father Thames."

Here are a few remarks overheard in the last hour before closing time on Bank Holiday. They are neither very wise nor very witty, but they have the merit of being literal transcriptions of things people *did* say about the pictures on that Bank Holiday evening.

Before a child in a white frock with a blue sash round her waist—"He hasn't made the thing giggle, anyhow, thank God." Of Watts' "Jonah"—"I don't wonder at the whale having got rid of him." Concerning Sargent's "Mr. Patmore"—"It's a thing that will live." In front of Maddox's "The Fair Maid of Astolat bearing her Letter to the King at Westminster"—"I 'ope they'll 'ave fine weather." Of Herkomer's huge "Bürgermeister of Landsberg"—"Yes, that's all very well to those who are included in it. Good likeness, no doubt." About Lady Butler's "Dawn of Waterloo"—"How dreadful. It looks like dawn though, doesn't it?"

Personally, if I were asked which of the many things at the exhibition which closed that Monday night, I should like to have for my very own, I should unhesitatingly say the statue "Echo," by Onslow Ford. It is a work of extraordinary delicacy and sweetness, the child so fatigued with the effort of echoing one little word. Half girl, half woman, with the figure of a boy, she is charming from whatever angle you look upon her, and not the least of her delights is the delight of following the touch of the sculptor's fingers as he modelled her tentative limbs.

L. H.



"REFLECTION." BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.
RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



THE cats are in undisputed possession of London, and the world proper and improper is over the hills and far away. This is poetically speaking; prosaically, most of them are boring themselves in an English seaside

Certainly dress at Ostend is worth interviewing. An amiable correspondent of mine sent me a letter this morning, together with two sketches of costumes which have been fretting their hour on the *Plage*. One was made of soft silk, accordion-kilted in a biscuit tint, striped from the neck to the hem with an *écru* embroidery traced with jet and fringed with jet, and this had enormous sleeves of biscuit-grounded *chiné* silk, upon which mauve and purple and pink flowers disported themselves. The other had a skirt of cornflower blue



A GIRL IN BLUE SERGE.

place, where the local library is quite asleep to all sense of its responsibilities, and the local sands are represented by a beach of most stony proclivities. "If you want to really enjoy your holiday, you should take it abroad," says Maud to Lillian Maud, having once been to Ostend, feels herself an experienced traveller, competent to give her opinion on the advantages of the various summer resorts throughout the length and breadth of the United and disunited Kingdom,



THAT BLUE ALPACA.

[Concluded on page 256.]



"THE PATIENT AND THE QUACKS."
BY W. WEEKS. BY PERMISSION OF THE
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alpaca, with a short overhanging bodice of black silk, buttoned with infinitesimal steel buttons; to this there were a kilted vest and frilled epaulettes of pale blue batiste, while the sleeves were made of alpaca to match the skirt, and little frills of the batiste peeped over the collar at the neck. The illustration of this charms me mightily. Furthermore, that correspondent of mine dilates at great length upon the number of meals she has eaten and how well they have been cooked. The young of this age are extremely greedy, I find. The maiden of yester-year cared little what she ate—indeed, knew little, and would as cheerfully have consumed a cut of roast beef for luncheon as she would the most wonderful mayonnaise of chicken served with tomato ice—which, by-the-way, I hear is the latest love of the *gourmet's* life.

Down here in this benighted village, where I am hiding my undiminished head, dress is an unknown art. We all wear coats and skirts and shirts, and we amiably ignore the fact that there is any difference in the details of these. A really well-dressed person appears insolently superior. However, she is remarkable by her absence. I have only met her once in the flesh during the whole of last week, and then she was wearing a blue serge gown, with the bodice cut very low, crossed over at one side, outlined with a white galloon traced with blue and red and gold. Round her waist was a belt of white leather, and, filling the hiatus between bodice and collar band, was a finely-tucked front of pale yellow batiste, while at her neck was a turned-down collar, and a bow of black. By all the laws of costume she ought to have crowned that dress with one of the new sailor hats. But she evidently disdained anything so simple, and was bearing upon her head, which was admirably well coiffed, an elaborate confection of kilted lace, ribbon bows and roses.

The roads are infested with lady bicyclists, all of them looking very red and very hot, most of them in a dishevelled condition about the hair, yet apparently sublimely happy. "A wheeling they will go, whether their doctors will let them or no" might be a new version of an old tale. A favoured material for bicycling costumes appears to be homespun in a light shade of fawn colour, and it has been written down as an immutable law that the skirt shall

measure but two yards and two inches, also that it shall fasten at one side when it does not fasten up both sides, the latter, perhaps, being preferable, because then it can be left undone half way up, in order to give freer play to the knees, though I am told, on good authority, that when bicycling the knees should not move aggressively. All action should take place from the hip. This is easier said than done; but that is a detail.

Another detail which is haunting me at the present moment is what to buy for an evening gown when I go up to Scotland. Tea-gowns have charms, but it is necessary to my immediate happiness that I choose something of more

decorous detail. A skirt of black and white striped silk, with a white chiffon bodice with black lace butterflies pursuing their merry way in a flight from waist to shoulder, appears to me pleasing, and this might be cut just a little low in the neck and have sleeves to the elbow, again exhibiting a flight of butterflies, while round the waist might be a belt of gold galloon embroidered in jet. Amongst other notions which flit through my more or less intelligent brain is one which permits the co-operation of my semi-soiled white silk skirt with a bodice of white crêpe gathered at the back tightly, in the front loosely, and showing a short coat of a thick braid-like lace of a dust-tinted complexion. Large sleeves of white silk crêpe might be buttoned down over the shoulders with straps of white silk held with small diamond buttons; but, then, alas! the charms of such a bodice would call aloud for a clean skirt. Maybe, though, this

skirt might well bear the indignity of turning, or would pay for a visit to the local cleaner, when, doubtless, on its return home I should discover that it lacks that fulness for which fashion calls aloud in our skirts a reflection which reminds me that the newest form of cloth skirt is set into very wide box pleats right the way round, these pleats being securely strapped down from the waist to below the hips with bands of cloth. The model first put in its appearance in Paris last year under the auspices, I think, of La Ferrière. However, in the immediate moment it is ours, and sufficient for this day shall be the record of the joys thereof.

PAULINA PRY.



A BISCUIT-TINTED GOWN AT OSTEND.

Eastbourne and Neighbourhood.



A VIEW OF EASTBOURNE FROM THE
PIER. PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



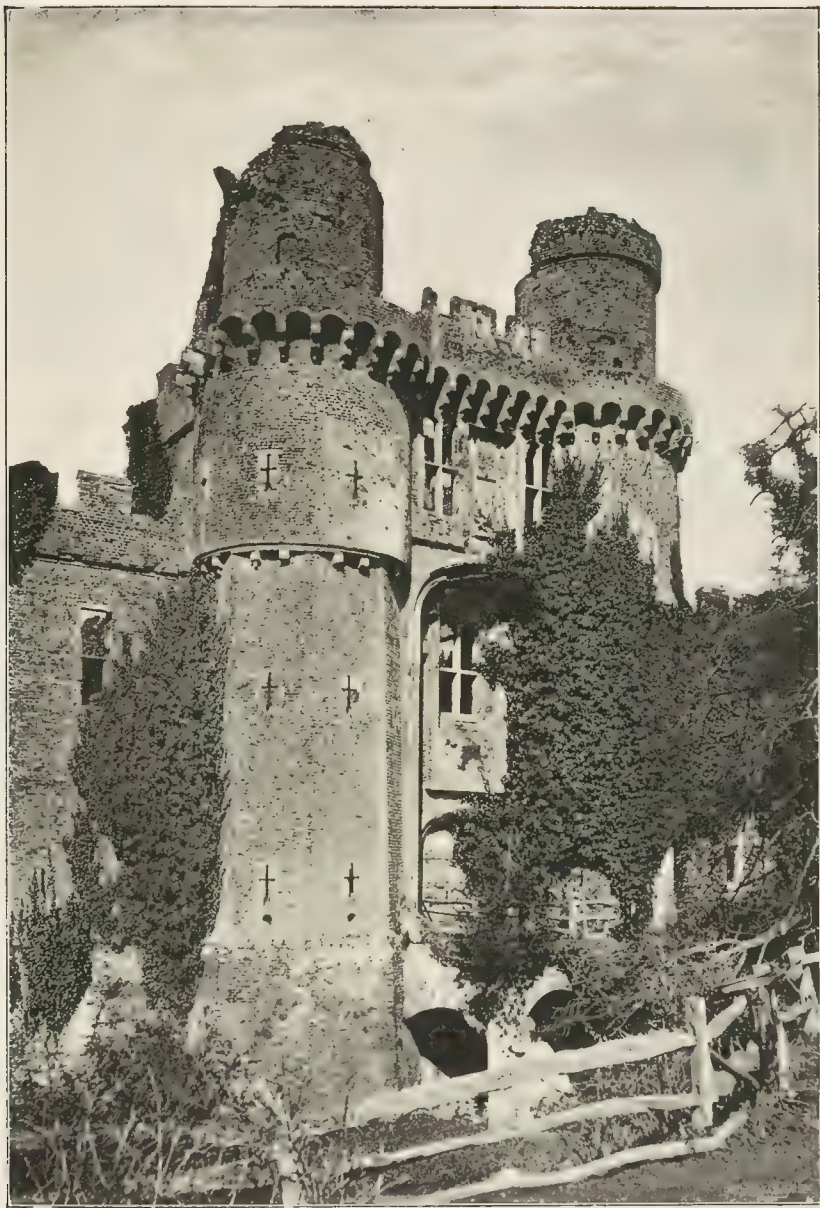
THE PIER, EASTBOURNE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



A GENERAL VIEW OF EASTBOURNE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



MEADS ROAD, EASTBOURNE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE.
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON, LEE.

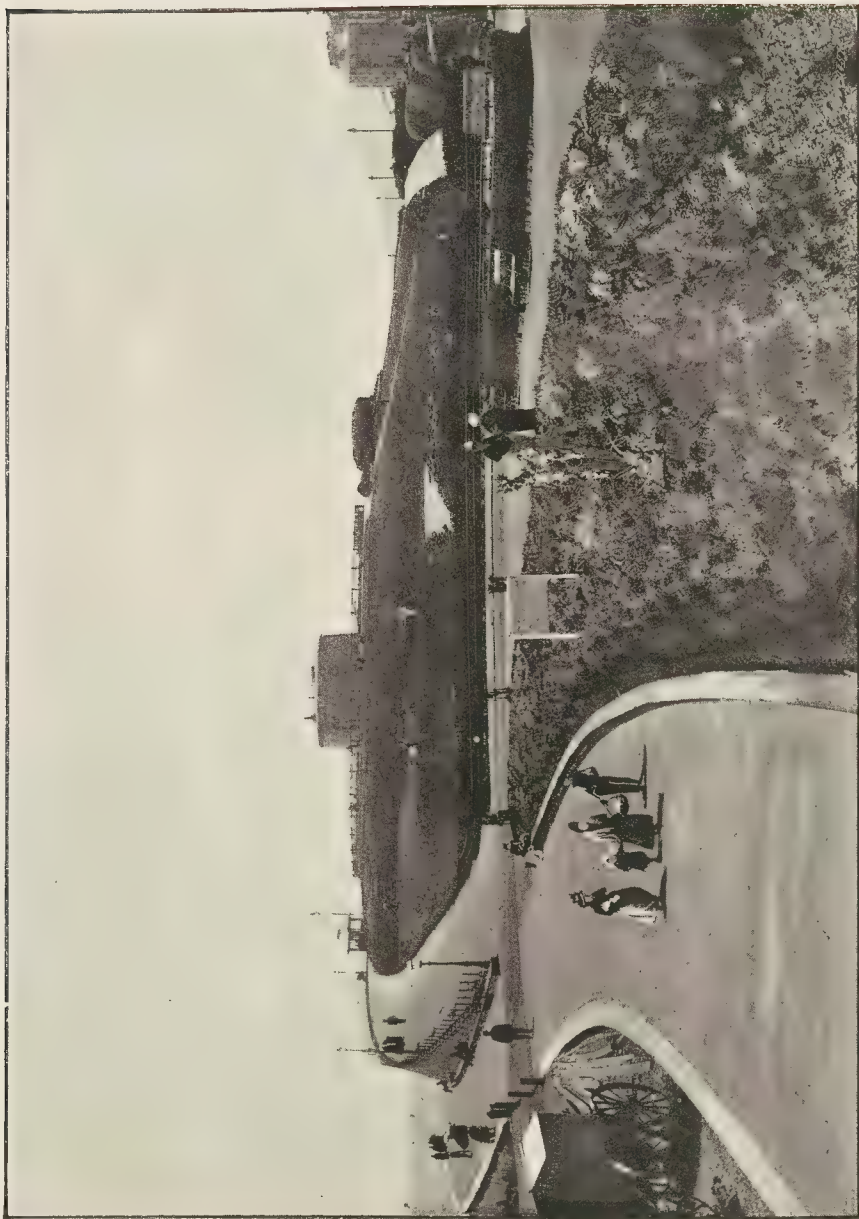


PEVENSEY CHURCH.
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON, LEE.



PEVENSEY CASTLE.

PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



THE WISH TOWER, EASTBOURNE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



BEACHY HEAD.
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON, LEE.



A ROUGH SEA, OFF BEACHY HEAD.
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON, LEE.



OLD COTTAGES AT PEVENSEY.
PHOTO BY POULTON & SON, LEE.



BEACHY HEAD.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

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SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT
"BRITANNIA," WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S
CUP AND THE METEOR CHALLENGE
SHIELD, AT COWES. PHOTO BY KIRK & SONS,

Q. 111



ONE result of the change of Government is likely to be a revival of the lapsed question of the Laureateship. Already the first rumours of a contemplated appointment are stirring. Mr. Balfour, as the literary man of the Administration, has the voice of most power; and, happily for Letters, Mr. Balfour has at his back a man of the finest taste and the most cultivated judgment—Mr. George Wyndham, the member for Dover.

Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his recently quoted notes to Baron Tauchnitz, complains that most of the Lives of him are "infamous libels," and confesses that he asks himself "what will Grub Street do after my departure who will there be to abuse and caricature?" Of course the best answer to the "infamous libels" would be a proper and an authentic biography. Why does Lord Rowton tarry so long? A most illustrious lady has proved her courage before now in allowing her letters about Gordon, for instance—to appear; and surely she need not shrink from the publication of correspondence showing the high confidence she reposed in the favourite Minister of her later life.

The new Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Randall Davidson, was born in 1848, and educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Oxford. For several years he was Chaplain and Private Secretary to Archbishop Tait, whose daughter he married in 1878. There is a special fitness in his appointment, for the Bishop of Winchester is the prelate of the Order of the Garter, and as such is in immediate contact



THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
THE RIGHT REV. RANDALL T. DAVIDSON, D.D.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

with the Court, and Dr. Davidson was, from 1883 to 1891, while he was Dean of Windsor, resident Chaplain to Her Majesty. He has also held the Registrarship of the Order of the Garter, and has been Clerk of the Closet in the

Royal household. He is the author of many scholarly essays, and joint-author with Canon Benham of a biographical Memoir of his father-in-law, Archbishop Tait.



THE NEW BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,
THE REV. E. S. TALBOT, D.D.
Photo by Hest & Woods, Leeds.

Dr. Talbot, the Bishop-Designate of Rochester, has preserved the tradition which requires that the Vicars of Leeds shall eventually become Bishops or, at the least, Deans. Dr. Talbot is a son of the late Hon. J. C. Talbot, Q.C., and was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. After a brilliant 'Varsity career, he became a prominent figure in Oxford as Warden of Keble College, where he was much regretted when he left to follow Dr. Jayne as Vicar of Leeds. He has at all times taken an active interest in University Mission work in London. He married a daughter of the late Lord Lytton.

Cardinal Vaughan had a thorough rest at Llandrindod, after a spell of hard work in town, which had made him weary. His Eminence took with him, besides his inseparable Breviary, only one book—Mrs. Augustus Craven's Letters. A mundane friend, however, compassionately forwarded a third book, Miss Blanche Willis Howard's delightful story, "Guenn."

One is always hearing astounding things of the American millionaire, but Mr. J. J. Astor's projected new house, which is to be built entirely of steel, is surely quite the largest order for surprise one has received yet. I forget how many hundreds of rooms are included in the plan, while the roof, which will be flat, is to be laid out in gardens (I forget if my American informant said parks), with bicycle tracks, tennis courts, and so forth. Nothing will prevent me from undertaking a trip across when this house, now in course of erection, is finished. It will be so reassuring to find that all the marvellous things one hears of on the otherside really exist.

That Mr. Goschen, at the age of sixty-four, should be a member of a Cabinet presided over by the Marquis of Salisbury is one of "Life's little Ironies." All politicians unite in estimating his abilities highly, yet he has never managed to attain popularity. He would be a first-rate

speaker, were it not for the unmusical voice with which Nature has endowed him. His speeches read much better than they sound, for Mr. Goschen has read widely and thought deeply. Five years ago he surprised the newspaper public with a humorous speech, thus displaying a side of his nature unknown save to his intimates. On education, particularly that classed under the head of "University Extension," Mr. Goschen holds broad views, and has laboured indefatigably to promote culture. Commercial men esteem him for his services with regard to Egyptian Bonds, and his book on "The Theory of Foreign Exchanges" is a classic in financial circles.

With a brief interval, Mr. Goschen has had a seat in the House of Commons for thirty-two years, so that his knowledge of procedure is thorough. Years ago he might have been Speaker had his eyesight been better. His features have been libelled by caricaturists, for a smile transforms his face into one of the pleasantest in St. Stephen's. He has represented since 1887, St. George's, Hanover Square, the most under-rated constituency in London. Mr. Goschen is very thorough in his political studies, and knows a good deal more about naval matters than some suspect. He looks back with honest pride to the substantial reduction of the National Debt achieved under his scheme in 1889. His son George now sits in Parliament, and much is expected from him.

It is very funny to hear from friends who have gone to Trouville for the races, of even bathing machines and tents being turned into *al fresco* beds for this festal week. A short season and a merry is the motto here, and of all enterprising tradesmen, commend me to those of Trouville for extremest ingenuity in improving the shining hour. At Deauville, just over the water, and now more exclusive and smarter than Trouville, the first polo match of the season came off with great *éclat* on Saturday. The contest was international—four Hurlingham and Ranelagh members doing battle with the French team. Lord Shrewsbury, Baron Edward de Rothschild, and Prince de Poix, are on the committee, which manages all details admirably. Princesse de Poix, and Mrs. Bischoffsheim were amongst those who saw the contest. The prizes were handsome scarf-pins for each member of the winning team, which proved to be the English visitors, both players and ponies entering into the game with all the precision and alertness of old hands.

At the Casino, amongst other diversions, those dear—sometimes too dear—"little houses" seem to exercise very potent sway. On the 21st a gala performance was given at the theatre for the poor of Trouville—though in that eminently smart and prosperous town, one wonders where the poor can hide themselves. Réjane recited, and other popular artists drew a full house.



THE RT. HON. G. J. GOSCHEN, M.P.

Sketched by R. Ponsonby Staples for his picture of Mr. Gladstone introducing the Home Rule Bill.

At Deauville-Trouville all the houses have highly fanciful names. One is Myosotis Villa, another Gardenia, a third the Chalet des Violettes, and so on, all of which are rented by well-known leaders of society. Baroness d'Erlanger's banks of geraniums rising quite four feet, are one of the sights here. Everybody goes to Villa Louisianne, if only to see the show of flowers.

The famous Musée Cluny, of which it has been said that it is the only museum in existence where the sightseer never yawns—has just been enriched with a valuable example of Limoges enamel, authenticated as dating from the thirteenth century. This quaint curio of the ancient goldsmith's craft has travelled in its long life from France into various parts of Spain, and was recently offered to a connoisseur as a Byzantine enamel. The expert in question knew better, however, and has proved it to be a reliquary in gilt brass, containing bones of no less a personage than St. Valeria, the patroness of Limoges. A figure of the saintly maiden is shown dressed in a brilliantly-hued gown, with a surcoat ornamented at the collar with red and green stones, while an ample mantle covers the upper portion of her arms. This curious relic is a distinct "find" for the directors, both from its intrinsic artistic worth, and because it is of its kind almost a unique specimen of this lost and wonderful work of long ago.

Was it Princesse de Metternich who denounced the cycling woman last year as "a fool on two wheels"? I think it was. But this notable opinion notwithstanding, the bicycle no longer remains a metropolitan fad. Everywhere one goes, the tailor-made young woman, shod and skirted to admiration, is to be found pedalling along the level road, while at country houses, no party, it may at once be said, is complete without the steel steed of our newest affections. In Ireland, where stiff fences and an awkward country are mere incentives to the sporting instinct, it is not a little diverting to see the enthusiastic *abandon* with which girls take to the flying-wheel, while the rustics sit open-mouthed on the hedges to see "the quality," the feminine section particularly, spin past *astride*.

Church Parade on the Castle-lawn is the morning excitement of Cowes on Regatta Sunday, of course, and it was very amusing to note the awe and interest excited in various foreign visitors by our notabilities as they leisurely walked up and down the green. There was a great curiosity regarding the Kaiser, who lived on board his yacht, but was very punctilious in paying his respects at Osborne House. Lord and Lady Dufferin were amongst those invited to the dinner party given by Her Majesty for the Emperor on Saturday. They are expected at Claudeboyle for a week or two in September, where both Lord and Lady Dufferin are extremely popular. The Duke of St. Albans left Cowes directly after the Regatta for Scotch Waters, as did Mr. Howard Gould's smart boat, "The Niagara." By-the-way, the highly-extolled Transatlantic boat, "The Defender," seems to have a talent for complicated situations. She has just landed on a sand-bank again.

Switzerland is crowded with tourists, but, unlike the Rhine, the favourite resorts contain as many French and Germans as English. Interlaken is full, and so hot that it is positive agony to walk down the white street during the mid-day hours. The bears in the pit at Berne have given up trying

even to look hungry. They lie on their sides gasping, and buns have no temptation for them. Neuchatel is not a lively place at the best of times, but during the great heat that followed the rains of a fortnight ago the lake-side was practically deserted till sundown. During that spell of heat the poor, patient, panting dogs dragging carts up and down the stony streets of foreign towns were surely most to be pitied. Even more so than that little army of dogs of all nations, which spend their days in cages in the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris. They, at least, are not footsore and weary.

When these waves of heat pass over Switzerland, travellers fly to the mountains. Then it is that the head of Interlaken is abased, and Mürren lifted up. For while you are scorched and panting for air at Interlaken, your friends overhead at Mürren, on a line with the avalanches of snow that sling themselves down from the eternal white mantel that crowns the dazzling Jungfrau, are drawing their wraps closer around them and shivering with delight at the cold.

Mürren stand 5,348 feet above the level of the sea, and it contains little else than four hotels and two churches. You reach Mürren from Interlaken—a good two hours' journey. Out of the white heat of Interlaken a toy train drags you up, up, always up, past torrents, past hills so high that they seem to meet overhead, alongside precipices so deep that to slip over were to die before the bottom was reached. And above you, always above you, tower the snow mountains—silent, inaccessible, virgin.

Three railways carry you from Interlaken to Mürren—the first by steam, the second a funicular that climbs up the side of the mountain as a fly crawls up the side of a house, and the third an electric tramway that carries you into Mürren. And what does Mürren offer in return? Mountains above and around, air that is both meat and drink, sheep-bells tinkling through the long summer morning, the eternal snows almost at your bedside, and the thin air broken at mid-day by the heavy thunder of falling avalanches.

The talk is all of mountain and mountaineers. At nine o'clock, the right hour to go to bed, you see hardy men making preparations, and at half-past four in the morning the voices of these indefatigable mountaineers rise from beneath your window, and you turn over for still more sleep to the sound of their nailed boots crunching over the shingle towards the hills. Later in the day, a friendly guide whom no man has hired, takes you to a point where a bridle-path leads down to Lauterbrunnen. The Jungfrau towers above, and while you are gazing the guide points to a white house, built upon a small plateau, in the side of a mountain. From the valley you can just distinguish a tiny engine dragging a couple of doll's carriages up towards the white house. "The junction," murmurs the guide. "What junction?" you ask. "The junction for the Jungfrau railway; see—along that spur—and then right to the top." Suddenly you grasp his meaning. In a few years they will carry you by rail to the top of the Jungfrau. From that white hotel, along a spur covered with virgin snow on which man has never trodden, the train will go puffing and creaking, and you will be able to reach the summit of the peerless mountain with no more exertion than if you were seated in your own armchair at home.



VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY. PHOTO BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

It was rather a quaint situation to find oneself dancing in a gaol. But the ghosts of departed prisoners did not mar the festivities of the Roscrea Tennis Club, under whose auspices a very pleasant dance was given on Friday in the large hall of what is now the old gaol. Colonel and Mrs. R. F. Smith, Mr. Studdert, Captain Foulton, Miss St. George were amongst the guests, and dancing was well kept up until the regulation appearance of daylight. Always a classic finality of all Hibernian saturnalia.

Rain seems to spoil all out-door functions everywhere this season, and unhappy over-sanguine givers of garden parties are principally occupied in receiving moist guests and condolences. Polo players are too enthusiastic to heed grey skies and drizzle, however, so the All-Ireland Championship, fought between the 13th and 15th Hussars in Dublin on Wednesday, was contested with a more than somewhat rainy start. Later on it cleared, and metropolitan beauty crowded on its best frock and bonnet to be in time for the final excitement. The 13th men renewed their excellent form of some weeks since at Hurlingham, and victory declared itself with them by eight goals to two.

If only the weather be favourable, I am of decided opinion that a house-boat trip is a most restful, healthful, and pleasant way of spending a summer holiday. Amongst the adjectives might be also included economical, for in house-boat life the tax-collector has no part, and beyond a nimble five-guinea fee or thereabouts to the Thames Conservancy Powers, the happy owner of this floating home can defy all benefits of civilisation expressed by such levies on his income. The evolution of the house-boat is decidedly an added joy to life, combining all the adventure of camping out with the smooth ways of domestic comfort. On old Thames its habit grows yearly, and gipsy riverside life of the kind is at the moment in evidence, as it was formerly for the one week of Henley. Large boats of the Kismet and Salsuma type are quite capable of accommodating a very good sized house-party, while to make completeness still more complete bikes are now an invariable part of the provisioning and a spin along the road gives zest to the dinner hour and a pleasant contrast to the enforced *dolce far niente* of such gatherings.

Colonel and Lady Harriet Holroyd Smith's dance at Ballynatray, Voughal, was a most enjoyable affair. The

fine old house was made to look its very best with a lavish display of palms and exotics. Dancing went on with great fervour in three places at once—hall, saloon, and library, the wide porch being cleverly arranged for sitting out by canvas awnings. Lord Tyrone, Lady Susan Beresford, Lord and Lady Bandon, Lord Shannon, Lady Anne Lloyd, Colonel and Lady Mary Aldworth, Sir Augustus Warren, Sir George and Lady Colthurst, Sir Joseph and Lady McKenna, Sir John and Lady Keane, Lord and Lady Castletown, in fact, everybody in the neighbourhood, showed up at this very festive occasion. Lady Holroyd's Smith's hospitality was the more appreciated, as it was long since the old walls had echoed to music and dancing. The ball was given to commemorate Mr. Rowland Holroyd Smith's coming of age.



MRS. WILLIAM J. ALEXANDER GRANT.

Exeter Cathedral was the scene of one of the prettiest of recent weddings, when Miss Enid Maud Forster, of Bornhill, Brampford Speke, daughter of the late Hon. William Forster, some time Agent-General for New South Wales, was married to Mr. William J. Alexander Grant, of Hillersdon, Culmpton. The service was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Knight-Bruce, assisted by Prebendary Gregory. The bride looked charming in her wedding dress. After the ceremony a reception was held at Barnfield Hall, the residence of Miss Edwards, the bride's aunt, and later in the day the bride and bridegroom left for the continent.

Buttercups in August are as much "over" with us as green peas in November. In New York they flourish conspicuously, however, and next week a Buttercup Carnival is to be the great excitement at Newport, when exactly one hundred carriages

will parade through the town elaborately decorated with buttercups. The ladies who drive in them are to wear yellow costumes and parasols draped with the field flower in question. The same evening a yellow dance is to take place at the Casino and a buttercup cotillon will be danced.

It is not generally known that the King of Italy is at the present moment a vegetarian, his doctors having restricted him to an exclusive diet of bread, fruit and vegetables. His only beverage is red wine, largely diluted with water. This is not the first time that he has been restricted to this diet, and he declares that he is never so well as when he confines himself to potatoes, oranges and bread.



GENEROUS.

"Give yer a orange! Wot for?"
"Cos that one I bought last week was a bad 'un."
"Where is it?"
"I gave it to my sister."

From Mr. Phil May's Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's. Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "THE SKETCH."

The new woman now begins to add to her many strong points and robust fascinations a further sign-manual of masculinity in developing an undoubted moustache. Doctors are agreed in many places that this alarming decoration is on the increase amongst a no longer "fair sex." The muscular undomestic angel of to-day is evidently undergoing a hirsute transformation as penalty to be paid for such emancipation as she has dealt out to herself. Not only on the continent, but in America, one hears well-authenticated opinion that four to eight per cent. of women—and in an increasing ratio—are so adorned. While the same learned report declares further that men achieve a smooth and shiny cranium at much earlier ages than formerly. Altogether, the outlook is embarrassing—even more so to the woman who, declining to march "with the

women can be, besides, more fascinating—conversationally. Blessed with the fearless *chic* and charm which attaches to the highest Viennese, the Archduchess reads widely, remembers as well, and has an absolute genius for expressing herself happily.

For the following anecdote the Archduchess is responsible. Once upon a time three friends were walking along the Boulevards wondering how on earth they should pay for their lunch. One of them exclaimed, "I should very much like to have an excellent lunch." Another said, "I should like a lunch, even if it were not excellent." And the third added, "I should be content with the humblest lunch, provided it were a lunch at all." "Well, let me see, how much do we want?" "Ten francs at the very least."



SWANS.

Photo by Reid, Wisnau.

times" in other ways, may still be compelled to share her sex's newly-developed idiosyncrasies in this unlooked-for departure of feminine chin and cheek. And apropos of the woman of biceps and bicycling, few have achieved such distinction in developing the former as the Archduchess Maria Thérèse of Austria, who has been one of our numerous Royal visitors this season. I have seen the Archduchess in that very sufficient *décolletage* which fashion prescribed for Court and other balls and functions this season, but without observing, however, any outward indication of the great strength with which H.R.H. is accredited. On the contrary, she looks somewhat fragile. Her horsemanship one knows is a proverb, but it is difficult to realise that the Archduchess can play with such heavy weights and fabulously ponderous dumb-bells, as is freely said both here and in Vienna. Few

"Well, I have an idea." And they made their way to a musical publisher's, where the young man with the idea announced that one of his friends had composed a song, that the other one had composed some music to go with it, and that he now proposed to sing it. The publisher made a wry face, but good-naturedly agreed, whereupon the young man proceeded to sing in somewhat unmusical tones:—

Connaissez-vous dans Barcelone
Une Andalouse au teint bruni ?

The publisher said he did not think very much of it, but offered them fifteen francs, which they eagerly accepted, as far in excess of their hopes. The author of the words was Alfred de Musset and the publisher made 40,000 francs out of his royalties.



THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER.
PHOTO BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



ELY CHAPEL, HOLBORN.

Illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON.

THERE is something pathetic in all anachronisms, but few are more pitiful than the name "garden," when it is found clinging, like dead ivy, to some blank

wilderness of brick and mortar. The pathos strikes deeper, too, when the curious student pries into the history of the mis-named region, only to discover that it possesses a wealth of idyllic tradition, that the place now hideous with smoke-stain and harsh with traffic, was once held in fee for the payment, at Midsummer Day, of a red rose, ten loads of hay, and £10 per annum. On such terms did the Bishop of Ely in 1576 lease for twenty years a portion of his fair demesne in Holborn to Sir Christopher Hatton, the Queen's handsome Chancellor, the prelate reserving as a further condi-

tion the right to him and his successors of walking when they chose in "Hatton Garden," and of gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly. The Queen ordered the lease; the Bishop could but comply.

Worse fortune, however, was in store for the prelate. Three years later Sir Christopher "asked for more" and Elizabeth compelled the Bishop to convey the entire property to her Chancellor. The good churchman naturally remonstrated, but the Queen refused to be trifled with, and concluded the matter by a very business-like letter. "Proud prelate," wrote Her Majesty, "know that if you do not immediately fulfil your engagement, I, who made you what you are, will immediately unfrock you." So Ely Place passed away from the Episcopal control, and changed its name to Hatton House. There the Chancellor kept great state for many years.

Ely Place of to-day is a dull-looking *cul-de-sac* and the wayfarer who flings down it a passing glance as he pilgrims along Holborn, will not readily note that the street contains a beautiful relic of the Bishop's Palace, for Ely Chapel is so situated as to baulk cursory observation. True, there is a

notice-board at the Holborn end of the street to guide the curious to the shrine, but the majority of busy men are not prone to pay over-much attention to such spiritual finger-posts at the hours when Holborn demands their presence. The London-letter-writer, however, is by profession a man of leisure, therefore it behoves him to turn aside at every indication of the rare, the curious, the historic, that he may, of his abundant leisure, discourse to his busier brethren concerning the things they must, perforce, pass by.

Thus on a blazing August noon, did I "quit the howling Hill" (your pardon, gentle



Thomson !), and turn aside into the cloisters and chapel that are the sole remains of Ely Place. By a curious turn of fortune, the buildings have reverted to the Church of Rome, and the spell of mediævalism is strong upon them. Experts like Dr. Philip Norman have cried "alas!" over the "restoration" of Ely Chapel. Doubtless he could with reason answer for his dissyllabic Jeremiad, but surely even the Doctor would admit that the sanctuary, as it is to day, is at least better than it was twenty years ago, when obscurantist Welsh Dissent disguised the place in plaster and ran a hideous horse-box of a gallery round the walls.

The Chapel itself was declared by the Rev. W. J. Loftie to be the most complete relic of the fourteenth century in London. That is the date of the present structure, but it would seem that the ground was occupied even earlier by an ecclesiastical building. The evidence is purely presumptive, and reminds one of the ingenious methods employed to date Odes of Horace and the like, but it is none the less interesting.



The courteous and learned Father, who showed me over the Chapel, paused before an ancient stone font near the

southern entrance, and unfolded this tale. The font is undeniably a Saxon relic, and was discovered in the crypt. Now, the



Chapel of St. Etheldreda, belonging as it did to the Bishop of Ely's private establishment, would not have possessed a font, for that is an adjunct of a parish church. The inference, consequently, is that prior to the erection of Ely Place, a parish church stood on the same site, "and we may not unreasonably conclude," said my informant, "that this Saxon Church may have gone back even to the time of St. Augustine." Whatever be the worth of the theory, it is, at least, not displeasing to imagine such a link with the early missionaries. Whether it establishes a clear title for the Holy See, or not, is a question upon which we did not enter. The beautiful eastern window was gifted by the Duke of Norfolk. The western window is as yet only partially filled with stained glass, but at some future time the design will be completed. The yet unfilled panes will be dedicated to the memory of the murdered prior and monks of the neighbouring Carthusian monastery. Of the crypt, space forbids me to speak, but the lower sanctuary is open daily to the devout visitor, who is met, even before he passes the gateway, by a languorous waft of incense that invites him to enter, and wonder at the latter-day glories of Ely Chapel that

exquisite anachronism.

JOHN A. DREAMS.



LAWN TENNIS RACKETS.

WE are nearing the end of the lawn tennis season, I suppose, and many people are thinking of putting their rackets away until good luck shall bring them to the neighbourhood of a covered court. There is, of course, grass tennis all through September; and if the weather be kind, many a pleasant game is to be played in October. But the majority weary of the pastime when August is out, and throw their rackets aside carelessly, determined, until the air is sweet again with the budding of the haws, to forget that such a game exists. These are the people who contrive the fortunes of the racket-maker. They leave their bats in damp and dripping out-houses, or they confide them to the care of uninspired butlers, and yet are full of complaints when the spring comes. Should a racket resent this banishment from warmth and air, and develop a chronic stiffness in the joints, the player who owns it immediately writes an angry letter to the vendors. He wants to know why a bat for which he paid ten-and sixpence, and with which he has not played two hundred games, is wheezy and sprung. Unless, says he, his money is returned immediately or a new guinea racket is forwarded by the next post, he will write to the papers.* This vague threat coupled with a lion rampant and a two-line motto is received almost daily by many of our foremost manufacturers. That they condescend to answer it is the best testamur to their courtesy. Even a schoolboy might be expected to know that tennis rackets were not made to hang in mouldy cellars or to be left, with dripping umbrellas, in those common receptacles for damp clothing—the hat-stand to wit. A good racket is a treasure worthy of the best attention that can be given to it. Nor can any man hope to possess such a prize unless he be prepared to bestow such attention upon it.

I chanced to play a mild set of tennis recently with a man who, in his day, had been in the final of the Irish championships. He is fat and scant of breath now, but his skill in placing the ball upon that portion of the court not in the occupation of his opponent is still sufficient to inspire both admiration and dismay. When he had won some twenty games right off the reel and had concluded that he was just getting his hand in, we were treated to a slight shower of rain. The Irishman had been playing with an old racket for which your brand new suburban clubman would not have offered a shilling. It was black with age; there were pieces wanting to the cork-handle of it; its face was open and characteristic of a bygone day. Yet the man treated it like a favourite child. Directly the rain fell, he wiped the bat with his handkerchief; then he wrapped it quickly in its case and took it into the house. "I would not sell that racket for five pounds," said he, and the look upon his face was one of unutterable affection.

As a matter of fact, a good tennis racket is the most difficult thing in the world to buy. You seek advice of an

expert, and he says, "Go to Tate at the beginning of the winter, and you will have by next spring a bat which will suit you to perfection." This is well enough, and if you are prepared to pay two guineas for your bat, you *may*, I do not say that you *will*, get a racket with which you can play. Obviously, Tate knows nothing about you; he does not know if your wrist be strong or weak, if your hand be large or small, if a light bat or a heavy bat be the more suitable to your style. All that he can do is to give you a superbly made and balanced racket, but it may not be *your* racket. I hold that it is just as impossible to fit a man you have never seen with a tennis racket as it is with a pair of boots. Rules cannot be laid down; advice, until you have seen a man play, is almost hopeless. The bat in the hand is the only test; a set, or indeed, a dozen sets, the ultimate proof.

Many young players handicap themselves with heavy rackets. Ladies especially are given to this fault, declaring that they can drive so easily with the heavier implement. This is true enough, but they forget that weight is against quick wrist play, and is often absolutely inimical to good back-hand strokes. Few are the men who rightly should play with a bat weighing more than fourteen ounces—very few ladies need one of a greater weight than twelve and a-half ounces. I have known a man go through the earlier weeks of a season fozzling his back-handers deplorably; yet the moment he took up a lighter racket he was able to play them and to place them. Pace on the forward drive is a good thing undoubtedly, but it is not a half, or even a quarter, of the game of tennis. And all that you get from a heavy racket is this speed on your drive.

Perhaps the very best tennis racket ever made is the "E. G. M." which comes from Slazenger. It is fashioned after the design of Mr. E. G. Meers, and the peculiarity of it is that all its sections balance. The fine gut ensures a speedy return of the ball; and you score many a volley with this bat which otherwise would drop feebly into the net. I am able to praise the "E. G. M." unhesitatingly, since some Slazenger's other rackets do not appeal to me, being, in my opinion, inferior to the work of such makers as Grey of Cambridge or Jeffrey. But the merits of the "E. G. M." are not to be disputed. It is the best racket we have yet seen, and Mr. Meers has done lawn tennis a sound service in giving his time to the design of it.

Whatever your racket be, or whoever makes it, one thing is certain, and that is, the folly of ordering a bat by post. A player should never buy until he has held a racket in his hand, has assured himself that it *feels* well, that he can show quick wrist play with it, and that the grip suits him. The latter point is one of the most important of all. Some men have rough hands and can hold cork; others need india-rubber grips; many swear by the notched handle which Slazenger specialises. All these must put a bat to the proof before buying it, or must for ever hold their peace.

MAX PEMBERTON.



"I WON'T APOLOGISE." BY ALFRED
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THE PASSION PLAY AT HÖRITZ.

DURING the past few weeks many thousands of strangers have been flocking to Höritz, the little village on the Southern outskirts of Bohemia, which, since the revival of its Passion Play in 1893, has won a reputation as the "Oberammergau of the Böhmer Wald."

So far as the place itself is concerned, Höritz—Markt Höritz is the more dignified title by which it is known in the district—has little to distinguish it from the other weaving villages in the upper part of the Moldau Valley, except that it has a station on the railway between Budweis and Salnau, and is therefore more accessible than some of its neighbours.

Leaving Budweis, a considerable town on the main line between Prague and Vienna, the line runs South, winding at the base of ranges of dome-shaped, heath-covered hills through a land for the most part thinly peopled, though here and there we pass a picturesque little town, such as Korosek or Prabsch, or the ducal city of Krumau. Southward still there is a tract of rugged, mountainous country, then a belt of forest, and beyond it, five hours' journey from Budweis, is Höritz, with its long, steep, village street and old stone fountain, and on a height, overlooking the Moldau Valley, the *Passions-Spiel Haus*, which on these summer Sundays is the principal centre of attraction. The Oberammergau *Passions-Spiel* is, as is well known, given in discharge of a vow, made in the hope of staying a plague which, in 1633, was devastating the neighbouring villages. The Höritz Play dates back to an earlier period. In the thirteenth century the Höritz representations of the great church dramas, played generally in the most naïve and primitive manner in the larger peasants' houses, were famous among the villages of Austria and Bavaria. They were continued, with more or less regularity, until, in 1816, Paul Gröllhesl, a master-weaver of Markt Höritz, wrote a *Passions-Spiel* based partly upon these older dramas, or fragments of dramas, partly

upon a "Life of Christ," written by a Capuchin Father, Martin von Cohem, in 1682. This version was played repeatedly in Höritz, without costume, and with the simplest accessories, between the years 1816 and 1840. Gradually changes crept in; instead of the ordinary peasants' dress, Christ and the Apostles wore brown or blue mantles; Adam and Eve and the allegorical figures were in white; and there were added a few theatrical properties. The last representation of this earlier, simple Passion Play, took place in 1887 in the large room of the village inn. Since 1890 Gröllhesl's text has been revised by Professor Ammann, of Krumau, who has also written a prologue in the manner of the classical tragedy, and the Höritz *Passions-Spiel* in its present form was played for the first time in June, 1893.

The Höritz Passion poem begins far back in the world's history, with the story of the Creation and the Fall, and includes a fragment of an ancient "Paradise Play," which, in Bohemia was in the old days an especial favourite among the sacred dramas. The Paradise Play is followed by twenty-three *tableaux vivants*—symbolical pictures from Old and New Testament history—which include "The Sacrifice of Isaac on Mount Moriah," "Tobias bidding farewell to his Parents," "Esther praying for her People," "The Baptism of Jesus," "His Entrance into Jerusalem," "The Temptation," and "The Ascension." Each picture is accompanied by appropriate music and a few lines of explanation. Between the sixteenth and seventeenth pictures there is an interlude, which is of especial interest on account of its antiquity. It is a dramatised version of the parable of the Good Shepherd—a dialogue between Christ, represented as a shepherd boy, and a pilgrim



JESUS CHRIST.

who finds him upon the mountains seeking his lost sheep.

The *tableaux*, which serve as a prelude to the Passion Play proper, occupy about two and a-half hours—from 9.30 till mid-day. Till two o'clock there is a pause, for rest and refreshment. Then the audience, for the most part consisting of peasants from the surrounding districts, resume their seats, the Passion Play begins, and there follow, one after the other, the well-known scenes from the Life of Christ—"The Last Supper," "The Covenanting of Judas with the Priests in the Sanhedrin," "The Agony in Gethsemane," "Christ before Pilate," "The Way to Golgotha," "Judas' Death," "Peter's Remorse," and "The Crucifixion." In very few cases is there any deviation from

the Gospel story. The most notable instance is in the first act, where Jesus bids farewell to his mother in a scene which could hardly be surpassed in its deep human tenderness and pathos. The impersonation of Christ and the Virgin by the two peasants, Joseph Bartl and Maria Perzwolfinger, is beyond all praise. They seem utterly to forget themselves in their desire to render, with all humility, and yet as perfectly as possible, the incidents of the Gospel story. There is no mannerism, no striving after effect. Everything is done with a perfect sincerity, a reverence and dignity that command our wondering admiration. Among the other actors the most notable are, perhaps, the Caiaphas and the Judas; but of the three hundred peasants who take part in the representation, it may be truly said that there is scarcely one who does not do full justice to his part.

It is a point of difference between the Höritz Representation and that of Oberammergau, that in Höritz, the Passion Play is given, not in the open-air, but in a building erected for the purpose, at a cost of some 50,000 gulden. The money was raised chiefly by subscription among the members of the Böhmer Wald Bund, but much of the material was supplied by the landowners of the district, and the actual work of building was in great part undertaken voluntarily by the peasants themselves. *The Passions-Spiel Haus* affords accommodation for 1,500 persons. The seats are arranged in an amphitheatre, the accommodation for the orchestra being similar to that in the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth. The stage is in three divisions. On the central part is presented the Story of the Passion, for which there are two permanent scenes, one a street in Jerusalem, in which is the house of Pilate, and opposite it that of Caiaphas; the other the Mount of Olives and the Surroundings of Jerusalem. The division nearer to the audience serves for the accommodation of the choir, and for the *tableaux vivants* which precede the Passion Play proper. A third space in the background is set apart for the representation of the Crucifixion, the Laying in the Grave, and the Resurrection. The scenic machinery is reduced to a minimum; there is less here than at Oberammergau, but the few decorations are entirely simple and appropriate.

We cannot close this account of the Bohemian *Passions-Spiel* without a word as to the music. Unlike the Oberammergau music, which is of the simplest character, the Höritz play is accompanied in a manner illustrated by a series of grand choruses, fragments from the music of



THE VIRGIN MARY.

Beethoven and Mozart, from Handel's oratorios, and the Passion music of Bach. With these are interwoven, especially in the scenes between Christ and the Virgin, some beautiful old Hebrew melodies. It is thus, as it were,

a medley, but a medley so skilfully combined, that it has the effect of perfect unity.

A visit to the Passion Play here will amply repay those who have had no opportunity of witnessing one of these sacred dramas, while those who have visited the Oberammergau play, will find interest in comparing the Bavarian with the Bohemian version.

I. S. DUN.



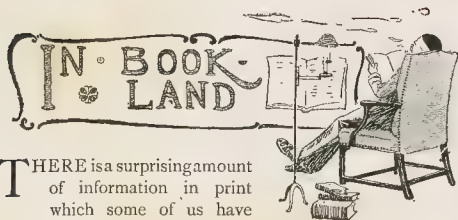
THE CRUCIFIXION.



SCARBOROUGH.

TRANSPOSING a venerated remark, one may, with even greater truth, conclude, "Happy is the watering place *with a history*." Sands, seaweed, and sociability are not unusual quantities along the tourist's coast-line; but a seaside resort with a past shares, in common with other possessors of that notable little noun, a certain fascination quite apart from its more conventional attractions in the present. Five out of half-a-dozen casual visitors to Scarborough will probably feel quite content with its palatial hotels, smart theatres, and sea-front promenades, with which to fill a seaside holiday. The sixth will, however, take his share of pleasure in exploring surrounding places which each took its part in making history, as well as many interesting relics, beginning with the old castle itself, which abound in Scarborough. Saxon sagacity was well evidenced in choosing so excellent a site as the recess of this noble bay, with its long reaches of firm sands, for the townlet of Skardaborgar, as it was first called. We hear of the truculent Harold Hardrada landing here one moonless night, and putting everyone and everything to fire and sword, as far back as the Conqueror's days. And as things moved slowly then, it took quite a couple of centuries before a town, with walls, moat, and earthen mound, rose on the places which the sturdy Saxon had laid low. Many a stirring scene has the old castle, from its well-placed elevation, looked down upon, for banqueting and bloodshed have often alternated between walls where the whirring of a night bird's wing or the rustling of its ivied mantle now shares the lull of a summer evening with the sentry's regular step on the battlements, a small garrison still occupying these historic precincts. Violent winter gales blow up against this eastern port of call, and liberal doses of ozone may be imbibed any day in the twelvemonth from the East Pier, whence steam packets generally start, and which acts, by reason of its great length, as a breakwater, when stormy winds do blow in winter and early spring. At such times the harbour is a feast of form and colour for marine artists, as large and small craft of all sorts and sizes put in while the dirty weather lasts, and at all times the discharge of fish cargoes goes on and is duly transferred to immortality by knights of the brush and pencil, while the old town offers endless interest with its quaint vistas of sea through the steep, narrow, but entirely picturesque streets. Ramsdale Valley separates this old part from the modern South Cliff district, and is now charmingly laid out with numerous walks and gardens as a people's park. Spanning it at a height of 80 feet is the Valley Bridge, a very handsome structure indeed, which connects South Cliff with the railway station, its length being close on 800 feet. St. Mary's, now used as the Parish Church, dates from the troubadour times of the first Richard, when it belonged to

the Cistercian monks. All other churches in Scarborough are modern. The museum near Cliff Bridge is well set-up in local antiquities, the bridge itself spanning one of the ravines which go to make up the picturesque charm of this queen of watering places. A word must, of course, be given to the mineral springs, two in number, which a lady of hygienic turn discovered as far back an 1600. Our forefathers used to visit Scarborough with the triple motive of water-drinking, holiday-making, and sea-bathing. After that, and by the end of the seventeenth century, there was quite a fashionable craze for the spot, until a slight earthquake in 1739 buried and effectually bottled the springs which were, however, discovered some years later. Now, a handsome saloon, with its great hall, sea-wall promenade, and other attractions, variously mark the place where chalybeate may be imbibed at leisure, and so much per glass. Somebody who went to India and came back—less an ordinary matter twenty years ago than now—doubtless gave the notion for a palace after the Hindoo manner, when the Aquarium was under consideration. From this building, a pleasant footpath leads along the Cliffs to Cornelian Bay, where jasper, moss-agate, and cornelian are found, and sea bathing may be indulged in *ad lib*. Farther on, very beautiful coast scenery is obtained, particularly at Filey, which is now itself, though only a few miles from Scarborough, a rising place of summer resort. Bathing is considered dangerous about Filey Brig, where there is a promontory, which the sea never leaves, while in other places a very short time elapses between the ebb and flow of the tide. Oliver's Mount, another interesting environ, rises 500 feet above the sea level, and is supposed to form one of the finest terraces in England. At the foot of this hill, Seamer Mere, which is about four miles from Scarborough, was once a large lake, now reduced by drainage to a mere pond. Scalby Mill, about a mile inland, is a delicious glen, where the Scalby Beck runs through on its way to the sea, and four miles farther on, Haiburn Dyke is a much-visited happy valley, where bold crags break through dense foliage, and a stone's throw beyond, the sea waves break into foaming fountains on the sharp edges of rock which terminate this picturesque ravine. Hackness is particularly interesting, both for the charm of its natural scenery and the antiquarian remains of very rare and unusual character, some of which, in excellent preservation, date as far back as A.D. 660. In the ancient Church is a very valuable collection of old books, which will delight the archaeological student. From Hackness, a lonely road brings one to another deep ravine, called Troutsdale. Turn, in fact, which way one will, the surroundings of Scarborough are as full of charm and historic interest as the gay town itself is of amusement and merry-making in this lively month of August, when the race-week throws its inevitable glamour over everything, and country-houses all around are packed full of smart folk for this favourite meeting.



THERE is a surprising amount of information in print which some of us have no desire to master. This reflection comes to us at a season when the flatness of mere literature is apt to press heavily on the jaded critic. Weary of discussing philosophy, poetry and fiction, he feels a sudden appetite for facts—facts presented to him, so to speak, in solid slabs which he can devour, not in the humour of the gourmand of literary taste, but for the satisfaction of simple hunger, as a soldier devours his rations. "Rum is warm," says old Corporal Brewster in the play, "and schnapps is warm, and there's 'eat in soup; but give me a dish of tea." Well, there may be sustenance in your three-volume novel, and food stuff in your minor verse; but for repairing the tissues, and lining the mind, give me the substantial nutriment provided by Sir George Newnes. In one of Maupassant's stories, a gentleman who is about to commit suicide in sheer ennui, remarks that the brain is like a circus, in which a poor old invalid horse goes round and round. You must feed that animal, or he will drop before his time; and there is no such fodder as you will find in the answers to questions in *Tit-Bits*. Sir George Newnes has thoughtfully reprinted them; and the volume before me is a regular granary, in which your circus steed, accustomed to the infrequent nose-bag, may forage at will and without stint. I have simply skimmed the provender, as it were, and I am almost bursting with oats.

What will you have to begin with? Take pot-luck with the index, and your eye lights upon "Artist elected mayor." Sir Joshua Reynolds was elected Mayor of Plympton, his native town, "a circumstance which gave him great satisfaction." Nowadays, artists are content to paint mayors; they do not aspire to the civic office. Yet if Mr. Walter Sickert, for example, were elected mayor of his native place, I am sure his impressionist sketches of the aldermen, dashed off at meetings of the town council, would secure his re-election by acclamation. But the pursuit of art is sometimes attended by extraordinary peril. I learn that a drawing-master, who was once defendant in an action for breach of promise of marriage, confidently affirmed that no promise had been made in writing. This was true; but the judge gave a remarkable direction to the jury. "A promise of marriage," he said, "may be made by other ways than by words—by a shake of the hand, for example, or a wink of the eye, or a thousand other modes." To draw a heart, after the manner of Sam Weller's valentine, might expose the unfortunate artist to the penalty of heavy damages. Who would have thought that a wink of the eye was so dangerous? Winking is a habit that may be condemned by etiquette and morals; but few readers, I suspect, are alive to its legal responsibilities. A wink ought to be followed by a wedding; and when you have this great principle firmly fixed in your mind, you will be interested in the "greatest distance ever travelled on a wedding trip." There was once a Californian honeymoon that lasted six years, for the happy pair were wandering

all that time over the face of the globe, not forgetting Patagonia. More exciting still is the "actual number of asses in different countries of Europe." I am rather surprised to note that in the United Kingdom there are no more than 337,000, or ten for every thousand inhabitants. If every citizen were asked to compile the statistics of asses in his acquaintance, there would be a much more considerable total. Why, any jaundiced critic would discover quite a handsome average amongst the writers of books alone. Critics, by-the-way, may perceive a justification of their pleasant office in the fact that salt makes sugar sweeter. Chemical experiments have shown that salt "sharpens up the flavour of sugar." I hope every writer who has the felicity of being reviewed in this page will bear that in mind.

I am obliged to drag in the critic like this, because there is nothing directly concerning him in Sir George Newnes's valuable publication. Fancy a thousand answers to a thousand questions, and not one of them about the most important province of literature! There is the largest lobster and the most powerful locomotive, but literature is not mentioned. There is the highest price ever paid for a cricket bat, and the first criminal "arrested in England by the aid of the electric telegraph"; but critics are ignored. There are "books made of copper" (I have known a good many made of brass), and the book "with the greatest number of publishing firms on its title page." This was an edition of "Elegant Extracts" and the united energies of fifty-five firms were needed to publish it—a fact which must seem horrible to Mr. Hall Caine. But books, for their own sake, are not much to the taste of Sir George Newnes's public. His readers prefer the "biggest brewery in the world," or the boy who had a beard at the age of six. In one of Mr. George Gissing's novels there is a worthy who has been brought up on *Tit-Bits*. He knows how much ground all the cabs in London would cover if they were placed in a line. Max Nordau looks forward to the time when art shall disappear; and it may be that literature will eventually succumb to the spread of Sir George Newnes's knowledge, and that the "celebrity with the largest head" will take the place in the world's regard which is now occupied by Shakespeare.

Meanwhile let us make the most of the books we have, and encourage our authors who will have their day and cease to be, when notable answers to questions shall absorb the intellect of the race. Mr. Max Pemberton has given up his pirates, and tried his hand with the semi-historical romance which Mr. Stanley Weyman has cultivated with so much profit. The Little Huguenot is a lady who attracts the profligate attentions of Louis XV., and is saved by the ingenuity of an audacious priest. The story is told with much spirit, and with a distinct charm of manner which shows that Mr. Pemberton studies the delicacies of style. I fear these will be of no avail when the Juggernaut of *Tit-Bits* crushes literature to the level of the intelligence which wants to know the "age of the youngest policeman"; but it is gratifying to observe that some of our story-tellers are not deterred by this inevitable doom from the labour which makes an artist.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Notable Answers to One Thousand Questions," George Newnes, Limited.

"The Little Huguenot." Cassell & Co.



AMONG the many theatrical people who have gone abroad are the Bancrofts, who are spending the autumn in the Engadine. By-the-way, a lady calling herself Marie Wilton is appearing in the music halls.

Mr. F. R. Benson has just started on his tour of the provinces, which will last till next April, when he will give for the eighth time the annual performances at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. He is to produce "Richard II.," thus making a notable addition to his large Shakespearean repertoire. It is interesting to note that he has already included "Coriolanus," which we are to see at the Lyceum in the dim and distant future. Mr. Benson mounted this play with great completeness in 1893, with special scenery and costumes from Mr. Alma Tadema's designs. Mr. Benson was Coriolanus, and Mrs. Benson Virgilia.

It is strange that the provinces get a much better supply of opera than London itself. Thus the Carl Rosa Opera Company starts its twenty-first provincial tour with an extensive list of experienced singers, among whom are Miss Ella



MR. F. R. BENSON AS ROMEO.
Photo by Bazzano.



"Your health, Mrs. Courtenay."
Scene from "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," at the Vaudeville Theatre.
MR. J. BEAUCHAMP, MISS GLADYS HOMFREY, MR. FREDK. KERR, AND MISS MAY PALFREY.
Photo by A. Ellis.

Russell—who is to be the Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." Mdlle. Zelig de Lussan, Madame Julia Lennox, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Alec Marsh.

The Vaudeville has struck luck with "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." Mr. Fred Kerr has certainly reason to be proud of his essay as a manager. Although he is a young man he has been on the stage for a good number of years, beginning in America. His transatlantic experiences stood him in good stead in the part of Horace Bream, in "Sweet Lavender," at Terry's.

Miss May Palfrey, who is supporting Mr. Kerr, made her first appearance in Drury Lane pantomime four years ago, and then, curiously enough, in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," where she was a fairy robin. It was here that she met her future husband, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who, as the cynical man about town, greeted every suggestion with the exclamation, "What rot!"

When the Trafalgar opens, under the management of Messrs. Cartwright and Dana, it will be with Mr. Frith's play, "The Advocate." Nearly all the other legal terms for the same personality have been already exhausted, for we have had "The Solicitor" and "The Barrister." In the latter, you may recollect a dainty corset found its way mysteriously into a brief bag. Miss Henrietta Watson, who will join the company, will be remembered for the great hit she made as the Honourable Wilhelmina Carlingham in "Thoroughbred" at Toole's Theatre. She is a grand-daughter of the J. B. Johnstone, whom Edmund Yates cited as one of the most sterling

actors and authors. She made her first appearance on the stage as Willie in Miss Marriott's provincial production of "East Lynne," in which she toured for two years. After she left school she played in farcical comedies in the provinces, and then went to Australia to support Mrs. Bernard Beere, remaining there for several years and gaining considerable experience. She has a great amount of vivacity, and was the very life of the feminine interest in "Thoroughbred."

Madame Calvé is to appear in "La Navarraise," at the Opera Comique, Paris, in October. Massenet has never written a more stirring opera, and great interest is being felt in the production, which will be identical with the Covent Garden setting.

Miss Nannie Craddock, who is to appear in "Alabama," is the daughter of a Californian judge. She has been four years on the stage, having already been seen in London as the Dowager Lady Gilding in "The Professor's Love Story." Miss Craddock has still a good deal to learn.

It may be forgotten that Miss Agnes Miller, who is to support Mr. Willard, was the original Mabel Seabrooke in "Captain Swift" at the Haymarket Theatre, just seven years ago. Before that she had appeared in "The Arabian Nights," which was at least witty if not always refined.

Mrs. Edward Saker is to be Lady Capulet at the Lyceum. She had rather a poor chance in "Guy Domville" where, in addition to having to play a somewhat ridiculous part, she had to wear a ridiculous gown, in which the inability of the modern dressmaker to understand the fripperies of the



M. MASSENET.
The Composer of "La Navarraise."



MISS ADA REEVE.
*Now appearing in "All Abroad" at the Criterion Theatre.
Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.*

eighteenth century, made the wearer look like an animated bee-hive. She has a family of remarkably clever children, one of whom played, with great humour, Mr. Todman's shop boy in "Liberty Hall."

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is to be produced in Germany at the Adolph Ernst Theatre, Berlin.

Miss Vane Featherstone, who appears in the new play at the Adelphi, began her career at the Olympic. She got her real experience with the "Caste" Company; in 1884 she joined Mr. Charles Hawtrey's Company, remaining for quite seven years. Curiously enough in the revival of "The Snowball," she was Mrs. Featherstone.

The company which is trotting "The Shop Girl" round the provinces under the direction of Messrs. H. H. Morell and Frederick Mouillot, is an exceedingly strong one. Mr. Tom Fancourt plays Miggles with great humour. The Shop Girl herself is in the hands of Miss Lydie Edmonds.

Mr. Harry Paulton, who is to open the Strand Theatre with his farce "In a Locket," is best known as an author by "Niobe" and "Erminie," to which M. Jakobowski supplied the music. The opera has had a tremendous vogue in America and in the provinces, but is not very well known in town.

No drama, says a New York critic, can win success until the ladies give it their approval. A play that pleases only men has never been written, so far as managerial prosperity and author's royalties are concerned. By a curious coincidence those generally opposing elements, the Church and the stage, are supported mostly by women.



TO MISS VERSCHOYLE.

BY LEONARD MERRICK.

DECIDEDLY one of the plainest women you ever saw in your life, but when she began to sing you forgot her face. You thought of your ideal woman whom you had never met—of the books you meant to write—of the country dimpling under an April sunrise—of anything you loved or yearned to love. And then, as she continued to sing, you thought of Miss Carmichael herself, and she made your heart stir just as if she had been beautiful, and for thirty seconds after she rose from the piano you had to struggle against an impulse to fall at her feet.

I ought not to have gone there. To me a woman's first duty is to be good-looking. She may of course do more—she may, for instance, be lovely—but at any rate she should be good-looking, if she would justify her existence in my eyes, and Miss Carmichael's spell, brief as it was, was dangerous. It displeased and bewildered me when I "came to." It made me feel as if I had been behind a horse over which I had nearly lost control. Yet how could I deny myself the delight of listening to her divine voice! And, for that matter, the evil effect was delicious also while it lasted—something like that which one imagines opium or hashish eating must produce. Think, I could say to myself whenever I would, "To-day I will go and be breathlessly in love for a minute; for the space of one minute I will taste the excitement of adoring a woman with all my being!" A moral drunkenness, a vice, if you desire to call it so, but one which few men are able to command! I was constantly swearing I would give it up, only to find myself, a week afterwards, at the door of the Earl's Court flat again. And things went on like this for six months, when I met Norah Verschoyle at Hampton.

We were both staying with the Liddingtons. She did not take much notice of me at first—perhaps that was what stimulated my interest in her—but I was sensible of the warmest admiration the moment we were introduced. She was very, very pretty; insolently pretty, if I may use the term, and she wore big, shady hats and white frocks, and her hands were the softest little darlings that ever played with a punt pole.

I used to look at Miss Verschoyle's hands and wonder what it would feel like to hold them. Foolish people may

suppose that it feels the same to hold one woman's hand as another's, but that is quite a mistake. It is different every time, or we should seldom hear of a man being engaged more than once in his life.

On a certain Thursday afternoon, after our acquaintance had progressed, and I had sculled her down to the back-water, I sat with my gaze rivetted on those hands of hers. They lay in her lap, and I observed that they had browned a trifle with exposure to the sun. The delicate veins were as blue as the sea round the island of Madeira, and they were if anything more kissable than before.

"Isn't it heavenly?" she murmured.

I agreed; it was heavenly. "Don't you want to talk?"

"What shall I say?" she asked.

"Anything you like—or nothing. For myself I am perfectly content."

"Then I'll dream."

"Do!"

Her eyes drooped—re-opened, and met my own, which had wandered to the white lids. I thought she looked conscious. She unfurled her sunshade. The fascination of the hands was upon me again.

"Let me help you," I said.

I touched one—it was warm, thrilling; it sent a shock up my arm like an electric battery. I loved her, and I detained it in a clasp.

She uttered my name with remonstrance and surprise. I had gone too far to retreat, even had I wished to do so. Her fingers and my lips met, and my lips were scorched. Her face glowed, and softened. I meant to ask her to be my wife, and I foresaw that I should not plead in vain. At that very moment Mrs. Liddington was heard calling to us from the bank, and the opportunity was past. She had brought me a telegram recalling me to town.

We all went back to the house together, nor was there any chance between luncheon and the time my train started for me to speak to Miss Verschoyle privately again.

However, we understood each other—I was sure of it; and I travelled up to Waterloo with exhilaration. I called on the solicitor whom I had to see, and arranged to affix my signature to a necessary document the first thing the following morning. Then I should be free to return to Hampton, and could propose as orthodoxly as was required. Almost I whistled as I bent my steps towards my chambers after leaving him. Norah was fond of me—was waiting for

me, ready to say "yes." Rapturous reflection! And what jolly rings there were in the jewellers' windows!

I stopped, and inspected one more closely. As I did so, someone exclaimed: "Mr. Craven, how d'ye do!" and turning, I saw Miss Carmichael.

I thought how dowdy she looked as I responded to her greeting. She was going home, and I offered to see her as far as the Temple Station.

"Where have you been?" she asked, as we walked along. "Do you know that it is more than a month since we have seen anything of you?"

I explained that I was staying on the river. Though she was so plain, she was an amusing talker, and when she begged me, if I had no better occupation, to accompany her to the flat, and have some tea, I was not inclined to refuse.

I went, and when tea was over I said, "Won't you sing?" I was in the mood for music, more especially for Miss Carmichael's music. She smiled assent, and seated herself at the piano, while I lay peacefully back in an arm-chair by the window. She never wanted one to turn the leaves for her; that was one of the charms of her performance.

"What will you have?" she said, glancing at me across her shoulder.

I hesitated. "Whatever you do will sure be right," I hummed.

"Oh, *please!*" she murmured with a mock air of suffering—she could not tolerate the drawing room ballad—"Do you know Bizet's "*Vieille Chanson*"?"

She struck a few chords, with an indifferent touch, and then her voice rose. And her voice called "Norah! Norah!" and showed me the back-water and the boat anew. The trees swayed, and the birds in the branches began to twitter, and the water sparkled, and my heart was aching so with love that I wanted to lay my head on my dear one's breast, and feel those fragrant little hands stroking my hair.

Suddenly I was again in the parlour; the last note had died, and Miss Carmichael was looking an inquiry.

"Don't stop, I beg you! Go on, do!"

She obeyed. But why did she not take me as before to the river? I remained in the Earl's Court room this time, and by degrees I was satisfied not to leave it. I was listening with trembling nerves to Miss Carmichael herself, or rather *not* herself—to the other Miss Carmichael, who had always magnetised me while she sang. She drifted from the "*Solvieg's Lied*" of Grieg into some Gipsy Songs of Dvorák's; and I worshipped her! Drunk or sober, I said that to hold this woman in my arms, and to feel her breathing there, would be the greatest consummation of my life. Never before had the mastery she had established over me been so irresistible and complete. I left my chair, and leant on the piano, gazing down upon her. She had drawn me there with her voice, and now she pulled me closer with her eyes. I did not think her beautiful—even in my madness I knew that she was ugly—but there was a fascination in her ugliness that I was unable to withstand. I looked at her, consumed with a fever. I forgot that her dress was ill-fitting and shabby; I forgot that when she left off singing she would be merely a plain and ordinary person again. While she did sing, she was as potent as Helen or Cleopatra, and I adored her.

As she finished I caught her to me.

"I love you," I said, "didn't you know? I have loved you always!" I thought it was true.

It was a grand moment!

But now I am engaged to Miss Carmichael, and Norah must be wondering why I do not return to Hampton. She will consider I have behaved very badly; two men whom I invited to dinner, and confided in, consider I have behaved very badly. Nobody seems to realise that I could not help myself—that I am the victim of circumstances over which I had no control. It is in the faint hope of justifying myself to Miss Verschoyle that I have written this narrative. The danger of my Siren seeing it is small—besides, if she does, she may be offended with me, and let me off.





MEMORY.

THE habit of words has so influenced the thought of men and women in the civilised world as to make them forget how entirely they once thought—as, presumably, savages also think—with the help of designs. None the less, to this kind of pictorial habit in childhood they owe their memory of almost all that was taught them at first and will remain with them to the last. And some designs and images have, in fact, never left them.

There must be many an elderly man who would hardly like to confess that all the kings of England are arranged in his mind in a horizontal line, beginning with what used to be called the Heptarchy at the extreme left, until the reign of William and Mary, when they become perpendicular; and that through the many changes of a long life he has mentally placed any incident in English history in its own proper position in those horizontal and perpendicular lines—even an incident studied by him in much later years. Who knows whether professors of history themselves have preserved some such childish plan, in spite of infinite reading?

The child's designs have less to do with form than with place. He is a very Japanese in his sense of relation of place. Roman history and French

he places—who knows by what chance of his fancy at seven years old?—behind him, at several distances. Greece and England are in front. With numbers he plays a like prank; they fly, in his mental picture, in this direction, or in that, somewhat like birds on the wing. The curious

thing is that a little curve he has imagined, in the course of the thirties, say, should be there for him half a century later, when the child is a banker. These perfectly trivial and entirely capricious little images are perdurable and invincible. What do we not forget amongst the things we learn laboriously in after years, while we never forget a certain straightness in the numbers up to twenty, and a general obliqueness in the numbers that follow after?

Perhaps none of our ideas in early childhood are without these forms and places. Distance of position—if one child's images may be taken as a type—generally stands for distance of time. The Creation of the world is as far as possible to the left; the Last Judgment as far as conceivable to the right.

A great deal of light and darkness, and a certain degree of colour are mingled with these designs and lines. The whiteness and brightness of antiquity were doubtless suggested to the childish mind by association with white statues, white ruins, and southern sun. The great movement of the Barbarians is done in semi-darkness, by an obvious allusion, and the green half-light of forests lies upon all the earliest German history. All Europe lies in a twilight that increases (to take the records of one childish memory) steadily until the death of Henry the Fourth. A great *renouveau* and fresh



MASTER HOARE. ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.
From the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Lent by Mrs. Hoare.

light, with rosy colour, comes suddenly with the accession of Henry the Fifth. So strong is this impression that the child, grown up, finds a secret difficulty in realising that to other children grown up there is no such waxing and waning of light at those places. The Plantagenets in sunshine? Absurd!



"WHO ARE YOU?" BY A. BAUERLE.

All these images are simple, and conceived, as it were, naturally. But there is wilder work when an unknown word takes a form entirely arbitrary. For instance, a nurse sings the child to sleep with the old tune and legend of *Malbrouck. Madame dans sa tourmente*. The last word is a mystery, but a sensible image it must have, and the child imagines a tower; *tourmente* is a tower for him henceforth. The warrior, sings the nurse, will come back at Easter or *à la Trinité*. *La Trinité* is a windmill. The incoherence of the story, thus illustrated, is, for the child, nothing but harmonious with so many unexplained things in the world. It is, moreover, fitted to the incoherent and remote condition of falling asleep.

Teachers may take this as a sign (if they have forgotten their own childhood) that for every word left unexplained, the child finds a meaning, and generally a meaning exceedingly material. In after years a sometime student of the catechism confessed that one of the virtues she recited in her "duty to her neighbour," used to be named and pronounced by her throughout her childhood "chestity," and what it obviously meant (so she decided) was the duty of keeping your shoulders well back so as to bring your chest well forward—the duty of "sitting up," in a word. So much dignity given to such minor morals puzzled her not at all.

Rather idle writers, beginning with Alphonse Karr, have amused themselves with feigning a correspondence of colours and sounds. Of all pseudo sciences this is, perhaps, the most flagrant. But with children who do not call it either art or

science, the matching of colours and sounds is an instinctive act. It proves once more that the eye is the great and immediate communication of the child, his imagination, and his memory.

To him all maps are pictures. They have a kind of scenery, and they, too, are never forgotten. The name of the country seems to take its shape. Music has a most distinct visual form, and the very sciences a sort of visual aspect and expression. Proper names bear so much the look or personality of those whom the child has known by them, as never afterwards to lose it for him. Some sprightly pet name will never be young for him, because it was an aunt's when he first knew it.

Children are the young nation amongst us, the nation that has other shapes of thought and other perceptions than those of the word. It is somewhat to be regretted that the faculty of their eyes should be lost, rather than educated, by the manner of our teaching them.

ALICE MEYNELL.



MISS HARRIET CHOLMONDELEY.—JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

From the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Lent by R. H. Hobart, Esq.



THE NEW PAINTER-ACADEMICIAN.

MR. W. B. RICHMOND, the new Royal Academician, has never condescended to be popular. He has preferred to go his own serious way, taking his art very much in earnest, neither looking to the housetops to see if the flags are flying, nor under foot where roses might lie. And, no doubt, that is the happier way of living—to paint, to write, to make music for its own sake, and not for reward or applause. What an industrious life his has been! An idle man can get through a good amount of work in 40 years, but a man who considers every minute, who spares himself in nothing, can move mountains in that time. Placed to Mr. Richmond's credit are essays, lectures, sculptures, decorative work, and a matter of close upon two hundred pictures.

In the face of this achievement, it is odd that his work should be so little known to the outside public. At the time of his election, I took the trouble to ask six different people of good average intelligence, who never miss an Academy, who always take the shilling Browning book with them to the seaside, and who know John Inglesant almost by heart—I took, I say, the trouble to ask these folk which of Mr. Richmond's many pictures they liked best. Not one of them could name a single work by him. They all had the idea that Mr. Richmond paints classical subjects in delicate colours, and that his canvases are beautiful and quite "high art," but no further would memory help them. Yet they could have named half-a-dozen of Mr. Dicksee's pictures straight off, and as for Mr. Tadema's works or Mr. Luke Fildes', they were as familiar to them as family jokes. Yet Mr. Richmond has been a most persistent and welcome exhibitor at the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Academy, and the New Gallery, and he is always well hung. To a man of his temperament, this haziness—it can hardly be called indifference—on the part of the public, matters very little. If he cares about honours, all he need do is to tick off on his fingers those he has already received. He calls himself R.A. to begin with, then there is the knowledge that he has been Slade Professor, and the fact that he was chosen to decorate the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral.

But, if the masses do not receive him gladly, the nobility acclaim him their pet portrait painter. How goodly an array of high-bred dames, sumptuous or delicate, as the case may be, have issued from his studio. These portraits have not the vigour and the profound insight of Sargent's, or quite the grace of Shannon's, or the *diablerie* of Boldini's, but they are eminently graceful and comforting, and seldom fail to give satisfaction to the sitters. He is not quite so successful in his portraits of men, at least, of virile and aggressive characters, as something of the refinement and gentleness with which he touches his women's faces

is apt to creep into his presentments of soldiers and others.

The Royal Academy Exhibition, which closed the other day, contained seven pictures by Mr. Richmond, all quite typical of his manner. As an object-lesson of the reason why the public forgets the titles of his pictures, it is only necessary to mention his large "Aphrodite between Eros and Himeros," which hung in the place of honour in Room VII. What chance had such a subject against Mr. Dicksee's "A Reverie," with its verses, "In the years fled, Lips that are dead, Sang me that song," or Mr. Stanhope Forbes' "Smithy?" But it is well to be content with what we have. Mr. Richmond will never paint a "Smithy," and "Aphrodites" are not in Mr. Stanhope Forbes' line. It would be nice, and rather amusing, if, just for once, and once only, Mr. Richmond and Mr. Stanhope Forbes would collaborate. Mr. Richmond's other contributions to the Royal Academy this year were made up of portraits of men and women, including the Countess of Pembroke and Professor Mommsen, and a huge water colour, No. 1713 in the catalogue (the last exhibit of all) called "Melchizedek blessing Abraham." This was hung in the Sculpture Room—a trespass that excited the ire of some critics and sculptors, who urged that as but one gallery among so many was allotted to sculpture it should be kept sacred to sculpture. Melchizedek is a design for one of the St. Paul's cartoons, for it is to the decoration of the choir in glass mosaic, and a portion of the dome, that Mr. Richmond is devoting many years of his life. This indefatigable worker is also a sculptor; he wields the pen expressing himself in good, clear, nervous English; he lectured to Oxford undergraduates in the past, and he addressed Toynbee Hall audiences in the present, and it is whispered that he finds time among these various interests to progress with his life of Michael Angelo.

Throughout his painting life, which began 38 years ago, when, a boy in his teens, he won the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy Schools, Mr. Richmond has been the sworn foe of the commonplace and commercial in art. He and Burne Jones and Watts, and a few others, have always pulled together, and of course he was one of that band, few but fit, who contributed to the first Grosvenor Gallery, making it the sensation of the season. He has also been a faithful friend to the New Gallery; but he, like all other rebellious children of paint, comes back in the end to the Mother Academy. The portals of Burlington House are wide, and they are never closed to her sons when their *wanderjahre* is over. One more distinction remains to be placed to Mr. Richmond's credit, or rather to the credit of the Richmond family. Father and son are both Royal Academicians. Behold the sign:

George Richmond, elected A.R.A., 1859, elected R.A., 1867.
W. B. Richmond, elected A.R.A., 1888, elected R.A., 1895.

L. H.



MR. W. B. RICHMOND, NEW ROYAL
ACADEMICIAN. PHOTO BY RALPH ROBIN-
SON, REDHILL.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AND THE NEW GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT.

GOLFING evidently comprehends other joys besides "playing of a game of billiards across country" to judge by the luxurious comfort of the smoking-room of the Prince's Club, Mitcham, where I recently met Mr. Rutland Barrington, after having watched him win a match by an eight yard "putt." It seems needless to say that his greeting was as cheery as of yore, when I have encountered him with either mahl-stick, trolling-rod, or the "gracious" willow in hand as painter, fisherman, cricketer, and actor.

"And so you have become a 'German Reeder', Mr. Barrington? Of course you would not have done so without a good reason, with your well-established popularity on the boards of the regular stage?"

"Well, on the reconstruction of the German Reed entertainment (consequent on the much-regretted deaths of Mrs. Reed, Mr. Alfred Reed, and Mr. Corney Grain), which for the last 40 years has held a distinctive and distinguished position of its own amongst London amusements and on tour, a decided chance seemed, to my mind, to present itself to me. I thoroughly understood the class of entertainment required, and I ventured to think my style of

playing was specially suitable, and I had several pieces of fitting character ready to hand."

"You are not one whit over-estimating your own abilities or the quality of your pen-work, that is certain, for you are a past-master in dramatic writing, and as for monologues and duologues, I well remember your 'Swarry Dansong,' the romantic *merceau* in blank verse, 'The Knight-Errent' to

which, I believe, Alfred Caldicott wrote the music, and several others which have pleased us all very much."

"Yes. And the late Edward Solomon composed the music for 'The Professor,' in which I have been appearing six times a week, at St. George's Hall—but we are off on tour directly. The force of circumstances necessitated our inaugurating the New German Reed Entertainment very late in the season, but it had to be done in order to give the stamp of approval of London audiences and the *cachet* pertaining to a metropolitan entertainment. 'Happy Arcadia,' written by W. S. Gilbert, the music by Frederic Clay, will also be taken on tour as the *pièce de resistance*."

"And when you come back in October will the new hall in the Charing Cross Road be ready?"

"Certainly not. That won't be opened till Easter. From the plans I should say it will be one of the cosiest of halls, practically I suppose I may call it



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON IN "HAPPY ARCADIA."

Photo by A. Ellis.

a theatre. A powerful syndicate is backing up the undertaking and I have every confidence in its success. At any rate no efforts or money will be spared to attain that end."

"I am quite sure every class of entertainment has its own public," I remarked.

"Exactly, and the German Reed public is simply enormous, both in London and throughout the provinces. The successes of Clifford Harrison, George Grossmith, the late Samuel Brandram, and others, evidence the adherence of an extensive *clientèle* which staunchly supports an entertainment which, possessing considerable dramatic element, yet is absolutely innocuous in all its tendencies. It is a very hackneyed expression to use, I'm afraid, but 'Fun without Vulgarly' admirably describes the tone of such entertainments."

"Of course, it is a great thing to have the countenance of the whole body of the clergy?"

"Yes; but please don't fall into the error that our entertainments are dull," he replied, in the deep, sonorous voice which reminded me of his admirable impersonations of "The Dean," "Dr. Daly," and "The Vicar of Bray," giving his utterance the authority of the whole bench of bishops combined; "for our audiences wouldn't suffer such a thing; indeed, we find that they move quite with the march of current events. They like a good topical song, and

a lively dance, and they are glad to know that there is at least one place of entertainment to which even the most censorious of Mrs. Grundys could take no exception."

"The present German Reed Company is practically a new one?"

"Quite so; indeed, Miss Fanny Holland is the sole representative of the late company, and those of the present one will probably form the nucleus of the German Reed Company of the future."

"I feel quite sure that the syndicate, as well as yourself, have some little schemes up your sleeves. Am I right?"

"I won't contradict you. Very possibly. At any rate, it is hoped that, with a succession of smart comediettas, brilliant duologues and monologues, we shall attract large audiences. Who knows, too, that we may not present at Christmas one of those idyllic German legends, so full of poetry, human sympathy, and scenic colouring, or even something in the style of Planché's extravaganzas, which were always replete with charming sentiment and distinguished by purity of tone. Of course, we should not seek to emulate the efforts of London pantomimic productions, as regards size of company and so on; but we should hold our heads high as regards the type of dramatic poem we might represent."

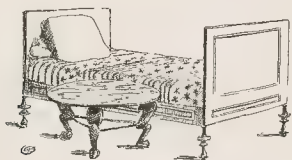
T. H. L.



THE BIRDKEEPER'S LODGE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.
Photo by H. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



IN speaking of bed-chambers, a curious question of privacy comes to my mind. Perhaps it does not come naturally, but the fact that I have been reading lately "*L'arche de l'Absolu*," has put it into my thoughts. Balzac, in his curious, powerful study of the seeker after the philosopher's stone—in which even Sir Isaac Newton



A POMPEIAN BED AND TABLE.

believed—by his strange daring, speculative analysis, to some extent anticipates Professor Crooke's bold theory of the evolution of all the elements from helium. The book contains a passage that I venture to translate: "Long before the manners of the English had treated the wife's bed-chamber as a sacred spot, the Flemish customs had regarded it as impenetrable. To the housewives of the Low Countries, there was a habit from infancy, a sort of domestic superstition, which rendered the sleeping-room a delightful sanctuary, where one breathed the tenderest feeling, in which the simple was united to all that social life could offer of sweetness and holiness." These remarks concerning the room in which Madame Claës drew from her husband the fearful confession of his fateful search for the *ignis fatuus* of philosophy, are curiously in contrast with the observations in "*La Peau de Chagrin*," concerning the way in which the bedroom of the Countess Fédora—the personification of "Society"—was treated as part of the normal reception rooms. To this day in France, it is a common, if not universal, custom to treat the *chambre à coucher* de Madame, as one of the open rooms in case of an "At Home"—though the washing apparatus is not visible—not for the reason which the average prejudiced English would uncharitably suggest, but because, at any cost of space, Madame always contrives to have some kind of mysterious *cabinet de toilette*, in which she arms herself for the fray.

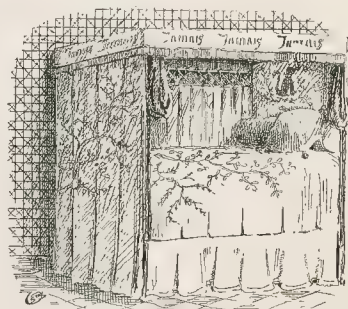
Oh! the French bedrooms that one meets with in hotels! Those windows! How many a battle I can recollect with those ridiculous sashes, that open perpendicularly instead of horizontally and offer the dilemma of no ventilation or a draught. Of course, the French choose the no ventilation and the chambermaid, who so often, alas! is a

man, mocks at the elaborate structure of clothes-brush, filter, shoes, and pieces of string that I use to keep the awkward window open to a limited extent, and in such a way that the draught may be deflected from my head, and oh! the start of horror when a gust of wind blows down my makeshift apparatus and the window bangs open, causing me to awake in the belief that a whole regiment of burglars has just burst in. It is a pity that the French have had no Florence Nightingale to preach to them the virtues of plenty of fresh air in the bedrooms.

On the subject of ventilation, I may suggest that there is something better even than opening a window at the top. It is to have the upper sash fitted with "louvres" or "louves" or "lovers"—there are even several other ways of spelling—that is to say, broad slats of glass working on a pivot which, when loose, lie parallel with the frame and close the window, but when pulled by the cord, come to an angle and thus make a series of downward and outward openings, letting air in and out without a draught. They are, as it were, glass Venetian blinds, but are regulated so that they do not open quite at right angles. I speak of the curious spelling "lover" because of Spencer's

"Ne lighted was with windows nor with lover,
But with continual candle-light."

However, the fantastic, delightful author of "The Shep-

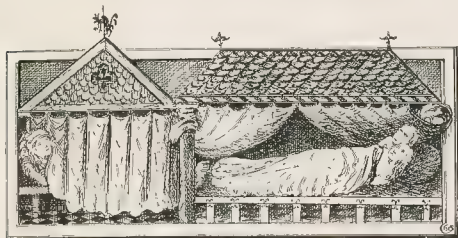


A 14TH CENTURY BED HERALDICALLY DECORATED.

heard's Calendar" merely referred, I suspect, to fixed flats of wood.

As for the French beds, what pen can describe their horrors! The top pieces always remind me of a horrible Hoffmannesque robber tale that I read as a child, possibly, in the once popular "Night-side of Nature," but I am very

doubtful, of a murder attempted by letting down the heavily-weighted head on the intended victim. The upholstery collects dust; I have often found that the draught from the failure of my impromptu window-regulating apparatus has precipitated it upon me, so that I have gone to bed black-haired and arisen grey. The *édredon*, a hateful



ANGLO-SAXON BED OF THE 10TH CENTURY.
FROM MSS. IN THE VATICAN.

makeshift for blankets and counterpane, is beyond words. I never see one without thinking of a picture in "Brown, Jones and Robinson's trip up the Rhine," of the lengthy Englishman, whose chest, and head, and legs from the knees are left uncovered by Die Eiderdunen, the German equivalent of the abominable *édredon*. The legend of the picture was—

"Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little long."

The Board School boy, of course, knows that this is a perversion of Young's line in his "Night Thoughts," "Man wants but little, nor that little long," which was borrowed by Goldsmith, and used in the form that has become popular. By-the-by, although *le confort Anglais* is a well-recognized phrase, and much that renders life in France possible for the English comes from their land, the iron or brass, or iron and brass bedstead most in use in our country is technically called a French bedstead; if, however, side-wings are added it becomes Italian.

It is curious that the majority of the beds now manufactured resemble very closely in shape those made in Italy more than 2,000 years ago. At the Etruscan Museum in the Vatican there is an ancient bronze bed on six feet, and across it are strips of metal exactly like those put on brass and iron beds of the present day to support the mattress. The luxurious sleeping arrangements of the Romans of the time of the Cæsars, who had mattresses stuffed with the soft down of swans, woollen blankets and sheets elaborately embroidered with patterns in colours, were strongly in contrast with the rude couches of the people whom they came over to conquer. Even the beds of the Anglo-Saxons were certainly very primitive; in fact, little better than raised wooden boxes with sacks of straw placed inside, and up to the tenth century there was little change in the style of furnishing adopted by our hardy ancestors. Yet old MSS. tell us that some importance and much value was attached to these primitive contrivances, which, in the early days before the Conquest, were the luxury of only a few persons of rank, and, moreover, were heirlooms. Even after the Norman occupation bedsteads were not usual except for royal personages and great people, and it was not till the thirteenth century that beds were furnished—much as at present—with a stuffed quilt, bolster, pillows, sheets, and

coverlets. It was only at the beginning of the sixteenth century that elaborately-carved beds with splendid hangings came in use. Some of them are wonderful examples of the skill of the great French carvers of the Renaissance. Possibly the most fascinating pieces are those carved in walnut, for time has given them the mellowness and richness of tone of old Florentine bronze, and the wood lends itself to more delicate workmanship than oak. Whatever degree of admiration one may feel in the abstract for the work of the sixteenth-century craftsmen, one must not forget that many of their masterpieces are quite unsuited to the requirements of the modern householder.

A little later, with the fashion of *Alcoves*, came the stuffy, over-draped bed, from which the *Precieuse*—ancestress of the Pioneer—laid down literary law to her chocolate-drinking, snuff-taking, epigram-making morning guest, and then for many years the heavy four-post bedstead reigned supreme till air, more air, became the fashion, and they went out when open windows and morning tubs came in. If I really were writing an essay on beds I should no doubt have to talk about the famous iron bedstead of Og, King of Bashan, and also the celebrated "great bed of Ware," the dimensions of which would have delighted King Og, of the simple sleeping arrangements of the Iron Duke, the devices adopted by savages and also eighteenth century European belles to get sleep without destructions of elaborate coiffures, and indeed hundreds of germane matters. However, there is a bed, which as a journalist I never have quite out of my mind. It is the bed of Procrustes, the famous robber con-



A BED OF JAMES THE FIRST'S REIGN.

quered by Thesus, which fitted all his guests, since those who were too long he cut down to size, and those too short he stretched on the rack till they were long enough. To the journalist, the Editor is the Procrustes and the copy is the guest, and as I am afraid that this copy is in danger of being cut to fit, I must bring it to an end.

GRACE.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



MY mind is an absolute blank, even as blank as the piece of paper which stares at me whitely. Living down here in the country, with trees round me, downs to the right of me, sea to the left of me, it is quite impossible to realise the immense importance of frocks. However, I have a new travelling dress of my own, which will serve as a text for my sermon. It is not specially comfortable to travel in, but it looks well when I arrive at the station. It is made of grey tweed with a reversible lining, the lining being used to form the bodice, and a panel down the front of the skirt, while double basques, sleeves, and a short jacket are made of the plain stuff, and the hat, which completes the effect most becomingly, is made of felt with two quills on one side—not an entirely original trimming, by-the-way, but they answer their purpose.

Every girl who passed me this morning on the Esplanade was wearing quills in her hat; ostrich feathers not submitting amiably to the influence of the ozone in the atmosphere, these are, for the moment, relegated to the back shelves of our wardrobes, and will only be permitted to once again wave themselves aloft when we return to our beloved London in the autumn of the immediate future. So the quills are having it all their own way. Occasionally, though, these are varied by wings, but ribbon is the inevitable accompaniment of either, black ribbon, for the most part, and a very simple method of trimming a hat, which appeals to me most convincingly, is with a *ruche* of black ribbon, frilled

round the crown, with two quills asserting themselves at one side, and beneath the brim of the back a tied ribbon bow, more or less suggestive of the Toreador. This, for a Tuscan hat, with the ribbon in black, and on a black chip hat, with

the ribbon in Indian colours, is pleasing. Indian colours hold a measure of the regard of the populace feminine down here. I have seen them in *crêpe*, making a bodice to a blue crepon skirt and sleeves. I have seen them in cashmere, forming a short Zouave coat, with black silk sleeves and waistcoat to a black cloth skirt.

I am surrounded by various girls, who persist in talking whilst I am writing, and they are eternally calling out to me from the other end of the room, "How much longer are you going to be, Paulina? You are always scribbling. Why don't you come out and play tennis?" A great drawback to being considered an amiable woman is that you are sometimes expected to do something, and as a general rule, I would far rather do nothing. Not, believe me, that at the moment I have any serious objection to describing the details of these two dresses my industrious artist has sent me to adorn these pages. The one displays a gown of tussore, the hem of the skirt tucked, the sleeves and vest set into kilts, the soft

silk over-bodice outlined with holland coloured embroidery, traced with many coloured sequins. The hat is made of black chip, trimmed with ostrich feathers. The other is an evening dress of pale pink satin, the bodice and skirt with a narrow pearl embroidery, bands of guipure falling from the



A TUSSORE GOWN.



"THE TRYST."
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

décolletage, which is cut in a specially becoming shape, and finished at each corner with a large bow of deep red velvet. That a "mere man" should have so well designed costumes for the "mere woman" speaks well for the influence of

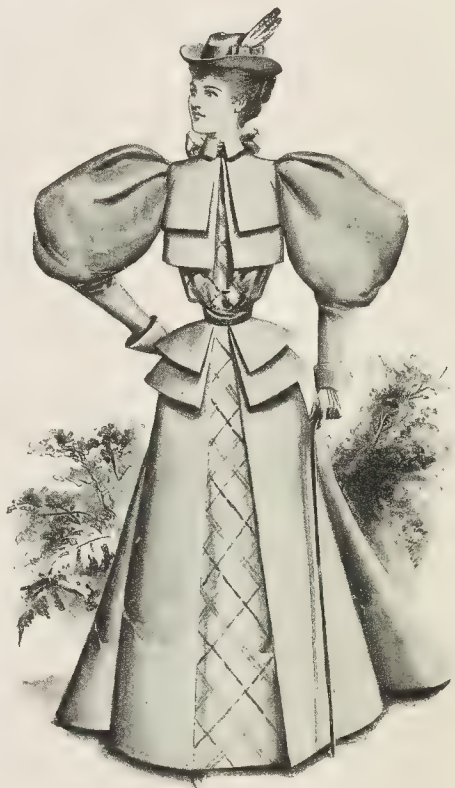


THAT PINK SATIN.

modern thought upon the masculine character, modern thought, it would appear, being all directed by woman. It is impossible to think at all, in my surroundings—girls gossiping about whether the sea is dark blue or green, recalling the fable of the chameleon, boys fidgeting with their tennis rackets, and all of them absolutely refusing to go out and play until I have joined them—and if they only knew it, they would add so materially to the beauty of the landscape, running about in their pretty frocks, these girls. They are pretty frocks, too. One of them is of light green crepon with a lawn shirt, elaborately frilled with pale yellow lace and stripes of white embroidery, a broad collar band of white ribbon, over which peep two points of the embroidery, frilled with the lace. The hat is made of Panama, with a ruche of white cocks' feathers round the crown, four white quills setting up at one side of it, while beneath the brim is a large cluster of cherries. Another girl is wearing a pale pink and white shot alpaca, with the bodice boasting braces of white embroidery buttoned with large pearl buttons, and a black chip hat, trimmed with the double ruche of black chiffon, with a black osprey standing up on one side striking the assertive note. A third girl is exploiting the charms of a silver-grey crepon with a white lawn bodice tucked from neck to waist, fastened down the front with two tiny frills of lawn edged with Valenciennes lace, with very large bishop sleeves tucked at the top, and

falling over the wrists into small bands edged with the frills. This bodice has a basque made of two frills separating at the front, and round the waist is a belt of white silk, fastened with diamond buttons, while the hat which crowns it has a straw crown and kilted frills of muslin round it, and the inevitable quills set slantwise from front to back and are fastened with a diamond button. They would form a pleasing group, those gowns, and I am longing to see them at that distance which I cannot persuade their wearers would lend enchantment to my view of them.

How vastly the manufactures of tennis shoes have improved this year! These used to be such hideous articles of attire, flat-soled and black, now they are made in Russian leather with the strap over the instep, which is invariably becoming, and provided with a rubber heel, which prevents one being absolutely graceless under their influence. I confess that when in tennis shoes I always feel either like a beetle or a burglar. The habits of civilisation are so strong upon me that to walk on my feet appears to be contrary to all the laws of propriety. The laws of propriety stand in danger of being overstepped by me, should I sit here



MY NEW TRAVELLING DRESS.

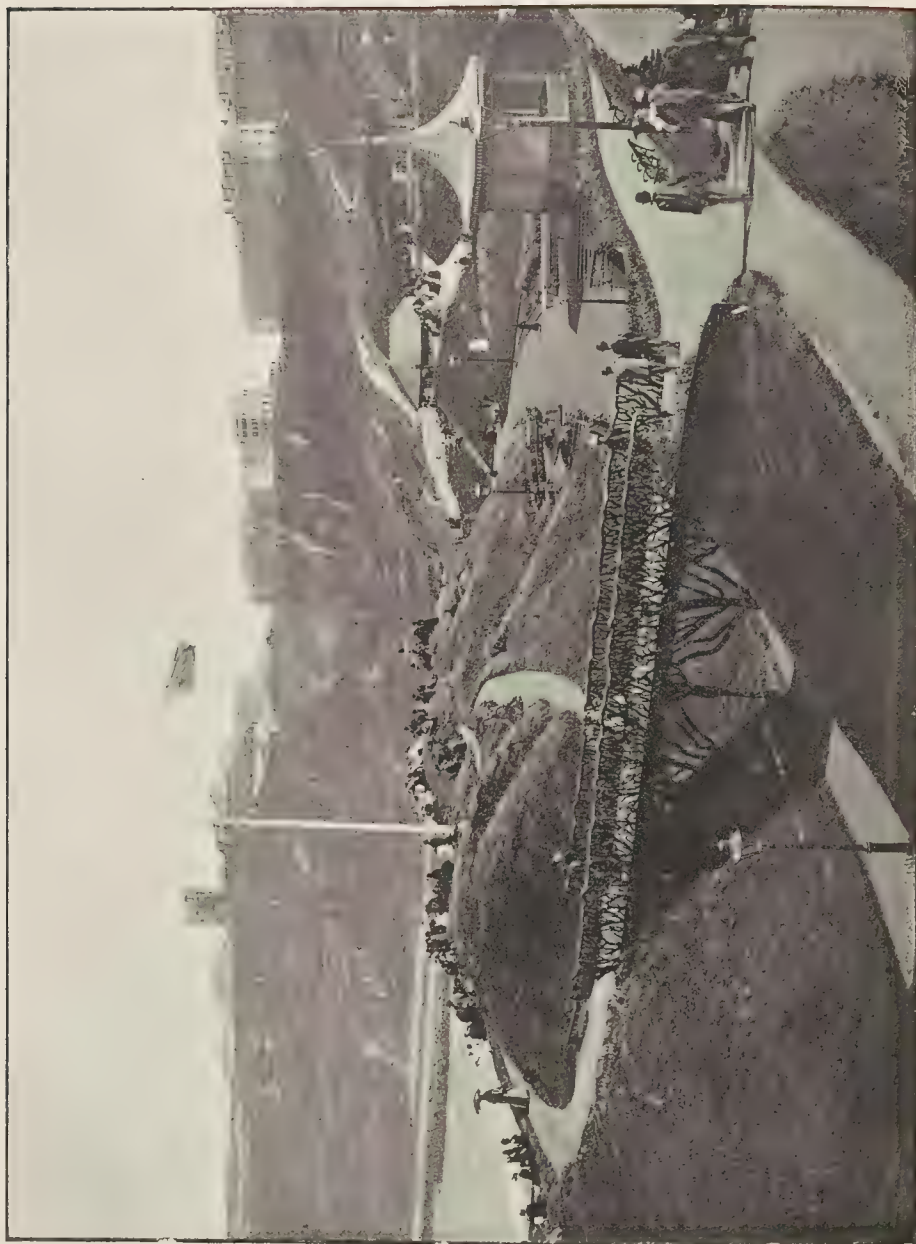
writing much longer, while these cheery persons demand I should play tennis. When will these young folks cease from troubling, and Paulina be at peace? And echo answers, "Come."

PAULINA PRY.

Scarborough and Neighbourhood.



SCARBOROUGH.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



SCARBOROUGH—NORTH BAY,
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., R.L.GATE.



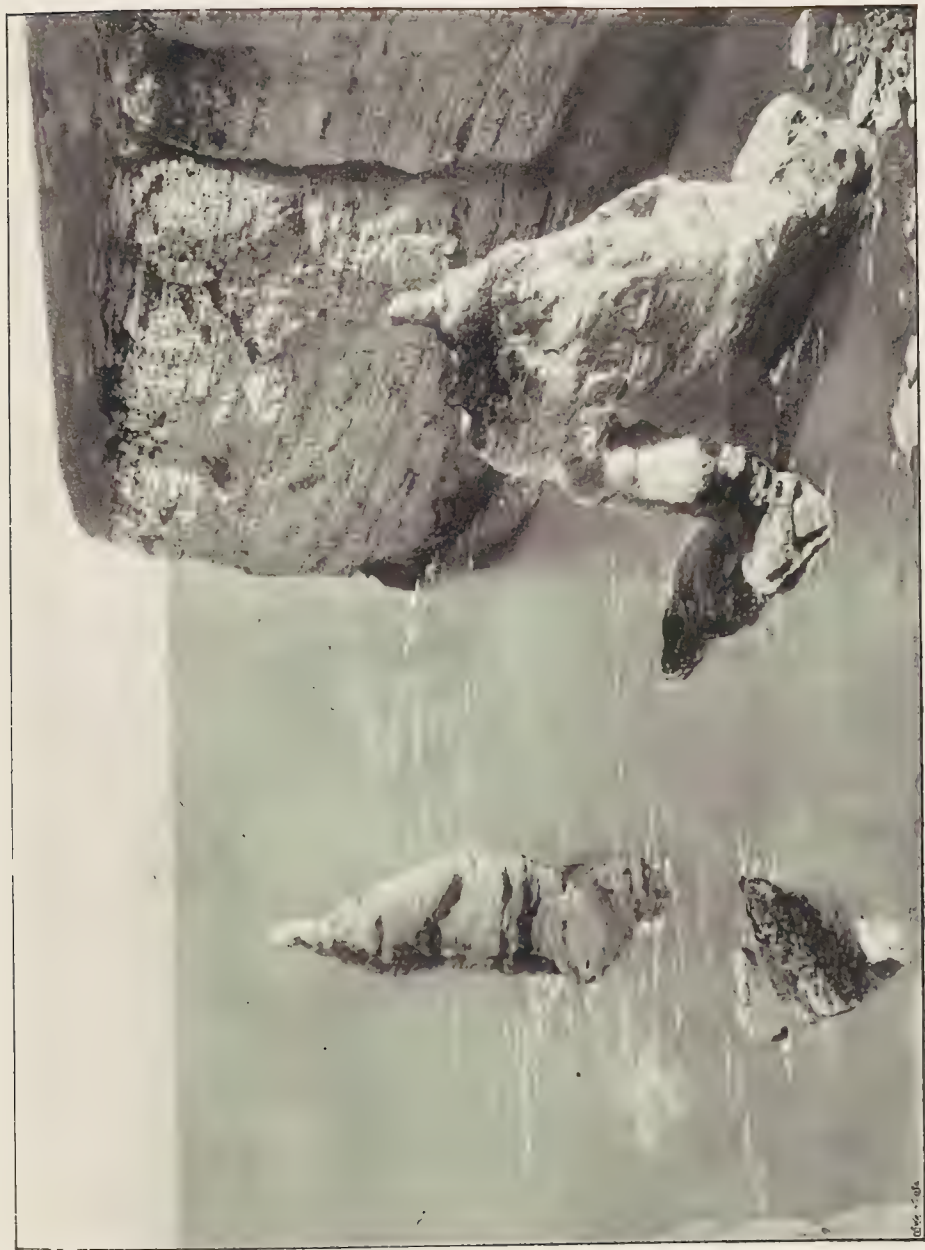
SCARBOROUGH—THE HARBOUR.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



CLIFFS AT FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



THE PIER, SCARBOROUGH
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REGENT.



THE KING AND QUEEN ROCKS,
FLAMBOROUGH HEAD. PHOTO BY
F. FRITH & Co., REGATE.



SCARBOROUGH—THE PROMENADE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



SCARBOROUGH—THE HARBOUR AND
CASTLE HILL. PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO.,
RUEIGATE.



DONKEYS AT FLAMBOROUGH.

PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



SCARBOROUGH—NORTH BAY.

PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.





THE FISHING FLEET, SCARBOROUGH.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



FILEY.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.

THE ALASKA DIVIDE, 1917, SHOWS S. 189-190



ALASKA DIVIDE

PHOTO BY K. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

Vol. II. No. 31.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY.
PHOTO BY WERNER, DUBLIN.



THE last man in town—perhaps, one should say, the only man, it is so long since the other left—is the King of the Belgians, who has been staying at the Burlington in Cork Street. His Majesty has, amongst other virtues, an inflexible habit of early rising, and amongst various matutinal meanderings a particular affection for the vegetable-haunted regions of Covent Garden. The amount of absolute hard work regularly got through by this energetic Sovereign before the breakfast hour of ordinary mortals, would make some easy-going Royalties, I could name, literally sit up.



CARLYLE'S HOUSE IN CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA
Photo by Russell & Sons.

Over six hundred people have visited Carlyle's house at Chelsea since the opening a few weeks ago, and among them I observed the names of Mr. Walter Crane, the artist, and Mr. Edward Clodd, the author; but by far the greater majority of these visitors were Americans. The house itself is intensely interesting, and the committee may be congratulated on the thoroughness with which they are carrying out the work. Upon the walls of the room in which Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle received their numerous distinguished visitors there is a little notification that Thackeray, Dickens, and a long list of other writers were visitors to the Carlyle household. Adjoining is a small breakfast-room, which was

Mr. Carlyle's study during the first few years of his residence in Chelsea, and here he wrote the "French Revolution," the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" and most of the earlier books of his London period. At the top of the house one

4 C50

Carlyle's House Memorial Trust.

Received the Sum of **One Shilling**, being the
Fee charged on Admission to **Carlyle's House, 24,
Cheyne Row, Chelsea.**

On behalf of the Trust Committee

is shown the room in which "Frederick the Great" was written; the noises, of which he so constantly complained, had driven him to this attic to produce the longest, and perhaps altogether the most important, of his works. What had originally been a mere attic was, by the aid of carpenters and builders, turned into a most admirable room. One is not only allowed to wander at will through all the rooms of the house, but even into the garden, which recalls the well-known picture by Mrs. Allingham. A print of that lady's picture of Carlyle sitting in the garden with his pipe and his cat decorates one of the walls. Of course the house will greatly increase in interest when all the promised relics are collected together. Carlyle's birthday was December 4th, and on that day of this year there is to be a formal opening which will be an occasion of singular interest.

The new book of Coleridge prose, to be published in a few weeks under the title "Anima Poetæ," has not been so long delayed by any doubt about its excellence. The poet himself rated it highly. It consists of jottings in his notebooks, made when impressions—chiefly religious impressions—were strong upon him. He even speaks of getting up in the middle of the night to make a record of thoughts which might otherwise be missing in the morning. It is one proof of the book's value that, though it has been kept these many years in manuscript, there is nothing superannuated about it, in either the thought or the expression.

But there is this curious thing to be said—that Coleridge, were he living, would certainly be accused of plagiarising Mr. Coventry Patmore. The similarity between the dead author's *Anima Poetæ*, and the living author's recently-published *Rod, Root, and Flower*, is so amazing as to make "wisdom blink posed blinks thereat." Passage by passage from the two books could be printed in the accustomed parallel columns—the same sentiment—and very rare sentiment at that; the same noble diction; the same scorn of numbers; the same appeal to the same authorities—Thomas Aquinas and Aristotle. The similarity is an easily-proved coincidence; but it is coincidence of a kind that might afford plausible excuse to the plagiarist for ever.

It used to be said in joke among the friends of Tennyson that he should pay his brothers a yearly income not to publish poems and so cheapen the Laureate's name. That was nonsense, of course; but it is quite probable that Mr. Frederick Tennyson will have a larger measure of justice

for his new book of poems than he had for those he published in the lifetime of the overshadowing poet of the family.

The brother of the last of the Laureates is nearly ninety years of age and he lives with his son, Captain Julius Tennyson, in Jersey. At Cambridge he won a gold medal for a Greek ode, and he has cared for nothing so much as for poetry all his life. Of his brother's poems, Mr. Frederick Tennyson professes a preference for *In Memoriam*, despite the line, which some might think disparaging, calling Arthur Hallam "more than my brothers are to me."

Viscountess Wolseley and her daughter have made themselves very popular in Dublin society, and their friends are most congratulatory regarding Lord Wolseley's prospective accession to the chief office in the British Army. Lady Wolseley, I need not remind my readers, is much liked by the Queen, who has also shown great interest in her daughter. The Hon. Frances Wolseley, whose portrait adorns this page, is her father's heiress. She is as "bookish" as he is, and has made a fine collection of book-plates.



THE HON. FRANCES GARNET WOLSELEY.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

Another of her interests used to be silver curios—that was at the time when trays of silver were fashionable. Miss Wolseley rides admirably, and is altogether a charming type of an English girl.

In succession to the venerable Dr. Charles Done, who recently passed away at a great age, Mr. Hugh Blair, B.A., Mus. Bac., has been appointed organist to Worcester Cathedral. Mr. Blair has acted as assistant organist for the last



MR. HUGH BLAIR, B.A., MUS. BAC.

Photo by Bennett, Worcester.

eight years with marked efficiency, and his large circle of friends are glad that he has now earned his reward. The son of a clergyman, he was educated at Cambridge, where his musical training was conducted by Dr. Stanford and Dr. Garrett, both splendid teachers, to whom Mr. Blair acknowledges his indebtedness. In 1893 it fell to young Mr. Blair to conduct the Worcester Festival, just as in a previous year Mr. G. R. Sinclair made his *début* as a conductor at Hereford. The methods of the two musicians are different, but each made a decided success before critics whose judgment was all the keener because of the memories of former holders of the *bâton* at these famous Festivals. Mr. Blair has, as yet, done little as a composer, beyond a modest cantata and a "Festal Te Deum."

A very smartly-attended wedding took place on Monday at Mallow, co. Cork, on the occasion of Mr. Henry Villiers Stuart's marriage with Miss Grace Newman. The bridesmaids' frocks were particularly pretty, white spotted muslin over satin, white picture hats and nosegays of lilies completing a very effective ensemble. Lord and Lady Bandon, and Mr. and Mrs. Longfield, were amongst the large number of friends assembled at Dromon House, Mallow, at a reception held after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Villiers Stuart afterwards left for England *en route* to Norway, where the bridegroom intends to bring his yacht for a cruise in Northern waters.

Amongst other autumn engagements a marriage has been arranged between Mr. Frank Owen, of Vancouver, eldest son of the Rev. Frank Owen, British Chaplain at Berlin, and Ida de Beauvoir, eldest daughter of Major Frederic Gosselin, late 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards.

Mr. Edward Whymper has arrived at Zermatt. Such is the bare announcement in *The Alpine Journal*, yet it is quite enough. For everybody in Switzerland knows this famous mountaineer. Was he not the first to climb the Matterhorn? Having once taken the mountain fever, you are never quite free from it. It is the most delightful and the most exhausting of all pastimes. The region where the ordinary man feels the exertion most is the heart. After a climb of a few hours that organ thumps as if it would break through the ribs. To understand how such a climb as the Matterhorn takes it out of a man, you have only to stay at Zermatt, watch the parties starting, and then study them upon their return. The guides bear it well enough—but the Londoners, who ever saw such worn, drawn, haggard faces?

The start of a large party even from such a centre as Grindelwald, where everybody climbs, never fails to arouse

I saw two starts the other day, the one wise, the other foolish—and the foolish ended disastrously. The former was from Grindelwald up the Wetterhorn, and a more business-like little party I have never seen. It comprised father, son, and daughter, all experienced mountaineers, and they took with them five guides and a porter. Everybody turned out to see this little business-like looking party, each with a serviceable-looking ice-axe, start forth to conquer the somewhat difficult Wetterhorn. Guides do not hurry. They seem to derive strength and firmness of purpose from the mountains themselves. As they begin so they end, in a slow, swinging walk, their nailed boots striking on the stones, and their eyes fixed on the ground.

The other ascent I saw was less encouraging. Two Germans started from Lauterbrunnen to ascend the Jungfrau *without* guides. This is of course in direct contravention



"HIGHLANDERS."

Photo by Reid, Wislawa.

interest. Shadowy, thick-set figures, in rough suits, and lean, brown faces have been hanging about the courtyard since dawn. They are silent fellows, these guides, and the more intelligent among them are in great request. Then the mules, their bells tinkling patter into the courtyard—generally for the use of Americans, and one by one the little parties begin the various ascents. Mountaineering is a somewhat costly enjoyment. Suppose you wish to ascend Mont Blanc. First you must get to Chamonix, and, once there, the regulations compel each traveller to take two guides at 100 francs each and one porter at 50 francs. Mont Blanc is called a *course extraordinaire* and for that ascent the guide must carry 14 lbs. of luggage. On the *courses ordinaires*, say to Montanvers, and the Mer de Glace, he must carry 24 lbs. of luggage,

of the rules laid down. All went well till they reached the rocks, when they foolishly enroped. The rest was seen by two brothers from the summit of the Jungfrau herself. No sooner had they enroped that one began to slip. He grasped the other's hand but could not hold it. He slipped further, then he began to glide, faster, faster, till his body shot over a precipice 3,000 feet deep with frightful velocity. It is surely one of the most terrible experiences of life to ascend a mountain with a friend, and to return alone, with the duty before you of explaining why you are alive and he is dead. It is usually only the foolish and foolhardy who come to grief. We are all the puppets of avalanches, if avalanches choose to fall, but apart from catastrophes of that kind mountaineering should not be much more dangerous than driving in a hansom cab in London.



"SISTERS."

PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

If St. Swithin has it all his own way in Ireland at present, the flowers at all events take advantage of his copiously damped benedictions, and a really brave display of colour at the Nenagh Flower Show on Thursday rewarded those venturesome folk who left comfortable surrounding country houses for the mild excitement in question. Lord and Lady Rosse showed up, with several members of their house party, as also did Lord and Lady Dunalley, Captain and Mrs. Poe, with their pretty daughters, Colonel and Mrs. Brereton, Captain Carroll, Colonel and Mrs. Reeves, and many besides.

A statue of William Tell and his son, designed and executed by the Swiss Artist, M. Richard Kissling, has just been unveiled at Altdorf, on the Lake of Lucerne, close to the spot where tradition affirms that the Swiss hero refused to bow to Gessler. Tell's Chapel has long been one of the



NEW STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL, AT ALTDORF, SWITZERLAND.
BY M. RICHARD KISSLING.

chief features of interest in the neighbourhood of Lucerne. The new statue is a fine, vigorous piece of work, bearing on its pedestal the inscription:—"The Swiss people to its William Tell."

By the death of Baron Tauchnitz the continental world of letters has lost one of its most considerable figures.



THE LATE BARON TAUCHNITZ.
Photo by Primm.

Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz, as a young man, founded a publishing business in Leipzig. In 1841 he inaugurated the famous "Collection of British Authors," which now numbers three thousand books. This series has remained supreme on the Continent ever since, while rival editions have come and gone. In 1877 the publisher was made a baron by the late Duke of Coburg. The Baron at all times had most friendly relations with the authors whose works he published, and he was very proud of his collection of autograph letters of Dickens, Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Macaulay, and other literary giants. Baron Tauchnitz was British Consul-General for Saxony. During the latter part of his life—he was almost seventy-nine years old when he died—a good deal of the business of the firm devolved upon his son, Baron George Tauchnitz.



BARON GEORGE TAUCHNITZ.
Photo by Höffert, Berlin.

Greetings of most Hibernian heartiness followed Lord and Lady Cadogan's entrance into Dublin, where, notwithstanding weather into which all Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavian dampness seemed collectively to enter, immense crowds of all classes showed up to welcome the new "Irish Sovereign." Major Leveson, the present D.A.A.G., headed an escort of cavalry on arrival at Westland Row. Mr. Vicars, Ulster King-at-Arms, followed, heralding the Lord Lieutenant, and accompanied by Lord Wolseley and staff. Lady Cadogan, in a tailor-made gown, sat in the first carriage with her daughter, Lady Sophia, and the Hon. William and Alexander Cadogan. The second carriage contained Lady Elizabeth Balfour, Lady Longford, Hon. Lewin and Edward Cadogan. Lord Cadogan's secretaries occupied the third, Sir William S. B. Kaye, Mr. Algy Peel, and Mr. Victor Cockran. This state entry makes a pretty show "quite equal," as a waggish Irishman remarked, "to Lord Mayor's Day" if the weather only favoured events. But in Ireland it, alas! usually does otherwise.



MISS CISSIE LOFTUS, NOW APPEARING
AT THE PALACE THEATRE. PHOTO BY
GEHRIG AND WINDEATT, CHICAGO.



SOFIA.

Illustrated by MELTON PRIOR.

THE Bulgarian capital has lately been a centre of European interest, as it often has been and is often likely to be again. Sofia lies in a somewhat dreary plain. It is certainly not an inspiring place



THE DRIVE FROM THE STATION.

and one finds nothing surprising in the fixed melancholy of every passing peasant. This is more especially remarkable outside the town, where occasional villagers may be seen trudging or riding gloomily across the plain, seemingly taking no notice either of each other or of anything else. They make their unsociability still more apparent by proceeding at a distance of several feet from each other, and no words are ever exchanged unless they are absolutely necessary. A stranger is never greeted by them, as he would be in almost any other country by the peasants.

I first remember Sofia at the time of the Russo-Turkish war, a big, straggling Turkish village, built almost entirely of wood, poverty-stricken, dirty, dilapidated. The Russians made short work of this, despite their role of "liberators." The weather was cold and they needed fires. What simpler than to pull down the houses and use them as fuel, since Providence had so thoughtfully made them of wood? At the present day there is scarcely one stone, or rather one plank, of old Sofia standing upon another. The sole exception is the gypsy quarter, near the railway station, the worst-famed and most picturesque portion of the town.

For the rest, everything is intensely modern, scarcely finished even, for the architects of modern Sofia set out

with far too large ideas of future population and purse-power even for a brand-new capital. Some day, no doubt, when Bulgaria is a great and flourishing kingdom, all these squares and boulevards will find tenants, these public gardens will be turned from moor-like wastes into flower-beds, and the Sofians will fill out to the full capacity of their over-loose garment. But that golden era still seems very far off.

Sofia had no business to be a capital at all. Tirnova is the capital of tradition, for there the Grand Sobranje meets; while Philippopolis has the advantage of both in the matter of population. It was the Russians who preferred Sofia, because they had ideas of a Balkan kingdom, embracing Serbia and Macedonia as well as Bulgaria. For this purpose the situation of Sofia would have done very well.

It is a good two-mile-drive from the railway station to the Place Alexandre, where the public gardens are bounded by the Prince's palace at one end, and the post-office on the other, with shops and hotels on either side. "Bradshaw" leads you to expect only the accommodation of a Turkish khan, but that must have been written a long time ago, for there are now several passable hotels, including the Grand Hotel Bulgarie, a German-Swiss kind of establishment, and the Hotel Boulevard, which is more Oriental in character. Attached to the Hotel Bulgarie, is the Café Restaurant Panachoff. The Café sells very decent cakes, such as are found in the ordinary German *Conditorei*, and is a fashionable resort, so far as fashion may be said to exist at Sofia. It was on coming out of this Café on the way home from a cabinet council, that MM. Stambulov and Belchev met the assassins who shot Belchev.



THE PUBLIC GARDENS. VIEW FROM THE PALACE.

It is the custom to take your room at a Bulgarian hotel by the month. Then you have a separate bill from the porter and a separate bill from the restaurant. Panachoff's is the best restaurant, but that is poor praise, and a visitor will do well to get himself elected to the Union Club, where the habit is to subscribe for lunch and dinner by the month. The club boasts of some excellent wine, purchased from time

to time from departing diplomatists. It is in the first instance a diplomatic club, but most of the well-to-do residents, the

newspaper correspondents, the ministers, and a few others belong. Until recently there were many Bulgarian officers among the members, but the gambling grew to be a scandal, and the Prince ordered them all to resign their membership. The games in highest favour there are baccarat and *écarté*, not usually for very high stakes, but it is not the habit to pay losses punctually. In the way of amusements Sofia is sadly lacking. There is a theatre, but performances are rare and amateurish. There are one or two *cafés chantants* in the town, but they are of the *beuglant* order, and the performers are mere itinerant troupes, which are accustomed to make the

the roughest ravines. The wiry little Bulgarian horses are so used to them that they cover the ground at a prodigious pace. Nothing seems to stop them in their headlong canter, but accidents are rare, and so long as you are not nervous the sensation is exhilarating. The carriages are little springless victorias, and stand any amount of rough usage. There is a horse-fair at Sofia every week, and anyone with a good eye for horseflesh may pick up wonderful bargains in the way of cobs for seven or eight pounds each.

There are practically no sights at Sofia. You are shown the Sobranje, an ugly grey building, which the practical Bulgarians let to a theatrical company now and then, when they are not sitting. There is a large portrait of Prince Ferdinand behind the President's chair, which faces the members, who are grouped round in a semi-circle. The new cathedral must be visited, and there are ceremonies of surpassing quaintness there at Easter-tide. The old mosque near the market-place wears a very deserted appearance now, for the Mohammedans are a continually decreasing body at Sofia, and they seem to have no heart to keep up their old ritual in what has now become to them a foreign land.

The street scenes are always picturesque, and it is an unending pleasure to watch the variety of barbarous costumes. The women have, not their own, but plaits of goats'-hair, "hanging down their backs." To these are attached their dowries in every conceivable kind of silver coin, dating from the earliest times to the present day. It is the frills and embroidery and feathers which fill up the *ensemble* of delightful uncivilization in the costumes. The men of Sofia are handsome, stalwart fellows, but the women, as is usual in Bulgaria, are deplorably ugly.

Sofia is a transition town between the East and the West. To which it is destined to belong remains to be seen.

V.



BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

tour of Europe. In the daytime there is still less to do. At the club in the evening there is much talk of wonderful bags of snipe in the marshes a few miles out of Sofia. These birds are very plentiful in March and April, the time of their northern migration. Many of the foreign residents and visitors, however, content themselves with long constitutional along the Constantinople road, the only decent road in Bulgaria.

A drive to neighbouring villages by country roads is, however, an experience which must not be missed. At home we should call it driving across country, for the roads are usually roads only by courtesy and often exceed in roughness



THE CATHEDRAL, SOFIA.



MR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM, PRESIDENT OF
THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

I FOUND the President, very early in the morning, in his study, in Eccleston Square. Right up to the ceiling were serried ranks of geographical books—proceedings of the Geographical Society, and of its foreign equivalents; books of travel; books on scientific geography and the use of the globes; atlases; and, indeed, all the written paraphernalia of an up-to-date geographer.

I began by asking for some biographical details, which Mr. Markham was good enough to write down on a piece of paper, while obligingly continuing to submit himself to the process of interview.

This is what he wrote: "In the Navy, 1844 to 1852. Midshipman with Arctic Expedition of 1850—51, in search of Sir John Franklin, under Commodore Austin. Left the Navy. Went out to Peru to explore the forest east of the Andes, and study the antiquities of the Incas, 1852 to 1854. Introduced the cultivation of the Cinchona (quinine plant) from South America into British India, 1859 to 1862. Geographer of the Abyssinian Expedition, 1867. Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, 1862 to 1867. Secretary to the Hakluyt Society, 1858 to 1886. President of the Royal Geographical Society, 1893. President of the Hakluyt Society, 1890. Translated and edited many old voyages and travels for the Hakluyt Society. Author of 'Travels in Peru and India,' 'History of the Abyssinian Expedition,' 'Missions to Thibet,' 'Memoir on the Indian Surveys,' 'Life of John Davis,' 'Life of Columbus,' 'Life of Major Rennell,' 'History of Peru,' 'Threshold of the Unknown Region,' etc., etc."

"Was that the only instance of a Polar Expedition being undertaken by the Royal Navy?" I asked.

"On the contrary, in the old days every Polar Expedition was undertaken by Government." And Mr. Markham began to roll off rapidly from memory a long string of dates and names, beginning with 1770 and going on to 1818, to Sir John Franklin's expedition and the various relief expeditions which it entailed, to Sir E. Parry's three voyages and the rest of them. "Such expeditions," he said, "ought in all cases to be naval. These private expeditions might be all very well—and in many cases, no doubt, they are thoroughly genuine—but, however well endowed, they can never be conducted on anything like the scale that is possible for Government. Say you send out eight men on a private enterprise, how can you expect them to accomplish anything like what you would get from an expedition of a hundred and fifty men with all the resources of the State to back them up? And then in the case of these private expeditions, you have really no guarantee that the explorers possess adequate knowledge. Even when they come back with very striking pieces of information, you cannot rely upon them in the same way that you would upon the information presented to you by fully qualified Government experts."

"Your society, I believe, provides intending explorers with facilities for studying the art of exploration?"

"Certainly. I am convinced that we perform some very useful service in that way. We are always very glad to put any intending traveller, whoever he may be, on the right track for learning how to make his travels useful. We have arranged with Kew Gardens, for instance, to give botanical instruction. We have arranged elsewhere for instruction in making maps, in photography, in geology, and all the rest of it. The fee in each case is five shillings an hour, out of which the Geographical Society pays half-a-crown. Any one may come and avail himself of these privileges; and all sorts of persons do. We have traders, missionaries, travellers for pleasure, and travellers for profit, etc. And I am bound to say I think we do at least show people the quickest way to set about making themselves practical travellers. They don't always give us a fair chance, though. Again and again a man comes to us and says:—'I am starting off travelling, and I want to learn all about everything in three weeks.' Now, with the best intentions and capacity, you can only get a very poor sort of smattering in so short a time as that."

"What is the least time you consider necessary to fit a man in that way?"

"It all depends on his sharpness and previous education. I should say the average public school and university man could learn enough for practical purposes in six months; but it would, of course, be better if he could devote a year."

"Tell me something about your experiences of Peru and Abyssinia."

"In Peru my investigations were chiefly historical, and I must refer you for the result of them to my history. But incidentally I went through all sorts of very interesting experiences. You know there is still an immense quantity of the globe which has been most imperfectly explored, and anyone with leisure and activity might do far worse than go out and see what there is to be found in the centre of South America. As to Abyssinia, my work was chiefly geographical. I used to fix the latitude, and so forth. Our Quartermaster-General really didn't know very much about that."

"What result do you anticipate from the recent Geographical Congress?"

"What would please me most would be that it should set afoot an Antarctic expedition. There is an immense amount to be discovered at the South Pole, and we are practically in the dark about a great deal which we really ought to know. We had a great many interesting discussions, the result of which it is still rather too soon to speculate upon. Yes, there is a man who talks of going to the North Pole in a balloon, but what can I say about that, for I really know nothing about ballooning? He seems a plucky fellow, and he has got money, so we are pretty sure to hear of his starting. But one has heard so many proposals for making short cuts to the Pole that one is bound to view them all with more or less scepticism. To my thinking the best chance of practical results is a properly equipped Government expedition. The question of reaching the Pole is not in itself of moment, but the exploration of the whole region is well worth all the risks and dangers which it entails."

Mr. Markham's is a peculiarly fascinating personality. He combines the sailor's traditional bluff good humour with the polish and interest of a well-bred and highly-educated man. He has a keen sense of humour, and there are few more agreeable experiences than that of passing half-an-hour in his fascinating society.

H. V.



MR. CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, C.B.,
F.R.S., F.S.A., PRESIDENT OF THE
ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE DECAY OF THE WALKING TOUR.

CARLYLE once committed himself to the statement that to-day is not yesterday; but the excellent man was not speaking of walking tours. The same may be said for Matthew Arnold, when he surmised that "change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men." Whether that "tranquil strength" was best displayed in a walking tour may well remain an open question; but certain is it that the to-day of recreation, so far as it concerns those ambling migrations which were beloved of our youth, is very different from the yesterday. It may be that the bicycle has dealt the "mere walk" a blow from which it will never recover. It may be that the tide of the years has carried away those excesses of energy which once moved us to sustained rambles. But whatever the solution, the fact is indisputable. The walking tour is dead, and its friends have forgotten even the intoxication of its wake.

These things being so plain, it may be urged that it is late in the day to defend a forgotten game. I am very strongly of the opinion, however, that we shall live to see a renaissance of the mere walk. It is all very well to urge the superiority of the cycle over the legs when touring is to be done, but that superiority is by no means above contention. For the matter of that, there are very few cyclists who know how to tour at all. The speed begotten of pneumatic tyres and wooden rims has knocked the glory out of the pastime. Men desire rather to cover the ground than to have acquaintance of the country. If they can show an average speed of fifteen miles an hour on their indicators their hearts are filled with a great joy. They would despise any distance under a hundred miles; and as for stopping because of beauty in the landscape, like Betsy Prig, they scorn the imputation. Was not the bicycle built to develop that parabolic shaping of the back, which is as much the pride of the wheelman as are the bowed legs of the jockey? Pretty country is all very well for the washerwoman of Finchley Common, but your athlete has no such feminine cravings. He thirsts for the dust; he studies the work of the late Master Macadam, and he flatters himself that he knows what a road should be.

I do not attempt to deny for a moment that a bicycle properly used is a finer instrument for the purposes of the tourist than any other. Yet even if this be granted, the walker has advantages which no cycle can supplant. Let us suppose that a man desires really to see the whole beauty of a county so near to us as Surrey. Well, his machine will take him along the high roads. If he be one of the Ripley band, he will declare readily that he knows Surrey by heart, though his longest walk has been to the village pump, and his Ultima Thule inland is the river Wey. The walker, on the other hand, burdened only with a knapsack, will be content to get his knowledge of the village pump from the guide-book. His business is with the woodlands and the

commons. He prefers the grass to the dust; the path of the brook to the traditions of Macadam. Distance is less an object than the search for solitude and the health of the heights. The stability of pneumatics does not trouble him nor the sit of saddles. He abhors a destination and cares little for the welcome of the inn.

If the walking tour is ever to be revitalised, we must look, I think, abroad, for the scene of its new popularity. A few devoted spirits still walk the Ardennes; many men continue to prefer their feet to the railway-carriage in Switzerland. The ardour of these is not likely to be damped by railways up the Jungfrau or by schemes for throwing you to the top of the Matterhorn. The very fact that railways have contributed to the degradation of the people in many centres is the apology of the walking tourist for his existence. No other sees a country as he sees it. No victim of party, conducted or disorderly, has a half of his knowledge or his enjoyment. He is Bohemian in the best sense of the word; the unflinching enemy of the coupon and the trip.

I have always thought that a man who would enjoy a walking tour must be content for the moment to leave civilization at the cross-ways, and to go to his work unencumbered with the gewgaws of culture. He will know nothing of the finer pleasures of a walk if he must be thinking of his portmanteau, which he forwarded—he does not quite remember where—a week ago. The whole purpose of the tour is destroyed if the rambler thirst for the joys of hotels and the miseries of *petites soirées musicales*. A good knapsack, well ventilated and properly strapped upon the shoulders, should contain all that a walker requires in a tour of a fortnight or even longer. If it be his object to conclude his tour at some fashionable centre, he may be forgiven if he forwards a Gladstone to that centre. But from that moment he has ceased to be a nomad; he has put off the old man by the very act of putting on the new coat. All that contributes to the nomad's necessities will go in a knapsack.

All said and done, there is nothing cheaper than a walking tour. I heard a man boast the other day that he had walked through Switzerland for six francs a day, and had lived well the whole time. It is quite possible to ramble in the heart of the Ardennes for weeks, at an outside cost of thirty-five shillings a-week. That these things are not possible in this country must be laid to the charge of the cyclist and his touring clubs, which have converted the village inn-keeper and swelled his banking account. Years ago the inn-keeper in question charged sixpence for a tea, and apologised for the sum; but the touring club soon altered all that. "We are the disciples of economy," said the members, "and your sixpence for tea is very dear; henceforth you must charge a shilling." The good man promptly responded to their call. Tour where you will, the warmest welcome is still to be found at an inn; but the term "warm" is to be applied vulgarly to the bill. MAX PEMBERTON.



"THE SQUIRE'S PONY," BY JAMES HARDY.
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THE theatrical season opens to-night with Mr. Willard's production, at the Garrick Theatre, of the much paraphrased American play, "Alabama," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Mr. Thomas began writing plays when a



MR. E. S. WILLARD, NOW APPEARING IN "ALABAMA" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photo by Savory, New York.

mere boy, his first piece, entitled "Alone," having been produced when he was only sixteen. It was followed by a play written round the Mississippi floods, and by a farcical comedy. His first work of distinction was called "A Man of the World," and had a long run at the Maddison Square Theatre, New York, where "Alabama" subsequently proved a great success. His most recent drama, "The Capitol," deals with political and social life in Boston. It will be interesting to see whether an English audience will assent to the approval pronounced on "Alabama" by Americans.

Miss Marion Terry will support Mr. Willard for the first time. It is twenty-two years since she made her first stage appearance, when she was Ophelia at Manchester. Since that she has had a long experience in all sorts of plays, notably in "Dan'l Druce," and other of Mr. Gilbert's prose dramas, "The Magistrate," "Little Lord Fauntleroy,"

"Lady Windermere's Fan," "Sunlight and Shadow," and "Liberty Hall."

Mr. Wilfred Clarke, although unable to furnish us with masterpieces in "A Youngster's Adventures," and "New York Divorce," at the Strand Theatre, is an extremely clever comedian, as might be expected of the son of John S. Clarke. He was born in 1867 at Philadelphia, and was educated partly in Paris and partly in London, where he attended Dulwich College, founded by Edward Alleyne, the actor. Then he went to sea, and after becoming fourth officer adopted the stage as his profession. He is a great favourite in America.

Mr. Arthur Helmore, who has also been in the cast at the Strand, has, perhaps, a unique experience of the long run system, for he played the part of the Private Secretary close on two thousand times. Although Mr. Penley was the simple curate in London, it was really Mr. Helmore who created the part. He has only recently got his chance in town, having appeared in "The New Boy" and "The Ladies' Idol," but I can never dissociate him from the Rev. Robert Spalding. I think I hear him say in his quavery voice—"I have had naught to eat all day save a lozenge," and I fancy I see him under the burden of hat-box and shawl.



MR. E. S. WILLARD AS CYRUS BLENKARN IN "THE MIDDLEMAN."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Benefit of the Doubt," which is to be produced at the Comedy Theatre next month, will number new recruits to the company in Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Esme Beringer, and Miss Henrietta Lindley.

Mr. Charles Hannan is dramatising Marion Crawford's novel, "A Cigarette Maker's Romance." So far as the time unity is concerned, this very clever book is an ideal novel to dramatise, for the action covers only thirty-six hours; but the story seems somewhat too psychological to make much of on the stage.

Miss Adrienne Dairolles has gone back to America to play the part of Mercedes in "The Fatal Card."

Mr. Owen Hall, who has come into violent collision with Mr. William Archer, is credited with the intention of taking Japan as the background of his next Gaiety burlesque.

Miss Fortescue has proved a success in South Africa, from whence, by-the-way, Miss Jennie Lee has returned after an absence abroad of five years. She intends to let English audiences once more sympathise with "Jo."

Sir Augustus Harris is to produce at Covent Garden the late Benjamin Godard's opera "La Vivandière," with the libretto supplied by M. Henri Cain, who told the story of "La Navarre." Like that opera it deals with a military incident. A marquis, at the time of the Revolution of 1794, takes the side of the Royalists, while his son is an enthusiastic Republican. Thereby hangs the tale. Madame Calvé will be the Vivandière.

The operatic season which Mr. Hedmont proposes to begin at Covent Garden next month will last at least our weeks, and if successful will be extended. Among English artists engaged are: Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Ben Davies, and Miss Alice Esty.

A friend of mine was crossing one of the Swiss lakes a few days ago when he recognized on board the steamer the familiar features of Mr. George Grossmith. The light tourist suit and grey deer-stalker failed to disguise the genial humourist, as he incessantly talked, laughed, and joked.

Mr. Grossmith might say, with little Miss Minchin, "I am so volatile," for he was hardly still two minutes. He kept his party roaring with laughter, and seemed in the merriest of moods. I don't know if the public will presently hear from Mr. Grossmith a comic account of travelling on the Continent,

but, at any rate, he was observing very carefully the manners and customs of the tourist.

Instead of the piano, which is usually his inseparable companion, Mr. Grossmith had a camera, which is rather more portable, and less expensive as luggage in Switzerland. Busy men such as he always enjoy a holiday to the full. I remember hearing of Mr. J. L. Toole playing a practical joke on one of these Swiss steamers. Mimicking an official's voice, he called out, "All Cook's tourists can have a glass of sherry if they will step below!" Of course there was a general stampede, followed by a disappointment, for, needless to say, there was no such generous entertainment. Mr. Toole innocently gazed at the blue lake, and knew nothing of the matter! Later on, he invited similarly all Gaze's tourists to step below, and again there was a rush. At least, so the story goes.

Mr. George Edwardes' "An Artist's Model" Company starts a lengthened autumn tour beginning at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, to-day, after which it proceeds to America. The Company includes Misses Louise Beaudet, Winifred Dennis, Ethel Hope, Violet Lloyd, Lolor Shiel, and Alice Selwyn; Messrs. E. W. Garden, William E. Philp, Percy E. Marshall, Bert Has-

lem, Milroy Cooper, and Fred Wright, Junr. Solo dances are entrusted to Miss Margaret Fraser. Mr. Edwardes is to present to every member of the audience present on each Monday evening throughout the tour a Souvenir containing illustrations of the principal characters.



MISS MARION TERRY. NOW APPEARING IN "ALABAMA" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



WHEN Kingsley quaintly asked the British tourist:

Why go gallivanting
With the nations round?

he surely had the lake scenery of his native land in mind. For if any spot at home might well be advanced as substitute for the roses and rapture of a holiday abroad—that region so beloved of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge might well put forth its ample claim of beauty. Lakeland in England is, indeed, an exquisite corner of Nature's landscape. Mountain, loch, and valley, grouped in charming detail, and if, perhaps, with less sublimity than in other lands, their very smallness is so perfectly proportioned, that the most experienced globe-trotter must yield to the glamour this miniature paradise throws on all who turn their steps towards its verdant glades and fern-clothed hillsides. When October tints of crimson and sienna stain the bracken-covered fells with an added glory of browning oak-leaves, and purple-hued hazels lend infinite variety to the scene, lakeland is, indeed, a feast of form and colour. Windermere, owing to the sylvan character of its shore, is radiant with brilliant greenery during early summer, while in winter, the sportsman following otter hound, or harrier, might well feel compensated even for an "empty run" by the loveliness which accompanies him at every step. Around Windermere, the lower hills have the true Westmoreland gloss on them, and, forming a sort of dress-circle beyond, are a noble range of fells showing, as I write, in all their autumn sheen of purple heather. Conistone Old Man is one side; Dow Crag, bold and graceful, on its left; Helvellyn due north; and the lake itself is draped to the very water's edge with a flowing drapery of many-coloured greenery, broken here and there by strips of shining silver strand. The sway of such quiet beauty might well have held the poet when he wrote of the "peace that kisses Windermere." When Rydal Water first appears through a thick foreground of foliage, while over the hills in front the humps of Crinkle Crag show greyly, no more alluring vista can be imagined. A rock on the left of the road, approached by natural steps, which is called Wordsworth's Seat, was a favourite spot of the poet's, and farther on Nab Cottage is seen, once the quiet home of Hartley Coleridge. It seems a pity that indiscriminate private speculators in quarrying and otherwise, should be permitted in this ideal spot, but the enterprising vandal has now and then left his mark unfortunately in Lakeland, though the District Defence Society has happily prevented many contemplated sacrileges of scenery. Thirlmere, because of its narrowness is more a "river-lake" than any of its fellows, and is, in fact, nearly cut in two by projecting necks of land. A bridge spans them now which leads to Armboth, and deliciously shady roads skirt the lake to rise abruptly through a wooded

knoll on reaching the summit, of which a superb view enchants the traveller, Saddleback, with keen razor-like edges, backing the "narrow valley of St. John." One side of Helvellyn, deeply scored with cataracts, particularly after rain, forms strong contrast at this shore of Thirlmere to its softer beauties on the other; while such unrelieved wildness as that of Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvellyn, seem the more impressive when a ridge shutting off Keswick is surmounted, and its smiling, fertile valley lies before the pedestrian, with lovely Derwentwater in the middle distance. Of all the good things to fill the eye and satisfy every sense of beauty in this well-endowed district, Derwentwater takes first place. Its breadth and grandeur take one's admiration by storm at the first glance. Here, again, steep crags rise beside fairy glens, and woods of waving foliage slope down in feathery greenness to its shores. As if to accentuate these fair surroundings, well-wooded islets break the level of the lake, their oval outlines in perfect conformity to the faultlessness with which nature planned this perfect scene. St. Herbert was domiciled in ancient days on the island which bears his name, the remains of whose ancient cell reward the antiquarian's research. From Lord's Isle, a thousand years later, Lady Derwentwater left the family mansion to petition for the life of her rebel lord who led a forlorn hope in 1715. Traces of the castle are still shown on the island, while Derwent Isle itself is the present residence of a north country landowner. Wood and purple crag bedeck the tall fells that rise grandly from one to three thousand feet—those "mountains loud with streams," of which the poet speaks so fondly, surrounding Ambleside. Wordsworth's house at Rydal Mount is also in this district. Here he lived from 1817 to 1850. Loughrigg Fell, though only 1,000 feet above Ambleside, affords in miniature all the joys of actual mountain climbing with delightful alternations of crag and soft turf. Lovely rambles up surrounding halcyon heights may also be obtained at Wansfell Pike and Troutbeck, in whose vicinity hospitable old-world inns are met with, bearing such seductive names as "Traveller's Rest" and "Mortal Man." He who abides at Ambleside should on no account miss the jaunt to Jenkin Crag, where from a natural platform of rock, fairy visions of verdant Brathay and Rothay valleys unfold before the pilgrim's delighted gaze. Wastwater, wild and sombre as other lakes at hand are soft and sylvan, gives the last touch of variety to Lakeland. Sublimity is the keynote of Wastwater and when its surface is lashed into storm, so wild that its mid-water sends spray hundreds of feet above, nothing more awesome than the surrounding scene can be imagined. Winter is, perhaps, the special season, therefore, of Wastwater, for then also russet tints of withered bracken, contrasting with the crags around, must wake all that is left of veneration in the most careless century-end constitution. Ulleswater, with its three greatly varying reaches, possesses endless fascination. An inexpressible beauty, indeed, lies over the English Lakeland, the charm of which no words—not even a poet's—can adequately convey.



WHEN the wind is southerly, Hamlet knows a hawk from a hernshaw. It is a knowledge I greatly envy, for blow the wind whither it listeth, I can scarce tell a thrush from a blackbird. This shameful ignorance may account for the extraordinary silence of the birds in the country place where I spent a fortnight lately. Expecting to be wakened early by all the stir and melody of bird life, I slept till my usual town hour (too disgraceful to be mentioned), and was astonished to find that not a single tree had a twitter in it from morn till eve. After some days of this puzzling stillness I perceived a bird on a twig and tried to open a conversation. I whistled, and produced that peculiar inward smack of the lips which is supposed to indicate friendliness and even endearment to anything in feathers. The bird sat on his twig in silence, with his head on one side and a rather scornful glitter in his eye. I persevered till I nearly dropped with exhaustion; and then the bird uttered a kind of satirical "Peep—peep" and flew away. When you have nearly lost the natural use of your mouth by smacking it inwardly a long time, this contemptuous treatment from a chaffinch (I didn't know that it actually *was* a chaffinch, but only a bird of that name could have acted thus), you begin to suspect that you are not fit for feathered society. Certainly, the stillness was so marked that I could only suppose the bird world to be indignant at the intrusion of a strange biped who didn't know one plumage from another.

Such a rebuke was depressing. There was no comfort in quotations. What was the use of "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," when it didn't sing? Why exclaim with Shelley,

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,

That all the world would listen, as I am listening now,

when there was nothing to listen to? Besides, the madness that flows from lips distorted by that inward smack is apt to be discordant and even profane. There was nothing for it but to enlighten my darkened soul on the subject of birds. Hence the reverent study I have given to Mr. Graham's volume, which I chose because a book written for juvenile bird-nesters treated the theme, so to speak, *ab ovo*. Moreover, Mr. Graham desires to cure the thoughtlessness of the average boy; and seeing that, in all which pertains to birds and animals, the average boy is, by comparison with me, a perfect sage, the prescription came most providentially to my address. Perhaps I am a little surprised at the credit which Mr. Graham gives to boys for possible virtue. He is sure that very few of them ever do ill to birds with deliberate intent. They have only to be told how sweet and lovely it is to combine bird-nesting with the finest charity, and they will be thoughtless no more. For instance, when they notice a nest in a

hedgerow, they will reflect that any disturbance of the leaves, or any footprints near the spot, will guide the "unscrupulous youth," who thinks of nothing but the brutal delight of harrying the nest. So the thoughtful, though average boy, will carefully cover up his footprints, and arrange the twigs as he found them. He will take only one egg from the nest, or only one young bird, and, if he wants a number of eggs, he will make a judicious and humane collection from various nests.

I want to see the average boy trained to this standard of good conduct; but, unhappily, Nature sets him a poor example. The cuckoos lay eggs in their neighbours' nests, and the young cuckoo, when he emerges from the shell, promptly ejects his fosterbrothers and breaks their necks. It is a tragic farce which, I fear, is likely to beget cynicism in the average boy's mind. Nor will he be much edified by the private life of the owl. That bird casts up food he cannot digest; and a German naturalist who analysed this deposit discovered that the owl had consumed, amongst other things, nearly sixteen hundred shrews! His indigestion is easily understood; but this Petruchio, who has devoured many Katherines, is actually treated by the farmer as an enemy, reputed to have a nefarious taste for pheasants and other valuable property. There is no end to this injustice; and I am afraid that the benevolent Mr. Graham's enthusiasm about the joy of keeping tame owls will not hide the brutal truth from the average boy.

That youngster will not enter into the fantasy of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's book, though it treats of boyhood's happy hour. The method of serving up childhood's impressions with the sauce of the artist makes rather an incongruous dish sometimes. I do not believe in Mr. Grahame's small boy when he leaves the delights of playing at lions, to tell us "that the air was wine, the moist earth-smell wine, the lark's song, the wafts from the cow-shed at the top of the field, the pant and smoke of a distant train—all were wine or song, was it? or odour, this unity they all blent into?" This is distinctly too precious for master Tommy. On the other hand, Mr. Grahame has so much humour, so much delicacy and charm, that any complaint from the average boy's standpoint seems ungrateful. Mr. Grahame's children are not children at all: they are creatures of his fancy. When the uncle, who is disliked, turns up trumps with half-crowns all round, and his nephews and nieces, to do him honour, re-christen the pig which was already christened after the curate, and the eldest remarks, "You can save up the curate for the next litter!" the average boy is simply stupefied by the unlikeness of this witticism to the operations of his mind. Or do I know as little about average boys as I know about birds? L. F. AUSTIN.

"Country Pastimes for Boys." By P. Anderson Graham. Longmans

"The Golden Age." By Kenneth Grahame. John Lane,



GRIEVANCES.

THERE has never been any adequate offer of sympathy to children in their daily grievances. Men and women have been eager to profess pity for the "first sorrow," and there have been pictures painted to commemorate the death of the cage-bird—which seemed the prettiest form for first sorrow to take in the fine arts. But to the child the words would be a kind of irritation. He knows perfectly well that the loss of a bird is no child's first grief, that there have been earlier griefs in plenty, and that besides griefs there have been daily grievances, not to be evaded, for they were part of the order of the world into which the child was born.

For these there is little pity. Yet but one amongst them—the discipline of education—is no small burden to lay upon that whole little nation of childhood which nature had seemed to make free. There is no servitude more complete. Slaves have more liberty and more leisure than children in the years of their schooling. It would not be permitted to men to put such an oppression upon men as must be endured by boys in the years when liberty seems most certainly a necessary condition of life, when will is as yet hardly strong enough to make the perpetual act of submission to perpetual control.

Never to be master of half a day (for holidays are comparatively brief, and even in holidays the boy is not set free with a perfect freedom), to have the continuous task of life measured by the hour of work and varied only not interrupted, by the lesson, to have the playground itself subject to law, does not seem a hard fate in elderly eyes. Nor would it be so to many a man if he might give his responsibility in exchange for it. But work is altogether unnatural to a young child. It does him endless violence. He does not know how to sacrifice his will, and therefore his will is taken from him by force.

He is compelled, as no man is compelled; for even in the mines, it is to be presumed, the convict works, as it were, with the inevitable. The child may complain less, and he has never thought of resisting; but he is, notwithstanding, the subject of a violence more external to himself than the full-grown serf endures.

But apart from the absolute law that constrains all that the boy shall do, there is the ceaseless small refusal that contradicts his innumerable wishes. It is as though there were a kind of chronic "No," that formed the background of life, and were always at hand for the denial of the most obvious desires. To this the child is never internally reconciled. This, too, does him continual violence. He never learns to expect it, though it hardly surprises him when it proves to be unfailingly there.

For instance, the young child who asked, "Please, may I

have two chokes of your cigarette?" might have known, if mere experience were to weigh with him, that his desire would be denied. He asked for chokes by name, quite candidly; he knew exactly what the cigarette would do. Maternal tyranny itself was not better informed. But he asked with all confidence. If he could endure the pleasures which he thus confessed, why could not his parents allow him to endure them? He asks with freshness of persistency and with unwearied hope, but when the inevitable refusal befalls, he is not surprised.

Things, as well as people, are hard on the child. His elders know the properties of matter and the chances of life; to him they are not only arbitrary, but arbitrary in an unexpected manner. He knows no precedents. He learns the law of gravitation, it is true, so soon that it becomes an old friend or foe to him, at an age when it might seem that nothing could be old to him, he being so new. But other things, amongst them being the aloofness of natural things from his affairs, are as fresh to him and as unexpected as the "No" of his owners, masters, and controllers. The disappointments that come about from causes that have no known history are not light to bear. Nor does anyone think it worth while to console him for the working of the laws of nature, which is a condition of the world, grown so commonplace in adult eyes as to be forgotten.

Someone has had the good nature to pity the child for the pranks of human spelling; but these were Reformers, and it must be suspected that they made use of his trouble to decorate their reform. The spelling of English unreformed is doubtless a grievance, but it is not nearly such a grievance as the dates of the History of England, for example. The reformers seem to imagine that the child is as logical as an average Frenchman, and expects his spelling-book to show a certain system. As a matter of fact, nothing would be so much thrown away upon a child as system. He learns one word without any connexion whatever with another. All his acts of learning are new and separate; they depend much more upon visual memory than upon any other power. This being so, he is much less distracted than reformers would have us believe by the fact that "rough" and "bough" are spelt alike; they are single and independent words to him, and his eyes learn them apart.

Thus the poor child is credited with a grievance which is not in his character, and he is made useful for the purposes of destruction. But his innocent acceptance of all the rest gets little praise. That he must needs surrender all his liberty, or rather must have it wrested from him, is obvious enough, but why not make for him a little virtue of that hard necessity? All the more as he does not make one for himself.

ALICE MEYNELL.

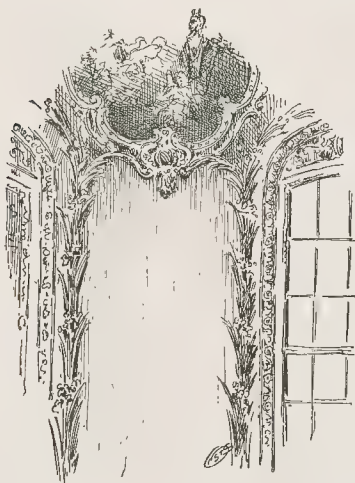


MADLINE, DAUGHTER OF MAJOR THE
HON. EDWARD BOURKE. FROM THE
PICTURE BY A. STUART WORTLEY. ON
VIEW IN THE "FAIR CHILDREN" EXHIBITION
AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.



ON many occasions have women made notable sacrifices of their treasures when in a state of enthusiasm.

Not a few friends of mine wear little or no jewellery, because during the Franco-German war they cast their trinkets into the common treasury for the defence fund. I also know Southern women who, during the fearful fratricidal strife in America, gave all they had of luxury to furnish supplies for the gallant Confederate soldiers. If one turns to history the instances are many—so many and notorious, that to enumerate them would be wearisome. The earliest, the only one that I mean to mention, is simply recorded in the text: "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling,



MIRROR BETWEEN WINDOW AND DOOR IN THE HOTEL DE VILLARS.

which assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation." The "laver," of course, was the washing bowl or trough, placed outside the tabernacle and used for the cleansing of the priests and of the sacrifices. Really it is touching to think that the daughters of Israel gave up their looking-glasses for the sake of aiding in the glory of the tabernacle; did even the penitents of Savanorola go so far? For, from time immemorial, the mirror has been the most precious of women's treasures.

Of course, water was the earliest kind of looking glass. Whether the learned, who pretend that the reflections in the water aided the visions of dreams in suggesting to uninspired races the idea of immortality, were

right, for an excellent reason I do not pretend to say. Certainly the picture which led Narcissus to ruin, and caused the catastrophe of the dog in the fable, must have been the only mirror in use till after the days of Tubal-Cain—I do not tie myself down to the geologists' views of "bronze age," etc. Afterwards, of course, polished metals became the ladies' delight. It is from Pompeii that we have some of the best specimens of the metal reflectors, often, but not always, flat.



OLD MIRROR, MADE ENTIRELY OF GLASS.

What was the kind used by Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse, save that it was doubtless concave, is a question which, like the nature of the song of the Sirens, or the name borne by Achilles when he lived in the ladies' boarding-school, must remain unanswered. By-the-way, was the Achilles episode the real original of the idea on which is based, *inter alia*,

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown"?

Glass was not used, so far as I can learn, for mirrors till the fourteenth century, nor, till the seventeenth, were they made in England. The cracks and bullet-hole in the pretty mirror, depicted above, which, seeing its style of decoration, probably came from Venice—for the Queen of the Adriatic was pioneer in the manufacture of glass mercury and tinfoil mirrors—tells a tragic story. The mirror is in an old English country house, and resembles some you may



CARVED WOOD MIRROR, 1719.

see in Hampton Court. It masks the entry to a tiny concealed room, hardly bigger than the cage used as a prison by Louis XI., or those in which the Chinese

sometimes put prisoners. This retreat was probably built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as a refuge for persecuted priests. During the dreadful war between King and Commonwealth, the head of the house, who was on the losing side, took refuge in this retreat after the battle

drawing-room. The plain, flat surface has no element of beauty, and the idea that the use gives a delusive appearance of size is a poor pretext. For my part, I would promptly do away with the console table when it has a mirror on top, and with over-mantels also, if they have looking-glass panels. Why



HAND-MIRRORS FROM POMPEII, HERCULANEUM, AND THEBES.

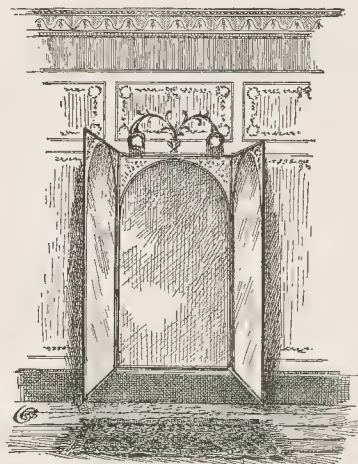
of Naseby. The Roundheads searched the house vainly for prisoners, and did great damage to the pictures and furniture. However, at last they were on the point of departure, to the joy of the mistress, when the chief, noticing the mirror, which to him presented no pleasant picture, bade one of his men destroy the "vain snare," the "stumbling block." The soldier fired at it, the lady gave a shriek, and in mad, thoughtless fear, rushed to the mirror, pressed the bifurcated leaf on the bottom left-hand corner, and the hiding place was disclosed! The luckless husband had not been injured by the bullet, which had stuck in the heavy lead lining.

It is curious that so little has been done really to develop the use of the mirror. Go into the dressing-room, even of a fashionable woman—what will you find? Probably a duchesse dressing-table, with the glass that reaches almost to the ground; there will also be a glass let into the door of the wardrobe, thereby ruining the appearance of the furniture, yet giving little aid. In addition, you may find a small triple mirror and some silver or ivory-mounted hand-glasses. Perhaps, instead of the mirror in the dressing-table is a cheval glass. All these, use them as you will, do not enable you to see whether your dress hangs well at the back—one of the most important things in feminine human affairs! Some, indeed, have dressing-tables—of which I shall give some drawings soon—with wing looking-glasses. More useful than all of these contrivances is the one I have had illustrated. It is really a huge triple mirror, fastened to the wall, with lights arranged over it, and by its means, an all round view can be obtained. Of course, the mirror can be folded up, and if the outside leaf has a panel of pretty silk it will be quite decorative. Those who have a wardrobe with two large doors, instead of having the glass let into the outside, should have it on the inside of both doors, if they open different ways; or inside of one and outside of the other if they open the same way; and then, by means of them, a double view is possible.

It is a common fault to have too many mirrors in the

should a mirror be in the place of honour—the place which, as a rule, has the best light, and should be kept for the noblest picture that one possesses. Moreover, seeing that very few of us can afford a beautiful clock, the mantel-board should have the prettiest pieces of porcelain, faience, or metal-work.

The mahogany-framed mirror of the early part of the century, with the curious gilt bird at the top, may find a place in the drawing-room. In a dining-room the queer old



SUGGESTION FOR A WALL "ALL ROUND" MIRROR.

convex mirror, surmounted by an eagle, has a pleasant effect as a point of light, and will match well the excellent dining-room mahogany furniture of the reign of George IV. Of course, whatever one may say, people will insist upon having mirrors in the drawing-room, consequently I give, as illustrations, two ingenious arrangements taken from existing houses.

GRACE.



THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING A SWISS PAINTER.

BRITISH painters in the evening of their careers do not return to their native towns to be crowned in the market place, and to overhear the whispered flattery—"that's him," as they swagger down the High Street. Their pictures are not bought for huge sums by patronising local corporations, and hung in a huge building labelled with letters of gold, "Museum of Fine Arts." Children from local schools are not admitted to this gallery free of charge, and handed a catalogue wherein they may read what all kinds of eminent men have said about their famous local painter.

British painters who have become famous are not asked to all the smartest local parties, and allowed to paint huge, impossible, allegorical things upon the staircase walls of the local museum of fine arts full of angels, and devils, and fabulous machinery, and full-rigged argosies sailing in hip baths. Alas, no! In Great Britain we make our painters A.R.A.'s, and give them a pension when they can paint no more, and the folk in their birth-towns forget all about them except, perhaps, an odd married sister here and there, and an octogenarian nurse.

But at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, it is different. Her painters come home to roost. The town of Neuchâtel has built a huge, handsome picture gallery on the border of the lake in honour of her painter sons, and there hang their works—crowds of them—till that day when there shall be no more painting. You are not obliged to look at these sorry pictures by the sons of Neuchâtel. I did so only because I had exhausted the interest of the town, and nothing remained but art.

For one day, if it be a fine day, you can be quite happy at Neuchâtel. For if you look across the lake and over the vines, and beyond the brown hills, such a swaggering sight starts to the eyes that, to gaze at it from morning to evening, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of Valais near one's side, would be a good enough way to entertain a bodyguard of princes, and a king and queen thrown in.

For from the extreme left to the extreme right, from the beginning to the end of the world, as it were, stretch the snow mountains, range upon range, peak upon peak, from the Jungfrau, crowned with dazzling snow, away to where Mount Blanc, like some huge beast, slouches up into heaven.

Peak after peak is touched by the sun till one is like yellow sand, and another a giant's shroud. Then the little clouds that fly upon the north wind swoop down, and there are no more mountains. No more mountains? Another moment and a dazzling peak peeps like a spirit—well, that was how I spent a day at Neuchâtel.

And the next day, having nothing better to do, I strolled into the Musée des Beaux Arts, for I wished to learn why so small a town possesses so large a picture gallery. I found myself the only stranger. Many, many visits to Bond Street Galleries having taught me wisdom, I was about to sneak stealthily upstairs, when the *custodienne* pounced out upon me. "You are welcome—most, most welcome," she cried, beaming upon me. "The pictures are all—all by artists of Neuchâtel. They are splendid—very splendid. You will have much pleasure. No? *Cinquante centimes. Merci beaucoup, Monsieur.*"

While I examined the two hundred and thirty-three pictures, the faithful stewardess hardly left me. She was a good soul, and beamed afresh at every sentence. In her the Neuchâtel artists have an admirer whose vocabulary contains only one adjective—the adjective splendid. She was never tired of uttering it, and she never missed an opportunity. I humoured her. May she live long, and never meet Mr. George Moore.

I do not think I have ever seen quite such a bad collection of pictures. The Swiss, during the late centuries, have been so busy fighting, holding disputations in churches, and making condensed milk and clocks, that the arts have been somewhat neglected by the little mountain state. But if these representative pictures at Neuchâtel are the best they can produce in times of peace, one can only be thankful for the many wars which have kept their arms and eyes employed. Wooden, stagey, ill-drawn, without atmosphere, and lacking conviction, the bulk, if not all of these Swiss pictures, would hardly deserve hanging room even at the Royal Academy.

The amazing thing about these pictures is the big prices paid for them; but, no doubt, local feeling has considerably influenced the purchase price. The chief of Neuchâtel painters is Leopold Robert (1794—1835), a name not by any means unknown, and his *chef d'œuvre* is a studio creation absolutely without verisimilitude, called "Les Pêcheurs de l'Adriatique," which was bought by the town of Neuchâtel

for £3,500. Leopold Robert is a big man of the exhibition. Some twenty pictures from his brush hang upon the walls, and no small number of his relatives have received a like honour. One of them has decorated the staircase with gigantic sprawling compositions of an allegorical character, and another was so impressed by Uncle Leopold's works that the beggar made copies of them, and these copies are given wall space at the Neuchâtel Exhibition.

Charles Gleyre, who was also by way of being a great man (see M. Hippolyte Taine on Gleyre in the *Journal des Débats* — "He has few equals and no superior") is represented by his "*Hercules aux pieds d'Omphale*," a picture that would not have a chance of winning even the bronze medal of the Royal Academy schools. A similar criticism must be passed upon the majority of these pictures, and of the school to which they belong. Painted in gloomy

studios, they have no suggestion of light, of atmosphere, or of distance. Unimportant details are worried to the point of exasperation; from corner to corner the canvases are niggled, and the colour jumps from a uniform dull brown to the hues of the new carpet that one meets with in a Kentish Town Road drawing.

Gleyre is also represented in the *Musée Arlaud* at Lausanne, which contains a somewhat better collection than that at Neuchâtel. One picture there proclaims that at last the Swiss are beginning to understand that the age of mahogany has fled. It is a picture by Mdlle. Breslau of an apple orchard, and a girl painting beneath the blossoms. Very luminous, carefully observed, and well-drawn, it is quite delightful; and if you happen to find yourself at Lausanne, pray look from Gleyre to Breslau, and from Breslau to Gleyre, and you will see the difference between the New and the Old — the Common and the Inspired. L. H.



LES PÊCHEURS DE L'ADRIATIQUE, BY LEOPOLD ROBERT.
In the Musée des Beaux Arts, Neuchâtel.



THE MUSÉE DES BEAUX ARTS, NEUCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND.



THE FARMER'S LAST PENNY.

By ALEXANDER GORDON.

THE farmer went out of doors in the warm spring morning and looked around. A pleasant breeze blew across the fields, bringing a scent of fresh green grass and of first buds swelling on thorn and briar. The spring corn was all sown; harrows with sharp teeth had mixed earth and seed; and the big smoothing roller had done its final work. The farmer's thoughts went on to a time when hotter, sunnier skies would stretch above the cornlands, and lighten up the toll-road which ran like a white line through the little highland strath. He pictured the fields covered with yellow grain; the reapers thrusting in their scythes; the great waggons bearing home their precious loads; he heard the shouts as the last sheaf was gathered in—and then the old man sighed, tears wetted his cheeks, long unused to tears, and at length he sobbed aloud. "Ay," he sadly said, "'twill a' be there, the bonnie hairst wark, bit I'm fearin' no for me."

He turned and went inside the house.

"Janet," said he to his wife, "get ready ma best claes. I canna bide suspense nae mair. I maun awa' in to the toun the day, and see the new Factor. It's maitter o' life or death—and death maybe instead o' life."

"The day, John!" his wife exclaimed in some surprise. "It's a week yet afore the time is up."

"I ken it, Janet, I'm no forgettin' that. Bit this he'rt's pain I canna bear to thole. I maun off wi't, or on, wi' nae farder delay."

It was Janet now who sighed, but she went about the task. Her own heart was heavy, for she feared the evil hour approached.

When John Macrae was fitly rigged, and ready to start for Eilfin town, he left the room "but the hoose," and went towards the kitchen whither his spouse had gone, bent on housewife work. "Janet," he whispered, standing on the threshold.

Janet came to him, and put both her hands in his. He stooped and kissed her lips just as he had done for the first time six and forty years ago when her hair, which was grey now, was black as a rook's wing, and there was no wrinkle on her brow. "We're in *His* hand," he said, as he took his staff and sallied forth.

From Sprouston farm to the railway station known as Tillieholm, there lay "a mile and bit." The sun was shining softly down, and as John pursued his way, taking a road between the fields, where low hedges grew on either side, a bird here and there twittered its morning song. Life was in all the earth, joy spread abroad, but for him there was only "dull," and the crisis of his fate. His eyes were fixed straight ahead. He saw nothing (or cared to see) save, in imagination, the face of the new Factor behind a desk containing heaps of scattered papers—a face in which, try as he would, he could only read his doom.

In the booking-office at Tillieholm some of the country folk sat waiting for the train. They also were journeying to town, but on more cheerful errands. John entered and took a chair. "Eilfin an' back," he said to the booking-clerk, producing at the same time the money for his ticket.

"Hoo's a' wi' ye, neebor Macrae?" said one of the company, Peter Park by name.

"Aweel, I'se no complain," said John, trying to look as hale and well as ever old man did. He knew what was in their minds, but he scorned to have their pity, and his pride defied them one and all.

"Better times noo, I howp?" Peter Park went on.

"Better, neebor, ay—at ony rate, nae waur," our farmer friend rejoined.

There was a clearing of throats at this, and eyes began to answer eyes with many incredulous winks. "'Better,' said he?" the winks seemed to declare. "'Nae waur.' What a lee! Fowk ken better nor that."

"Ye'll be awa' in to see the Factor?" continued the ruthless Peter.

"Ay," said John, emphatically, with a defiant snort, as he looked around.

"And if ye'll no can come to terms, I suppose it'll be 'Gude-bye to Sprouston Fairm.' Eh, sirs! it's a sair come doon for yer faither's son [John himself was seventy], him that held his head sae high." Peter was in his best vein, and he was about to go on in this ill-mannered key, but the station-master, a little man with a big heart, and kind compassionate breast, took up the hand-bell and rang such a peal, long continued and loud, that Peter's voice was completely drowned, and so deafening was the noise that all the people rose and flocked out of the booking-office. The master smiled as he saw them hasten off, but he did not cease his ringing till the train came in with a thundering



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.
By WILL B. ROBINSON.

sound, and John Macrae found refuge in a carriage by himself.

Edlin town stands on the river Leese. It is a fair and goodly burgh, with signs of comfort everywhere, and as one sees the cosy streets, and turns his eyes to the green hill looking down upon the town, with the wide and wooded plains which lie around, it is a sense of prosperous ease best fitting such a place that rises in the mind, and "hungry ruin" which "has in the wind" unhappy folks, appears an alien here. As John Macrae, leaning heavily on his staff, went up the Howgate Lane, reflections of this sort crowded upon his mind, and made him feel the one solitary man on whom misfortune's blows had fallen hard, a kind of lean and skulking criminal in a fat and bounteous land.

In a few minutes the Factor and John were sitting face to face inside the former's room. "The siller's there, sir, three hunder' poun'," John declared as he took from out his "pooch" a deep leathern purse filled to the full with dirty bank-notes. The Factor's eyes sparkled with delight, and he counted the money with a pleased and happy smile. He found the sum exact, and in his best hand he immediately wrote and handed to the farmer a duly signed receipt. "I am very glad of this," the Factor said. "The Laird, my master, is in great need himself. You know—the country knows—what a spendthrift the old Laird was, and how heivily the estates are burdened with the debts which he contracted. Were it otherwise, ah well, we should not be so hard. Sorry you leave at Whit-sunday, the lease having now run out."

"Ay, sir," said John, coming now to the point. "Ay, sir, but I was jest a-gaun to speir this at ye. Rent's paid, ye see, and though I ha'e scarce a plack to ca' ma ain, maist o' the stock bein' under pledge for borrowed gowd, yet I'm thinkin' a guid hairst might help to pu' me round. Wad ye no renew the lease and jest gi'e me a chance?"

"Impossible, my friend! My orders quite forbid it."

"At Sprouston I was born, and there I wad like to dee. I couldna live nae itherwhaur —"

"It's a sad case," the Factor here broke in. "The Laird would do what he could, but has not a free choice. Those who have him in their power have put their feet down. They desire another tenant now, knowing your want of capital; and, indeed, the farm is already let to another and richer man."

John's hand went up to his forehead. His heart turned sick, and he felt as if he was going to faint. "Is that sae, sir?" he gasped.

"It is," the Factor said.

John rose to take his leave.

"Stay," said the Factor. "I am allowed to offer this. A small gift of £20 from the Laird's own pocket—a friend's gift, you know—an l the use of the cottage on the farm free to you for life."

John Macrae stiffened his back, and stood at his full height. "Sir," said he, "is the money paid? Has the law had its due?"

"Quite," the Factor owned, abashed before the old man's angry gaze.

"It's gude-day I wus' ye, then," said John Macrae as he seized his staff, and with head high in the air went calmly out of doors.

He paid a few shopmen's bills, in addition to the rent, and when he went down the Howgate Lane, on his homeward path, he had nothing left in his "pooch" but the receipt for his money, the return portion of his ticket, and one single penny. His hand, buried in his pocket, clutched these as he walked. "Wanderers noo we are, puir Janet an' me," he murmured to himself. Without raising his eyes he went into the station, crossed the platform, went down the steps to the line on his way to the farther side, and though the train was already rushing in, his mind had wandered far, and he did not see the danger. "Back, man, back!" a score of voices cried. But it was too late. The train went sweeping past; crushed his body in a heap; and, with his last penny in his hand, the ruined farmer closed his days on earth.





THE recent meetings of the Geographical Congress have been rendered noteworthy by Dr. S. A. Andrée's daring project of a voyage to the North Pole in a balloon. Dr. Andrée is chief engineer of the royal patent bureau in Sweden, where he has for some time



DR. S. A. ANDRÉE.

been experimenting as a scientist and aéronaut. His new scheme has won considerable attention, because he has already proved himself a *practical* expert by crossing Sweden in a balloon one Sunday afternoon at the rate of thirty miles an hour. For his new venture, which he will make early in next June, Dr. Andrée will first establish himself on one of the islands north-west of Spitzbergen. There the balloon will be filled, and thence the start be made. Dr. Andrée will have a

complete sailing outfit, with which to control the balloon, and will carry a gondola, which can be detached at a moment's notice. He will have two companions on his voyage, and proposes to take double sets of photographs, one to be immediately developed on board, in case of accident. The height to which the balloon will rise is to be limited to two hundred and fifty metres, and this distance is to be measured and regulated by drag-lines which are made of cocoa-nut fibre, and are warranted to float on the surface of the waters over which the travellers will take their aerial journey.



ON THE WAY TO THE POLE.—LOWERING THE BALLOON.

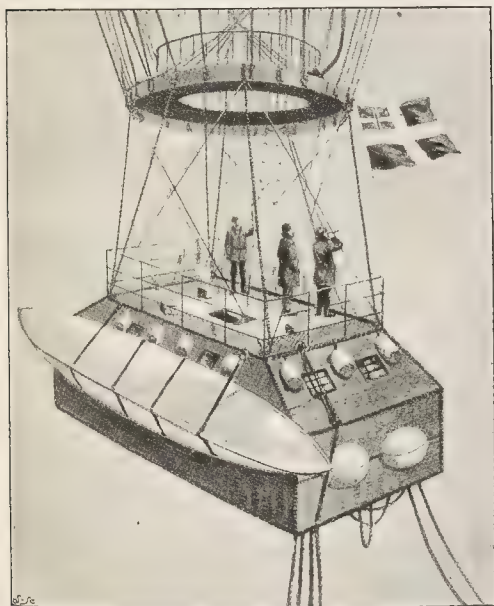
A number of heavy ballast lines will be hung from the balloon, to break the force of any descent. The course intended is to be in a straight line from Spitzbergen across the North Pole to the shore of Behring Strait, a distance of three thousand seven hundred kilometres. Dr. Andrée expects to take six days at the most for the journey, this being but a fifth part of the time during which a balloon can travel without re-filling.

It is to be hoped that no snow-storms may impede the balloon's progress. This danger has in the past been considered the most likely obstacle to the success of such an enterprise, but observations recently made at Spitzbergen have tended to prove that no serious storms need be anticipated during June and July.

The atmospheric conditions of the Polar district are particularly favourable to a balloon voyage, and the explorers hope to be able to make many interesting and valuable contributions to the sciences of meteorology and geography by their observations. King Oscar is taking a great interest in the scheme, and has handsomely contributed towards the heavy cost which it entails. Dr. Andrée is at present in Paris, where the balloon is being built.

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THE GONDOLA AND OBSERVATORY.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



FOR two hours this morning did I sit upon an esplanade, in front of a dull green, muddy-looking sea, which caught not the faintest gleams of turquoise from a brilliant sky above, and watched, and watched, and watched for a costume which should be worthy of the name; but, like the hero of the song, "It cometh not," I said, and I was "awearry, awearry," and I thought that they were dead—to all sense of fashion, these women who parade themselves at the English seaside. Their ideas are limited to a coat and skirt, and they invest these neither with the slightest touch of originality nor charm. I began seriously meditating upon how I would supply such a deficiency, did my wardrobe display one, which I am contentedly convinced it does not, for it is not my practice to let my wardrobe display any deficiency. A want is here to-day and gone to-morrow; at least, so my relatives tell me whilst they are reading me their weekly lectures on extravagance. Well, a coat and skirt might be made of cloth—nothing new in this idea, I realise—in a heliotrope tint—there is a lovely shade of this to be found amongst the covert coatings,—trimmed with strap-pings—nothing new in this, I am aware—but the strap-pings might be so arranged as to form the trimming on the revers of the coat, which should be short, loose in the front and tight at the back, boast a full basque and be fastened below the waist with buttons and straps. Personally, I should prefer these strap-pings of one colour, but there are misguided folk who like cloth dresses strapped with contrasting colours, and

I have seen blue and black dresses treated with tan or putty-coloured cloth, in a manner which was at least effective, even if it did not convince me of its charms.

I counted this morning twenty-eight hats on the Parade in the bell-shaped sailor form trimmed with a bow of ribbon and two quills. Seven of these were in light green with the quills of white and the ribbons of white. Twenty were in

white straw, severally decorated with different coloured velvet ribbons, and black quills, while the remaining one was an appalling example of its kind, made in bright green, trimmed with light turquoise-blue velvet ribbons and speckled brown wings. Never any more will I advocate the wear of bell-shaped sailor hats. The style which the populace loves dies immediately out of my affections.

I had another letter from Ostend by the early post, assuring me that white was the only wear, and sending me a picture of a white serge gown which was made to overhang the belt of black buttoned with steel, and boasting round the neck a curious square-cornered collar. I have met two well-arranged frocks here. One is a thin blue serge

with a yoke and panels to the skirt of shot blue and green silk, while a trimming of blue and green passementerie edges the drapery, which falls in jabot fashion on each side of the bodice, and borders the sides and hem of the skirt. Another is a black serge skirt and a white linen coat, with loose back and front.

We have improved on the close-fitting linen coats of last



AN AFTERNOON FROCK FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

year, which made their re-appearance from the hands of the local washerwoman in an aggressively glazed condition, asserting their independence, and utterly refusing to be brought into friendly relationship with the waist of their wearer.



CLOTH COAT AND SKIRT.

I am told that loose-backed coats are to decorate lovely woman in the coming autumn, these to be very short, rather full, and have monster sleeves. It is a rumour which troubles me not at all. There are uglier styles than this. It is certainly much more becoming than the cape in its various forms, which we have been pleased to honour with our regard so persistently now for two years. I confess to a measure of dislike for the cape. It so seldom suits its wearer. Perhaps it is least objectionable in its plainest shape, made in cloth with strapped seams, and maybe the double capes have some measure of charm, but it is a small measure, by no means proportionate to the attention they have absorbed. No, it is a monotonous fact, but yet a fact, the jacket, the home-grown British jacket, is the most attractive of outdoor garments on the young, slim figure. The matron of portly proportions may take unto herself heart of grace, and cloak of grace in the Empire style, or the circular style, if it so pleases her, but the Empire is to be the more highly recommended to her. Indeed, I have seen an extremely stout woman - it is true she was tall—looking elegant to a degree under the influence of an accordion-

kilted black crêpe-de-chine Empire cloak, hanging from a yoke of velvet elaborately traced and fringed with jet, with a ruffle of pink roses round her neck, and a bonnet of pink roses, at one side of which two black wings started up with pleasing irrelevance. Wings are in high favour just now; we wear them on our heads, maybe, as some faint testimony to our knowledge that we do not deserve them on our shoulders.

ANSWER TO LETTER.

"TRILBY."—No, I am not in the least degree surprised to hear from you, and I beg you to disabuse your mind of the notion that dress is a silly topic. I veritably believe it is the most sensible one we women ever discuss. A light shade of buff gloves or a pavement-grey I would permit you to wear. I am tired of the white ones already. The coat to wear over the dress had better be loose, hanging straight from the neck to the hips, back and front, in pleats, with large sleeves. Otherwise you will not be able to wear it comfortably with a cloth bodice beneath it. A bodice might be made on a tight lining to reach to the waist, to overhang the belt a little in the front and fasten down on



THAT BLUE SERGE.

one side with some very smart buttons. Have the coat lined with an attractive plaid silk, the skirt lining to match this. The belt round the waist would look well of subde. You have not given me any trouble.

PAULINA PRY.



THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE.

Photos by RUSSELL & SONS.

"WE took it at Smiffle regular," said Clive Newcome, referring, not to the measles, but to the P. M. G. "Always patronise Grey Friars men." And thereupon, for the benefit of the unenlightened outsider, that Grey Friars man of Grey Friars men, or, more strictly speaking, that Carthusian of Carthusians, the Divine Makepeace, pauses to explain what "Smiffle" means. "It is," he says, "a fond abbreviation for Smithfield, near to which great mart of mutton and oxen our school is situated, and old Cistercians often playfully designate their place of education by the name of the neighbouring market."

Since Thackeray wrote, life has grown keener and more tumultuous at Smithfield, but a silence has fallen upon "Smiffle." On the hot August afternoon, when the streets around the market are slippery and malodorous with refuse, one is glad to pass them swiftly and to wander softly into the old Courts of the Charterhouse, marvelling much that within so small a distance of the thronging mart it should be possible to discover a sanctuary, where all is ruled by some such spirit as that which holds Oxford asleep in summer sunshine. One is fain to imagine the Temple an Oxford in London, but even the Fleet Street paradise must yield something in academic charm to the Charterhouse.

The charm, however, is that of perpetual long vacation. Now there is no stir of young life in the courts, and it is only in fancy that one can see any little Clive Newcome waiting at the Hall door for his Arthur Pendennis, to request that kind member of "the Sixth" to disburse yet another of the sovereigns he held in trust for his chubby-faced, white-

haired, blue-jacketed junior. The very hall—the school hall—where Clive waited has disappeared, to make room for the school buildings of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and if you would hear the voices of young Carthusians, you must needs make a pilgrimage to Godalming, in Surrey.

But in and about the old Courts one part of the old life still lingers; indeed, it is just the old life that does tarry there awhile, for the gentlemen pensioners—the "Poor Brethren"—still find a home at "Smiffle." "Here," said Colonel Newcome to Pendennis, "would be a place for an old fellow when his career was over, to hang his sword up; to humble his soul and to wait, thankfully, for the end." The Colonel, as we all know, hung up his sword there when vanquished by misfortune and a more dread "Campaigner," than any he had faced in India, and there he "humbled his soul" and waited for the end, declaring himself happy in the comforts of Sutton's great hospital. The school-boys' honest affection for "Codd Colonel," too, was very sweet to him. It may be that some Brethren of the present time regret the removal of the young life that once beat so cheerily around them—grey, old, time-worn pillars as they are. Nor can Charterhouse boys of to-day lay up memories such as

Thackeray cherished for "Codd Ajax," and "Codd Soldier," and kind old "Codd Gentleman." The Charterhouse boys called these old gentlemen "Codd." "I know not wherefore," cries the novelist.

Still, twice a day, robed in their black gowns, the senior beneficiaries of what Bacon calls the "triple good," and Fuller "the masterpiece of Protestant English charity," assemble in the chapel obedient to the bell, at whose last stroke, on an evening long ago (how long no man knoweth), Thomas Newcome said his last "Adsum." At the old Charterhouse



THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE COURT.

the line between fiction and fact waxes very fine, and, indeed, they almost seem to change sides. The chapel, with the founder's tomb, and its ancient carved seats, its psalms, its organ, its reverend pensioners, seem the stuff that dreams are made of. We knew it long ago, and when we (that are not Carthusians) see it all for the first time, or the fiftieth, it is hard to believe it all real. But even as the real is hard to realise, so tinged is it with fiction, in like manner the fiction becomes real. Not that we ever doubted you, gentle Thomas Newcome, but here in the courts that saw you a school-boy, and finally, with loving care, sheltered your last days, we find your existence easy to believe. "Here it was," we say, "that he and the white-headed little gown-boy were such staunch comrades, here Clive, and Ethel, and Pen gathered round him at the

last, and here, too, came poor F. B., who took a lodging hard by to be near his Colonel." And as the sunshine palpitates over the peaceful court where the Poor Brothers have their lodging, and the creepers droop lazily on the walls, it



WASH-HOUSE COURT.

is not hard to fancy that yonder, or yonder they are together with the good old man.

"Boy," too, is there with the rest, Boy whose innocence once cost the Colonel a blush and led him into a very venial prevarication, when he asked why grandpapa wore a black cloak, whereat the Colonel, with a great presence of mind, said he wore a cloak to keep him warm in winter. That was at Howland Street, however, not at the Charterhouse, and you remember how it was at the Christmas dinner that the little awkwardness arose. The Colonel had been trying to feed Boy, and had incurred the Campaigner's stern rebuke. Howland Street was a veritable house of bondage for the old Carthusian. At Charterhouse he was at liberty to feed Boy as he pleased, and always had cakes for him when he came. Thomas the Second enjoyed himself among the schoolboys. You can see him quite plainly still, if only you know how to use your eyes, the privileged guest of a privileged class; for "the little fellow was made free of gown-boys." They dressed him up one day in a little gown and sent him in to his grandfather, who was hugely delighted, the more so, when Boy declared that he would like to be a little gown-boy, too; a distinction which the family historian made bold to prophesy would be his in time.

A word about these gown-boys, for the esoteric nomenclature of colleges is, of all nomenclature, most apt to be a mere dead letter to the uninitiated. The scholars at the Old Charterhouse were of two classes, those on the foundation and those received as boarders with the masters. The former division styled "gown-boys," were fed and clothed at the expense of the hospital, the latter were paid for by their friends. The gown-boys were also eligible for election

to exhibitions of from £80 to £100 per annum, at either Oxford or Cambridge, and had besides preference over the other scholars for valuable ecclesiastical livings in the gift of the governors. Formerly a sum of £40 was paid with every boy on leaving school, either for college expenses or as an apprentice fee. Apprenticeship from school has, however, long been obsolete. The last instance is noteworthy; for the boy thus indentured was John Philip Kemble, who was bound to his uncle, the comedian, to learn not the trade, but the art of the actor.

It was to these privileges that Boy desired himself to be elected, though, of course, he knew nothing about them. It was more to him that being a gown-boy meant consorting with boys bigger than himself, who lionised him, and in their benevolence painted theatrical characters for the innocent imp. Singularly inappropriate gifts, you say; but soft! I have an idea that this "painting" to which Thackeray alludes, is really the now forgotten art of "tinselling"—a pastime very dear to schoolboys of that time, which I once found fully described in a contemporary book of amusements. A striking picture of a theatrical character—in

a robber chief's part, for choice—was a first necessity. The result, it was hinted, might not be very high art, but the picture would be very gorgeous and likely to charm little Tom Newcome mightily.

But there is a realm of fact as well as of fancy at the Charterhouse. There are stories to be told of its history, and of the great men it has reared. On my book-shelves there has long stood a volume of Greek and Latin verse by old Carthusians, many of whose names are written large on the roll of fame. Of these, of their works, and of the reverend pile



THE POOR BROTHERS' COURT.

where they learned to be men, there will, at no distant date, be a further word to say.

JOHN A' DREAMS.



"HARMONY."

PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

The English Lakes.—First Series.



STYBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



ENNERDALE LAKE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



STRIDING EDGE, FROM HELVELLYN.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



THIRLMERE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



HIGH CRAGS AND HEAD OF BUTTER-
MERE. PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



VIEW OF WINDERMERE FROM LOW WOOD.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



LANGDALE PIKES.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



WASTWATER.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



FERRY NAB, WINDERMERE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



STOCKGILL, AMBLESIDE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



RYDAL LAKE AND LOUGHRIGG FELL.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



HONISTER PASS.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



GRASMERE, FROM HUNTING STILE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



THIRLMERE, LOOKING NORTHWARD.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



CRUMMOCK WATER.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER

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SEPTEMBER 9, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MISS NELLIE LOUISE STOKES, DAUGHTER
OF MR. CHARLES STOKES, WHO HAS
BEEN EXECUTED IN THE CONGO STATE.
PHOTO BY LAING, SHREWSBURY.



MR. GLADSTONE has always kept a warm corner in his heart for the memory of the great Sir Robert Peel—the Ideal Minister of Mediocrity. To the late Speaker he paid several tributes as his father's son, and when the second Sir Robert Peel became a Home Ruler, Mr. Gladstone had more joy in his conversion than he would have had in that of the bearer of any other name. Now his goodwill overflows to the third generation, and he has visited the present Sir Robert at Drayton, where he had last been when the great Sir Robert was alive—sixty years ago.



MISS JESSIE KING.
Photo by Davey, Harrogate.




Miss Jessie King, who first scored a great success at the Worcester Festival two years ago, is again appearing at the Three Choirs' Festival, now being held at Gloucester. She is a pupil of Mrs. Layton, who herself had much experience as a vocalist. Her *début* was made at an organ recital, given by Mr. C. Lee Williams, in Gloucester Cathedral. Then Miss King sang for the Choral Society in that city, and subsequently she increased her reputation in Bristol and Cheltenham. During the last Ballad Concert season Miss King made many friends in London. Her *forte* is oratorio singing, and one may safely augur a bright future for her in this field.

Lord and Lady Coleridge are beginning to entertain at Ottery St. Mary. The late Lord Chief Justice, while leaving lands and houses to his son, left furniture to his widow, and this fact has made things a little slow for the new Peer—and his neighbours. But now the garden-party stage of entertainment, at any rate, has been successfully reached.

Mr. Gray and Mr. Voxall, who made their maiden speeches when the Education Estimates were discussed, are both of them masters of schools under the Education Department. Sir John Gorst seemed to think them the first of their class in the House of Commons. But Mr. Conway, who sat a little while ago for an Irish constituency, was also a school-master of the same grade. The higher class of pedagogue, of the Oscar Browning type, has often tried to enter Parliament, but rarely with success. Perhaps that is happy for Parliament, which has a horror of the didactic manner—such a horror as Lord Beaconsfield had for the Professor in "Lothair."

When old ladies—it usually is old ladies—live to be 100 or thereabouts much fuss is made thereof in the newspapers, and the aged heroine is raised into a temporary notoriety like Mrs. Anne Rose's, of Milton-next-Sittingbourne, who we hear has just completed a century of existence and so seen the jubilee celebrations of two Sovereigns, both George III. and Victoria. Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson assures us, however, on the strength of his own indubitable authority, that 110 years ought to be our average normal allowance if we only allowed nature to pursue her way unchecked, and avoided the perils of tight lacing, late hours, and such excitements and derelictions of the hygienic Commandment Code generally as century-end manners subscribe to. Perhaps, however, the fearlessly-expressed opinion of a well-known novelist best answers our modern needs, and that it is better philosophy to like the curtailed but distinctly merry life of an up-to-date maid or matron, than to exist by the placid rule of a vegetable centenarian.

The trail of Trilby has for some time been over everything American, and the supremacy of Mr. Du Maurier's heroine in England


TRILBYANA
 The Rise and Progress of a
 Popular Novel

 NEW YORK
 THE CRITIC CO.
 MCCCXCV


is probably to be completed by Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of the stage version of her story, unless Miss Dorothea Baird's admirers are much mistaken. I reproduce the title-page of a small volume devoted to the Trilby cult in America. The pamphlet contains an account of the novel and its author, of its stage-history, of the passage of arms between Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Whistler, and of the various entertainments in the form of concerts, tableaux, burlesques, and even pulpit sermons, which have been inspired by Trilby's triumphal march. Even sausages, it seems, are named after her!

The new Solicitor-General for England, Mr. Robert Bannatyne Finlay, Q.C., M.P., is the son of an Edinburgh doctor and himself followed the medical profession for a brief space. Some four years after he had taken the degree



MR. ROBERT BANNATYNE FINLAY, Q.C., M.P., THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR ENGLAND.
Photo by Russell & Sons.

of M.D. at Edinburgh University, he was called to the Bar and forsook medicine for the law. In 1882 he "took silk," and in 1885 was returned as Liberal Member for Inverness Burghs. He was defeated as a Unionist in 1892, but was once more successful at the last General Election.

Sarah Grand is stopping in the North. She is leading an open-air life; and the bicycle supplies her favourite form of exercise.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who has also become an expert cyclist, after more tumbles than any woman ever had, has been at Aix les-Bains; but she will settle in England again, for the first time since her husband's death, in the later autumn.

Unhappy legislators and their belongings, who seek to mitigate the melancholy of an autumn session by inducing fair friends to tea on the terrace, have had involuntary and unexpected attractions to offer them in the "scenes" which have lately taken place in "the first club in Europe," besides the pears and peaches which have succeeded strawberries as concomitants to Terrace hospitalities. Dr. Tanner is back again, none the worse for his little *rencontre*, while some maiden speeches recently delivered scarcely fall short in the matter of originality. In the Lords things have been equally lively, though from a different standpoint. The galleries have been filled with smartly-frocked women, who are not hidden behind the grille, as are caged-in fair visitors to the Lower House. It was quite a treat to hear Lord Rosebery, as Leader of the Opposition, poking fun at his aged compeer, the Duke of Argyll, when alluding to

that youthfully-minded statesman's third honeymoon, and for so august an assembly the House really enjoyed the sally extremely. Mr. Chamberlain created a flutter by appearing with a rose in his button-hole, *vice* the inevitable orchid deposited some days ago, and a waggish M.P. was heard to remark that "Joe" would probably replace that with a suggestive strawberry leaf before long, which was certainly discounting his colleague's ambitions with a vengeance.

When the Duc d'Abruzzi was recently in Tokio—a hawk-ing party—one of the classic Japanese amusements, was organised for his benefit. Only officers of the Imperial household were invited. Four professional hawkers flew their birds and a good catch of moorhens and other wild fowl was taken, part of which was sent to the Emperor, while according to old custom, each falcon bringing down a bird was presented with a *bonne bouche*, taking the poetic and, no doubt, toothsome, form of his victim's heart. The Emperor of Japan is described by one of the Duc's officers as being sturdy and energetic. Japanese women of the higher rank greatly affect European dress, and parcels from Paris Modistes are now an everyday occurrence at the post offices.

Dr. W. G. Grace's mother, Mrs. Henry Mills Grace, who died some eleven years ago, was a most skilful performer on the harp, and on summer evenings she used to delight her family and friends by the old-world charm of her playing in



MRS. HENRY M. GRACE, DR. W. G. GRACE'S MOTHER.
From an old Photo enlarged by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

the garden at "The Chesnuts." Mrs. Grace's musicianly talents are inherited in a marked degree by her daughter, Mrs. Shelton.

Leopardstown races, which as usual preceded the Dublin Horse Show dates, attracted a very smart and sporting company on Saturday and Monday. The rain which raineth every day took an unwelcomed part in the pageant. But apart from idiosyncrasies of climate, to which Hibernians are entirely accustomed, this second summer meeting was at all other points very successful. Shortly before the first race Lord and Lady Cadogan made their state entry. Lady Sophie Cadogan wore a tailor-made frock, which is, indeed, the most suitable manner of raiment in a climate where chiffon and such lighter modes of millinery would be reduced to flabbiness at the first set off. Some timely gleams of sunshine enabled an enterprising photographer to "take" the vice-regal party when they appeared on the balcony after luncheon. Some good racing rewarded the onlookers, and

from over the water run over for the big event at Bally Bridge. Comparatively fine weather helped out the occasion on Tuesday, and the gathering was at all points an extremely brilliant one. Lady Castlerosse brought a party. Lord and Lady Arran, Lady Lily Greene, Sir George Young, General Davis, Major Bouverie, Mr. and Mrs. Penrose Fitzgerald, Granville Vernon, Lord and Lady Louth, Lord and Lady Lady Cotterell, Colonel Montgomery, Colonel and Mrs. Truman, Sir John and Lady Power, Hon. Mrs. Campbell, Hon. Mrs. Bourke, Hon. Sidney Trench, were a few of the many who appeared on the course and grand stand during the day. Mdle. Zelig de Lussan appeared in a smart white frock, embroidered with gold, and Lady Longford's pale-grey satin was quite one of the handsomest frocks to be seen. The vice-regal party came in full



"THE FIRST SITTING."

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.

the Londonderry Plate of 300 guineas, won by Mr. Linde's "Hattie," caused great excitement. Amongst many well-known people in the club enclosure, I noticed Lord Fermoy, Lady Mowbray and Stourton with her daughters, Captain Quin, Lady Gormanston, Lord and Lady Glentworth, Mrs. and Miss Stanley Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Jameson, Captain Dewhurst, Lord and Lady Carbery, and several hundreds beside.

For one week in the year at least Dublin is *en fête*, and the occasion of the Celtic Saturnalia is the Horse Show, which has gradually become the most important event of its kind in the United Kingdom. As a consequence country cousins from the extremest limits show up in brand-new frocks and bonnets. The country houses send up strong contingents, and a considerable number of the sporting fraternity

panoply of state—outriders, and so forth—and were enthusiastically received. Lord and Lady Cadogan are, for many reasons, bound to be popular during their "mimic reign" at the Castle.

It was always one of my pious delusions that the matrimonial advertisement which enlivens the columns of so many daily papers, owed its appearance to the innate love of practical jokes to which youth is prone. So by way of occupying a wet afternoon in a country house, I joined some other mischievous members of the party in replying to a round dozen of these effusions, giving the post-office of a neighbouring town for replies. We soon discovered that the matter was one of serious import to the advertisers, however, and on driving in some days afterwards, were overpowered with the number and solemnity of human documents which



THE HON. MARY McCLINTOCK-BUNBURY,
DAUGHTER OF LORD RATHDONNEL, AS
LADY SKIPWITH, AFTER THE PICTURE BY
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. PHOTO BY CHAN-
CELLOR, DUBLIN.

awaited our critical regards. Lonely spinsters of uncertain age without end, who apparently longed for a sympathetic soul of the other sex; widows who had been there before, and intimated the desirability of an incoming income as supplement to sentiment; while two confiding creatures had come in person and were actually staying at the local inn on view. The celerity with which we drove out of that town was remarkable, and the fee for preserving our incognito to the postman not less so, not to mention several days of anxious suspense, lest those enterprising ladies should come to blandish us at our own hall door. The experiment, if forming one to recall Carlyle's dictum on his kind, was at all events extremely entertaining.

Lady Cadogan's first dinner-party at the Vice-regal Lodge took place on Monday evening. The table was charmingly set out with Eucharist lilies, and orchids. Prince Francis of Teck was amongst the guests, as were also Lily Duchess of Marlborough and Lord William Beresford. The Duchess wore white brocade and her wonderful diamonds, which outshone all others present. Lord and Lady Enniskillen brought Lady Kathleen Cole, who looked very pretty. Lord and Lady Longford were also present. The large drawing-room was used, which, when lighted up for such occasions, looks exceedingly handsome. Lady Cadogan has a fondness for rare old furniture, and has already "picked up" some beautiful examples of old Chippendale and Sheraton since her arrival in Dublin.

The landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in the State of Massachusetts, in 1620, and the settlement of New England made by them, formed an event the anniversary of which is one of the chief festival days in America, and the incidents of which are becoming each year more interesting to Englishmen. In commemoration of the foundation of the Church, whose members have in later times received the name of Pilgrims, the bronze tablet which we here reproduce was erected on the 19th of August at Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, by Hon. William T. Davis, an officer of the Pilgrim Society. The ancient Manor House, to which it refers, was in early times the house of the Bishop, and was occupied by Cardinal Wolsey in his time as a hunting-box. William Brewster, referred to in the tablet as the founder and elder of the Pilgrim Church, succeeded his father in 1591 as Master of the post at Scrooby, and occupied the Manor House, as his father did before him. The house was taken down within the memory of persons now living, and its precise site is well known. The tablet is placed on a farmhouse near by on the same estate, all of which, under lease to Lord Crewe, is the property of the Ecclesiastical Commission. Should

the farmhouse be hereafter removed, the tablet will be permanently attached to some structure built for the purpose.

Among the various Independent Labour candidates who, defeated at the last General Election, will live to fight another day, is Mr. J. R. Macdonald. Having been rejected by Southampton, he takes his defeat stolidly, and remembers the proverbial spider. He is a Scot; but he is not perfervid, nor is he canny. With a little more of the cautiousness and the wit of his native country, he might have polled far more than 866 votes. He is thorough and persevering, and has worked his own way to his present position, and will work his way into parliament

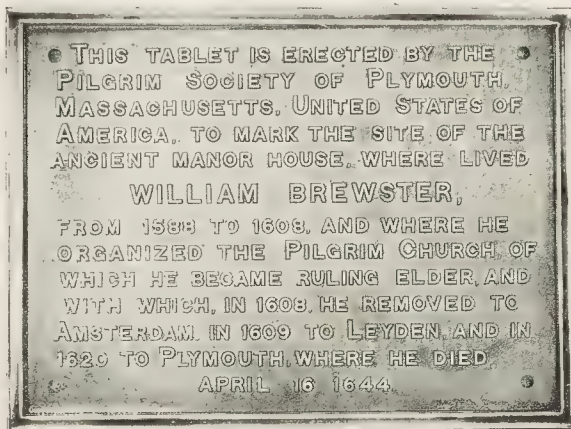


MR. JAS. R. MACDONALD.
Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

in time. Mr. Macdonald is a board school product, first pupil, then teacher in a little village in Elgin. Next he was the winner of a prize for a Christmas story in a local paper. So flew open the golden doors of literature, and the young man came South to conquer Fleet Street. There he was caught in the political net, and as secretary to Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P., tasted the delights of election frays. Being of a philosophical turn of mind, he joined the Fabian Society, and sits on its Executive Committee; but he also belongs to the more combative I. L. P., for he is a "bonnie fechter." He has every right to the adjective. Report says that Mr. Macdonald was the original of Small's charming illustrations to "Prince Fortunatus." Unfortunately, he has the Fabian fancy for querness in clothes, and the colour of his trousers has been known to drive an American lady from the room. For the fulfilling of his ethical aspirations, he acts as hon. sec. to the New Fellowship — a select body of socialistic faddists.

French journalists still occasionally say neat thing. All Paris has been excited because, when M. Faure reviewed the fleet the other day at Havre, he appeared in full evening dress and white gaiters. These white gaiters have excited the boulevard journalists to the point of madness. Is it etiquette or is it not? they have cried to one

another. When a member of the staff of the *Echo de Paris* was asked this question, he replied, "It is forbidden by law to discuss the head of the State. Why should we trouble about his feet?"



TABLET ERECTED AT SCROOBY, NOTTS.



WHITBY ABBEY.
BY WILL B. ROBINSON.

Amongst the various attractions and distractions of the Irish capital in Horse Show week, some amateur theatricals, chiefly composed and disposed of by a distinctly talented military contingent, brought together very smart audiences at the Queen's Theatre, which was quite metamorphosed from its ordinary appearance into a bower of comparative beauty for the occasion by means of floral decoration and the timely aid of bunting. Mr. Philip Clement Scott, Army Service Corps, was largely responsible for the brightly-written burlesque, "Corinne," in which Captain Hewlett assisted the budding author, who seems to have inherited a very sufficient share of the paternal mantle. Captain Crofton and Mr. Astell, of the North Staffordshire, Mr. Jameson, of the Royal Meath, and Mr. Puckle, of the South Wales Borderers, were amongst the actors, who, even without the saving clause "all things considered," really acquitted themselves admirably. A farcical comedy, "Ma's Mistake," preceded "Corinne." Both were repeated each evening during the week, and judging from the packed appearance of the house throughout, one could judge that a very substantial *douceur* awaits the Rotunda Hospital, for which very excellent object these performances were inaugurated.

Much interest centred round the marriage of the Hon. Olivia Annie Plunket, daughter of the Most Rev. Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, to Mr. John Bramston Newman, J.P., of Dromore House, Malinbeg, co. Londonderry. The service was performed by the Archbishop of Dublin, and the bride was given away by her eldest brother, the Hon. W. Plunket, who not long since married Lady Victoria Blackwood, Lord Dufferin's charming daughter. The bride wore white satin and a beautiful veil of old family Limerick lace. After the ceremony at St. James' Church, Bray, there was a brilliant gathering of friends at Old Connaught House, and later in the day the newly-married couple left for the Italian Lakes.

Dinard is more than usually festive now, owing to the Infanta Eulalia's presence in that gay town. Mrs. Hughes-Hallett gave a splendid ball at her villa in honour of the Princess. The Spanish colours were everywhere in evidence, even on the hostess's costume, which was of yellow brocade, with trimmings of dull red. The Infanta wore white, with splendid jewels. The rooms were charm-

ingly decorated with blooms of crimson and yellow, and a cotillon, in which the Princess danced, had favours prepared by the Comtesse Pierrefeu, also of Spanish colours, the Infanta's table at supper being a mass of yellow and red ribbons. Lady Ducie, Lady Seymour, Comtesse des Francs, Lady Paget, Mr. Churchill, Mr. E. Cavendish, Lady Duntze, with her pretty daughter Ida, Mr. Gilbert Smith, and, in fact, all the well-known people were present.

Bicycling is the rage at Dinard, dividing honours with coaching parties, which were formerly the chief vogue. Shrimping parties give excuse for very pretty costumes with

a semi-nautical air and abbreviated skirts, while the delightful and essentially French pastime of "paper chases" largely occupies a more active and frivolous section. One was given on horseback some days since by Mr. Hennessey, which ended in a big tea at the picturesque rock known as Décollé. Many who did not take part in the chase drove out to the reunion afterwards, which was a gay scene indeed.

From Aix my friends write of a hot season and overpowering gaiety. Lady Feo Sturt, one of the prettiest and best dressed women there, appeared at the *Cercle* some evenings since in a frock of pale pink chiffon, the skirt very wide, with a Marie Antoinette fichu of white muslin over the bodice, a great black picture hat of velvet and feathers, and a dog-collar of turquoises and diamonds, in which picturesque get-up she made quite an effect. An American beauty, Mrs. William Ogden, also gives the on-lookers daily distraction in

the matter of costumes. Lady Somers' Tea on Wednesday was a smart affair. King George of Greece was at a lunch given by Lady Doneraile next day, at which Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Arkright, Lord Donoughmore, and Mr. Somers Cox were present. The breakfast given by Lady Somers for the King of Greece on Sunday was a gathering at which most of the notabilities staying at Aix assembled. A strip of looking-glass ran down the centre of the table, reflecting some lovely old silver and glass. Lady Wolverton, in a white cloth frock, looking extremely well, Lady Stafford Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford Hope and Count Papadopoli, owner of the still celebrated Palazza at Venice of that name, were also present.



THE HON. OLIVIA PLUNKET, DAUGHTER OF THE RIGHT REV. LORD PLUNKET, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



"A MARINER OF ENGLAND."
PHOTO BY GREGORY & CO.



LISBON.

FEW people do justice to Portugal's capital, which is, to my mind, one of the most pleasant of European cities. After the entrance to Constantinople, the approach to Lisbon will rank highest in the recollection of the visitor. Very pleasant is the change from the unrest of the Atlantic to the serenity of the Tagus, while the sight of the town lying in white confusion on the hillside is delightful after

entirely from Spain; the streets are kept beautifully clean; hotel accommodation is excellent. There are some good theatres, and the famous San Carlos Opera House retains amid the ill fortune of many patrons some vestige of former glory. The natives are seldom vicious, except when they are engaged in the Custom House, and if they are abnormally stupid, it must be recollected that we can't all be smart.

Lisbon abounds in picturesque sights. Oxen and mules largely take the place of horses; the scene in the markets is well worthy of note. The time to go there is about five o'clock in the morning, when the people are coming in from the country and the sea-shore. The women and girls go about with short dresses and bare feet. They carry big wicker fish-baskets on their head. Men in an alarming state of shabbiness, the patchwork of whose clothes would give a start and a beating to the coat of many colours



LISBON—PRAÇA DE D. PEDRO.

some days at sea. The best time to arrive is in the very early morning, when a golden haze is the only suggestion of dawn. Suddenly, with scarce an interval of twilight, the sun will spring up from behind the eastern hills, the river will glow as though on fire, there will be a delicious sensation of the coming day.

But while Constantinople does so little justice to its entrance that travellers may be advised to go as far as the harbour and then return, Lisbon does full credit to the Tagus. It has natural faults, and poverty has accentuated them, but there are many charms that colder countries lack. The river is more than a mile across, and teems with exquisite fish; the hills on the other side are loaded with vines from which the pure native wine is made. The town itself has, in parts, a Moorish aspect, although it differs

belonging to the patriarch Joseph, are only vain in the matter of head-gear, and favour long green woollen caps turned up with red. For the visitor who understands sufficient of the Portuguese language to bargain with the market-women, a foretaste of Paradise, so far as fruit and fish are concerned, is in store. He can eat mulberries, green figs, strawberries, grapes, peaches, nectarines, until tired Nature calls upon him to stop, and sixpence will cover the cost of the lot. Excellently sweet and delicate fish, rather larger than a big sardine, fetch between threepence and fivepence per hundred, and cooked by natives—well, "There ain't a word," as James Fawn used to sing.

That terrible earthquake of some century and a half ago, in which Dr. Johnson so quaintly refused to believe, practically destroyed the town, and, as may be imagined,

antiquities are few and far between. There is, however, a chapel dedicated to St. John, on the model of the Sistine in Rome, that managed to escape the shocks; and not far from the town is the cathedral of Belem. Both are well worth a visit. Literature, though it may not flourish, is far from being dead, but the cost of printing and production keep excellent work in the background. Art is in a bad way.

Heavy import duties, large taxes, and bad government, have done all they can to spoil Lisbon, but they have not brought about irrevocable damage. The climate is so good, the temperament of the people is so cheerful, that nobody worries much about anything. There is practically no money, and all transactions are done by means of paper notes varying in value from twopence-halfpenny to about ten pounds. Excepting fruit and fish, all things are dear, and will doubtless remain so while the present policy of pro-

tection remains in favour. The people are not naturally religious, but efforts are being made to increase Jesuitical influence. Personally, I fancy that the masses are too indifferent and too immersed in the struggle for life to care

at all about the matter; and if this be so, the promoters of the recent celebrations in honour of St. Antony might have kept their money, or invested it to better purpose. A good bullfight is the only thing to rouse the lower class to a state of enthusiasm, and this despite the fact that Portuguese *corridos* differ from those of Spain by reason of their pleasant absence of slaughter. They are trials of skill, which never degenerate into exhibitions of butchery.

When the visitor tires of the capital, and has exhausted the pleasures of Cintra, there are many places left well calculated to please. Altogether it may be fairly said that Lisbon and its environs repay a visit at any season of the year.—S. L. B.



THE CHURCH OF JERONYMOS, BELEM PALACE.



THE CLOISTERS OF THE CHURCH OF JERONYMOS.



SEA FISHING

I AM very glad to note that the latest addition to the Badminton Library is a volume upon one of the most amusing of all games, sea-fishing to wit. That this pastime has not been regarded hitherto as a sport, except by an enthusiastic minority, is to be set down rather to the wide ignorance of the people than to any lack of possibilities in an excellent employment. The inland angler is only too ready to scoff at his humble brother who ensnares the succulent whiting at the pier's head. The man in the street is too often the victim of the nautical humbug who rows him out to the shallows where fish do not abound, and discovers a shoal only when three or four hours—at a shilling an hour—have been wasted. And when there is added to this the terrors of that "sic transit," so feelingly alluded to by the late Henry J. Byron, the unpopularity of the game is plain to be understood. Very timely, therefore, is this admirable defence of it put forth; a defence which would claim for sea-fishing the rank of a sport, and seek, not only to draw the inland angler to the shore, but to modify and to mend the misfortunes of the defrauded ignoramus.

Speaking as a very humble amateur, I have found the chief attractions of sea-fishing to lie in that which Mr. Pinero's page would style its "blooming uncertainty." I remember fishing some twelve months ago off Deal and making a bag which would have satisfied a very exacting angler. In some time under an hour, I had taken one flounder, one whiting pout, one red flannel jacket, and one bedstead. From a purely sporting view, the bedstead was to be preferred to the flounder. There was a joy of expectation in hauling it to the surface not to be lightly esteemed. No halibut ever compelled a line to quiver so pleasingly. And as one of the party put it, we had not ourselves to blame that it was not a shark.

Perhaps the chief merit of sea-fishing, so far as the unskilled majority is concerned, lies in the success which attends even the ignorant and incapable fisherman. Though his bait be a lob-worm and his hook be as clumsy as a chopper, he will catch fish of some sort and will be happy. The watchfulness, the thought, the hard work of the freshwater sportsman are not essentials of the game as they play it at Folkestone or at Margate. Let the angler be busy with his book, what matter? He may finish his chapter while the codling is contemplating the novelty of the situation. Let his mood be reflective and idle? There is no harm done. He may write a whole essay on the agony of a flounder and yet pull up the flounder when the page is blotted. For patience as a stable finish in the fisherman's character he has no concern. Your sea angler scoffs at the slings and arrows of deferred fortune. He lowers his coarse line when the tide is flowing and the fish do the rest.

Here is the feature of sea fishing which never fails to attract the lady angler. With the small boat and the nautical humbug she will have no truck. Has she not seen her pale-faced brothers returning from that day's sailing round the "point." Wise in her way, she takes her novel to the pier-head, and there baiting a hook with a morsel of shrimp, she waits until a flounder rises to a sense of gallantry and allows himself to be introduced. Should she hook a devil fish, she knows that a slight scream is becoming and that the new man will admire the pretty turn of an ankle when she scuds up the steps to the higher stages, leaving the enemy in temporary possession. It is a new sensation to her to haul up the silvery pouting, not once in a month, as her brother hauls up the trout at home, but once a minute and four at the haul. The occupation may even lead to the landing of a genius, taken not from the deep, but from the shallows by the band stand. And in that case she will entrap him in his box far more quickly and with greater skill than ever did the fisherman of the Nights. But this is another story.

I have said that the common possession of the sea angler is incompetence. It is the object of the Badminton book to remedy this almost universal failing, and to build up a sport from that which is now a game. To this end the authors who have assisted Mr. Watson in his venture, dedicate their onslaught upon clumsy tackle and barbaric implements. Nearly all sea-fishermen use impossible hooks; the majority of them despise gut and gimp, and run clothes-lines upon their winches. Only a very few of them are aware of the utility of the fly as an adjunct to their can of worms. Spinning and trotting they leave to the aforesaid nautical humbug. Their only ambition is to bag a flounder; their largest hope to catch a codling. These, however, are the very people who should turn to the Badminton. A casual perusal of it would double their catches; a close reading would reveal a new and most fascinating occupation. By no means the least interesting chapter in this exhaustive volume is that contributed by Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, who writes of tarpon fishing in the Gulf of Mexico. I have read nothing so fertile in wonders since Nansen told us of halibut fishing off the West Coast of Greenland. Mr. Harmsworth assures us that a tarpon of a hundred pounds and over is a common fish in Florida. And this is not a brute that is hauled up like a flounder. For pluck and endurance it has no rival in the seas. A bout with a tarpon is a thing to be remembered with a first shot at a tiger and the first grizzly. Nor are the pleasures of it any the less, because you catch as many sharks as tarpons. Florida is but nine days from Liverpool as things go now, and since big game is the fashion, it would surprise no one to hear that the sequel to the latest "Badminton" was a tarpon party in the Gulf of Mexico. The novelty would be a godsend to the overworked and "personally conducted" victim of mountains or of fjords.

MAX PEMBERTON.



"A LOOSE SHOE." BY H. HARDY.
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS.
B. BROOKS & SONS, 171, STRAND, TO WHOM
THE COPYRIGHT BELONGS.



"THE Amazons" is the thirteenth play by Mr. Pinero which Mr. Heinemann has published, so that the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is better represented in book-form than any English dramatic writer of the day except Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Henry Arthur



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
Photo by A. Ellis.

Jones has figured in print only intermittently, although his later plays often read as well as they act. "The Amazons" was produced in March, 1893, at the Court Theatre, and it is somewhat remarkable that since that time the three actors who headed the bill, namely, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Fred. Kerr and Mr. Elliot, have each of them entered into managership. Miss Pattie Browne was introduced to English audiences in this play, and Miss Ellaline Terriss made her first real hit as the sweet little Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet, who was scarcely so well fitted to keep off the masculine mask of her sisters, Lady Noeline (Miss Lily Hanbury) and Lady Thomasine (Miss Pattie Browne).

There are some smart turns of dialogue in the quaint story; for example, when Lord Castlejordan sorrowfully told his wife that she had "lost a whole season's hunting for nothing," because she bore him a daughter instead of a son; and, again, the remark of Lord Litterly, that "the West-end of London is the Worst end of London."

In "The Amazons" and in "The Cabinet Minister" Mr. Pinero has used "Drumdurris" as the name of an estate in Scotland, for it was there that the Cabinet Minister's wife was forced to take the vulgar little money-lending Jew, Joseph Lebanon, who insisted upon telling stories either "with no point at all, or else with two." "Drumdurris" was probably unconsciously hit upon like the name "Ebb-smith," yet Drum is the name of an estate in Aberdeenshire,

in the possession of one of the oldest Scotch families, the Irvines while Durris is a property almost adjoining, bought several years ago by the Youngs, of paraffin-oil fame.

Mr. Lionel Brough plays the part of the Laird in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of "Trilby." Mr. Brough imitates a Scotchman cleverly, but there are surely Scotchmen on the stage who could have given us the real Mackay.

Mr. Bouchier has at last opened the Royalty with "The Chili Widow," the name he has given "Monsieur le Directeur," and the theatre has been redecored for the tenancy. The widow, and all the melancholy which she is supposed to represent, might be supposed to have cast a gloom on the Royalty, which has been singularly unsuccessful in recent years, the most notable failures being those of Miss Janet Achurch and Miss Annie Rose, both of whom attempted to spell success with serious plays. Then came Miss Minnie Palmer with "The Little Widow," and then the hopeful Miss Hope Booth.

Mr. Bouchier is one of those university contributions to the stage, so frequent of late years. He made his first professional appearance with Mrs. Langtry in 1889, as Jacques in "As You Like It." His wife, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who is the eldest daughter of the late Rev. Prebendary Barnes, came out at Toole's in 1886. Her most recent appearance of any note was as the Countess Olivia in the Daly production of "Twelfth Night." Her sister Irene also appears in the cast at the Royalty. She made her appearance six years ago in "Alice in Wonderland" at the Globe, and has had rather a varied experience in farce, dumb-show drama and melodrama.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH (MRS. BOURCHIER).
Photo by A. Ellis.

Miss Lilian Russell has been telling an interviewer that the first words she uttered upon a stage were the lines from "The Pirates of Penzance," beginning "Poor wandering one, though thou hast surely strayed."

Mr. John Hare and his company have begun a farewell tour before leaving for America and the colonies.



MISS CONSTANCE COURTENAY.
Photo by F. Dickens.

to superintend the production of no fewer than three melodramas from his pen. I remember the first night of one of them "Beyond the Breakers," and I shall never forget it.

The Duse is said to have a rival in Signorina Italia Vitaliani, who is only twenty-eight years old. Hedda

Miss Constance Courtenay, who is playing Lady Dodo Singleton in "The Shop Girl" on tour, is a pupil of the Royal College of Music, and learned the noble art of dancing from Mr. John D'Auban. This is her first professional appearance; but as an amateur, she figured in "Le Roi l'a dit," produced by the College students before the Queen at Windsor last spring.

The indefatigable Mr. Sutton Vane has left for America

Miss Kate Rorke and her husband have begun a tour with Miss Clo Graves' play "Dr. and Mrs. Neil," the company including Miss Beatrice Lamb, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. Oscar Adye.

Mr. Matthew Brodie makes a clever Earl of Dorincourt in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" which he is playing in the provinces. I remember him many years ago as Tom Jones in Mr. Buchanan's



MISS AGNES MILLER.
Now appearing in "Alabama."

adaptation of the immortal novel, in which Miss Maude Millett, whose engagement is just announced, was a delightful Sophia.

Mr. Walter Frith, who is writing the next piece for the Trafalgar Theatre, is a son of Mr. W. P. Frith, the retired Royal Academician. His first piece to make any success was "Ensnared," which was produced in 1883. Since then he has written much, including the libretto to "The Verger" one of the prettiest pieces produced by the

German Reeds. "Molière" and "Midsummer Day" are among his later productions. Curiously enough, a play by the son of another Royal Academician has been given at the Trafalgar Theatre. I allude to a harmless little trifle written by Mr. Gilbert Burgess about four years ago.

The Theatre is improving rapidly, this month's issue being especially interesting. Attention is drawn to an extraordinary set of rules, which is said by the *New York Sun* to have been drawn up by Mr. Daly for the benefit of his Company of Comedians while crossing the Atlantic. "Mr. Daly," according to one of these precepts, "will be pleased if the ladies of the company will decline introductions to strangers, and, in the event of a solicitation, the



MISS IRENE VANERUGH.
Photo by A. Ellis.

question should be referred to him." Again, "the ladies must retire to their cabins at 10 o'clock, after that hour they must not be on the deck or frequent the saloon." Mr. Daly is evidently a father to his people.

What is so enduring as a really stirring song? The title of the new play at Drury Lane is taken from the veteran Mr. Henry Russell's ballad, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" while the song itself is being sung rightly in Mr. Kiralfy's spectacle at the Indian Exhibition.

To every lover of Savoy opera, the announcement that Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert are to collaborate again for Mr. Carte, will be right welcome news. The Savoy would seem to have lost its luck, as it has lost much of its significance since Gilbert and Sullivan parted company.



TIME was, when the infrequent and venturesome metropolitan holiday-maker, who sought those fresh fields or green pastures by which Devon was literally expressed—or the sheltered nooks on its coast—would set off in great groups of post-chaise and postillion to possible perils from impolite highwaymen who were wont to haunt the King's road between London and Exeter. Two whole days of jolting over villainous pathway and extremest discomfort of mind and body repaid such pilgrimage in what we romantically canonize as the good old days. Peace be to them! The railways make short shrift of such journeys now.

If time and railways can be forgotten awhile, there is no better way of negotiating Lynton, Lynmouth and all other lovely approaches to Ilfracombe than from the box seat. But even those who get their first glimpse of the old port from that slight eminence which the station affords, are sufficiently delighted with its quaint habitations nestling deep amid the hill sides which surround, while framing all in a silvery belt of water are dancing the Channel waves, where local mermaidsen disport of a summer morning. Particular charms of association attach to this favoured corner of coast scenery. In old days, six ships sent by this important port went to swell King Edward's fleet, when the good king laid siege to Calais. Now the town affects more peaceful manners of a sea-side resort, where in winter and summer alike a beautiful climate draws many wayfarers to its happy valleys. Since Saxon Alfred's time from whom, indeed, the town took its name of Alfrincombe, the Harbour has been the scene of many events and encounters. Nor does a more picturesquely-sheltered nook exist along the much indented shore of Southern England. Lantern Hill protects it from buffetting sea-breezes on one side, while Hillsborough Head wards off bitter onslaught of east wind on another.

East of this height rises a chain, euphoniously called Hangman's Hills, round whose base the pretty village of Hele spreads itself. On the west Capstone towers high above the Harbour—while far away northwards an endless intermingling of hill and hollow spread alluringly before the stranger's fascinated gaze. Winding, well-kept paths lead to the summit of Lantern Hill, on whose cone-shaped rock the old Chapel of St. Nicholas, now converted into a lighthouse, still stands. Rapparee Bathing Cove, a pretty sheltered spot at one side of the harbour, is much affected by bathers. A Spanish treasure-ship was wrecked here late in the last century, and various "finds" of precious metal subsequently occurred, the very gravel with which this old three-decker was ballasted being still shown to visitors. Capstone Hill, whose rocks abound with the scarlet-lined daisy-anemone, rises sheer up from the water, and mid-way up its 200 feet altitude a parapet wall bounds the sunny cliff road. Lovely

views occur along this rocky way, Lundy Island just verging on the horizon, while directly opposite to north and west the Welsh mountains are plainly visible.

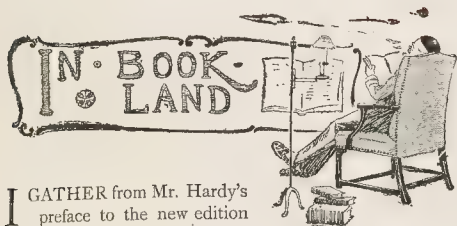
Continuing by Capstone Parade, one reaches Wildersmouth Bay, against whose rocks returning waves break into foam the calmest day in summer. Of many popular bathing spots about Ilfracombe, perhaps the bay beyond Crewkerne Cave is the chiefest. Here, too, hid Sir William de Tracy, one of Becket's murderers, before making his peace by prayer and penance and church building. Leading from the Tunnels is the road to Tor's Walk, *par excellence* the lion of this neighbourhood. Seven lofty hills, rising about 400 feet from the seaside, are intersected by a charming roadway laid out with skill and care in many zigzags to the summit.

In one quiet nook, formed by a chasm in the rocks hereabouts, The Lovers' Leap is pointed out—an almost vertical cliff offering ample opportunity, which was availed of by some overwrought lovers of olden days, whose stern parents refused to sanction a quite impracticable match. Not far from Lynton, just off Duty Point, another precipice is pointed out, over which a disappointed damsel hurried, when her faithless lover found another eyebrow for his sonnets.

Berrynarbor is a pretty village, possessing an Early English Church and an ancient Plantagenet Manor House. Also, on the way to Lynton, lies Combe Martin, with old church and excellent hostelry amongst its allurements. Woody Bay, reached just before the old town of Lynmouth, is another exquisitely-environed coast. To the west of Ilfracombe, one again travels an enchanting country, leading along to quaint old Bideford and lovely Clovelly. Lee Bay, skirting the beautifully-wooded hamlet of that name, is known for some curious quartz-boulders lying in a field, where old Devonian giants played powerfully at quoit-pins. At Bull Point, which Kingsley well described as "a chaos of rock ridges," the lighthouse-keeper presides in lonely kingship over his crimson lights and Siren fog-signals.

All along this part, both at Rockham and the dangerous Morte Point—a huge heap of rocks running out quite a mile, the coast is extremely rugged. From wild headlands, over which one scarcely dares to peep, the unseen waves send up a sullen thunder, and from Morte Stone itself, columns of never-ceasing spray indicate the dangerous reef against which so many good ships went down before the saving signals on Bull and Hartland Points, gave timely warning to mariners.

North-West Devon is in itself also quite unique, and Clovelly, with its cob cottages, hidden away in deep fissures of the cliffs, its curious pebbly steps and crooked alleys, with glorious background of green wooded hillside, presents features which are an enduring joy to both artist and dilettante.



I GATHER from Mr. Hardy's preface to the new edition of "Two on a Tower," that he has no very high opinion of that story, though he defends it against some of the criticisms of thirteen years ago. It seems that in 1882 the loves of Swithin St. Cleve and Viviette Constantine were thought "improper," and that "several eminent pens" denounced the book as "a satire on the Established Church." It is true that the marriage of Swithin and Viviette is celebrated by a parson who, owing to pure absence of mind, mistakes the ceremony for a funeral, and that a bishop is exhibited in somewhat unflattering colours. But a public opinion which tolerated Anthony Trollope's very candid portraits of Anglican dignitaries could not, with any consistency, accuse Mr. Hardy of deliberate outrage on a pillar of the Church. I am sorry for the bishop, who is hurried by a *ruse* into marrying a lady, in ignorance of a delicate circumstance which, though it does not trespass on the region of impropriety, is not usual in polite circles. Viviette's secret marriage to Swithin, though theologically sound, is legally invalid, because, by a misapprehension, it was solemnised when her first husband was still living. That undesirable person died in Africa some months after his death was first reported. Viviette, finding her second marriage technically null, in a burst of generosity, sent her *quasi*-husband, an ambitious young astronomer, in search of celestial marvels at the other side of the world, because marriage for him meant the loss of fortune, bequeathed by a cynical bachelor uncle. A reason suddenly arose for recalling Swithin, and binding once more the hymeneal chain; but he was well on his way to the Transit of Venus, and Viviette, in despair, was persuaded to marry the bishop, who was not informed of the dilemma, and who died, three years later, leaving her a widow for the second time.

To any one who has not read the story, these complications will seem rather hazardous and a trifle absurd. If you have a very emotional grass-widow, with an objectionable lord lion-hunting in Africa, and a handsome young astronomer taking observations of the skies from the summit of a tower in the lady's park, you must expect a sequence of incidents not quite compatible with the customary prose of county society.

In many respects, the novel resembles "Life's Little Ironies" and the "Group of Noble Dames." There is the whimsical spirit of Nature, the frequent suggestion of Boccaccio, and the flavour of old comedy, which distinguish those agreeable volumes. Viviette is the tender creature of impulse Mr. Hardy loves to draw, much to the indignation of ladies who would have us believe that their sex is, in all concerns, quite as rational as our own. The astronomer is, for a considerable part of his time, a solemn young

prig, with his head in the stars and his feet wherever feet ought not to be put. Viviette's brother, who brings about the sudden marriage with the bishop, is a shadow. The prelate is pompous, and nothing more; and the few rustics are rather lifeless, except the gentleman who remembers that when he went up for confirmation, and was asked to declare the articles of his belief, he was prompted by a roguish neighbour to say, "Wine and women," a reply which staggered the episcopal inquisitor. Possibly it was this legend which caused some critics, in the year of darkness, 1882, to hold up "Two on a Tower" to the odium of all respectable church-goers.

Reading the novel for the first time, I find it, though by no means one of the best of Mr. Hardy's works, full of a delicious quaintness. When the bishop has reason to suspect that a lady visits the astronomer's cabin at the foot of the tower, and, confronting him in a churchyard with a coral bracelet, asks how this is to be reconciled with the ceremony of confirmation through which the young man has just passed; when the bracelet is left by the dumb-founded youth on a tombstone, and picked up by Viviette's suspicious brother who is promptly outwitted by its fair owner; the intrigue has all the exhilaration of a Goldoni comedy, set in a frame of old-fashioned English manners.

A certain grave and formal phrasing in the talk of Viviette and Swithin is delightfully in keeping with the remoteness of the story from ordinary experience. The love making in the tower between a woman who is dying for an occupation, and a youth, much her junior, who believes he is going to be another Copernicus, and has no eyes save for the most distant stars, seems bedewed, so to speak, with irresponsibility from the starry space. That a man and a woman should play fantastic pranks before high heaven in such a case is not unnatural, though extremely injudicious. The mechanism of the story may be a little *naïve*, but it has just that refreshing and provoking quality of simplicity which might be expected to distinguish mere human beings by philosophers in Sirius, or by Puck seated on a mushroom. "What diverting fools these mortals be!" is the moral of it all.

Language fails to do anything like justice to the *naïveté* of these supposed Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. They were originally edited in 1818 by a lady, who dedicated them to the Czar Alexander I. in a strain which, oddly enough, anticipated the French rhapsodies to the Czar Alexander III. Josephine represents herself as an angel of goodness, and a political genius of the highest order. Not a word of her flirtations in Bonaparte's absence, nor of the night she spent in tears outside his door after his sudden return from Egypt. She has the wisdom of Egerie and the constancy of Héloïse. Such is her lofty patriotism, that she advises Bonaparte to play the part of Monk, and restore the Bourbons. People who believe that will believe anything.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Two on a Tower." By Thomas Hardy. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.
 "Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine." H. S. Nichols.



IN THE FIELD.

NO slight argument in favour of the restoration of farming on a small scale would be the participation of children in the work of the world's harvesting. It is true that a certain number of little children from the courts and by-streets of the town go down, year by year, with the kettles and bundles of an East-end *déménagement*, and are tumbled sleep, or carried asleep, into the hop fields of Kent. But this is on a great scale, and in circumstances of misery. What might give pleasure to any man able to remember his own childhood would be the easy, happy, and untired harvesting of children admitted, under the welcome stress and pleasure of abundant crops, to help the labours of men and women, neither in mere play, nor in dreadful earnest for the sake of their small earnings.

In Switzerland, on the steep farm lands of the Canton de Vaud, where maize and grapes are carried in the *hotte*, fitted to the back of the harvester, so naturally are the children expected in the field that *hottes* are made of all sizes for their little arms and little shoulders. Some, made for

harvesters of five years old, can hold no more than a single yellow ear of maize, or two handfuls of beans. You may meet the same little boy a dozen times in a morning with this load. When Louis Blanc described the difference between the *grande culture* and the *petite culture* by the

difference of the commands "Go to work," and "Come to work," he may have remembered how often the more fortunate phrase includes a call to little children, dispensed from lessons for the absorbing interest of gathering. They know no more joyful order. All the games of children imitate some kind of business, but the natural boy and girl would far rather have the real business than the imitation. It is work, but not the work of every day. All children are tired of every day. It is a greater bore to young children than the grown man can remember. No man or woman is so bored as a child can be. The first and most radiant grace of harvest, therefore, is that it is altogether exceptional. It fulfils



THE HOUSE OF CARDS, 1763-1788. F. H. DROUAIS.
From the "Fair Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.
Lent by H. L. Bischoffsheim, Esq.

all the ideals of the natural heart—use, gravity, novelty, and discipline. These secured, gaiety comes of itself. The harvest, moreover, is almost always good to eat. The child has the good fortune of food irregular, interesting, and generally raw.

Vintaging needs no praises, nor does apple-gathering; even when the apples are for cider, they are never acrid enough to baffle a child's tooth. But there is no kind of harvest that is not an occasion of infinite novelty and felicity. Perhaps even the very best are the gravest, the most important, and the least sweet to the taste.

Happy the country in which the mother of the youngest harvesters keeps a sufficient sense of gaiety to crown the day's work with something distinctive for supper. In Switzerland she has almost everywhere a fit sense of the demands of the time. When the plums are gathered, for instance, she bakes in the village oven certain round open tarts, across which her arm can hardly reach. No plum tarts known in England are anything but dull in comparison with these. There is, besides, the first loaf of the new flour—white from the wheat and brown from the maize. And nothing can close a day of potato-gathering so well as the little fire built afield, and the baking of potatoes under the wood ashes. That child is to be pitied who knows nothing but the prose of baked potatoes.

And yet even those children who are so unhappy as never to have worked in a real field, but have been compelled to vary their education with nothing except play, have been able to comfort themselves with the irregular harvest—the unofficial harvest—of the hedges. They have been denied the real joys of labour, and have had no little hand in the realities of cultivation, but wild growths have given them the most satisfactory of the forms of mere play. Pale are the joys of nutting, for instance, compared with those of vintaging, but at least they are something. The little



"WE THREE."

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.



"I WONDER."

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.

harvester—official or unofficial—might pity the conventional child whose only harvest is that of the barren shore. It is only the mere man or woman who could pretend to be childish enough to think that futile sand-castles and the carting about of unchangeable pebbles, fruitless, uneatable, make-believe—could satisfy a real child like the inimitable frolic of the truth. Children do not pretend to be childish. They make the best of the beach, but only for lack, or ignorance, of something better.

Blackberry gathering, though not sufficiently useful and responsible for the most genuine kind of child, is well enough. There should be a real blackberry country, such as certain parts of Sussex and the Landslip pasture of the Isle of Wight, where the blackberries are large, sweet, and wild-flavoured. There the child may have the next best thing to harvesting in a Swiss or Tuscan farm. Nutting is good, but it is for taller ages. There is not very much in England growing so near the ground that the little gatherer of a single ear of Indian corn could get a good day's picking in our fields. Bilberries (to give them one of various local names) are good and accessible, but where is the scarlet *hippe-vignette*? Mushrooms are accessible indeed, and mushroom gathering is necessarily wild. It could not be done by the regular forces of labour, but must be the work of light skirmishers. Fitful as it is, it thus satisfies the child's legitimate ambition—it is useful.

The solitary English country, with its hedge and its green field, and no man, woman, or child astir in it, seems to be a much neglected harvest field of children.

ALICE MEYNELL.



MY DENTIST.

BY FANNY A. LOGAN.

EVERY man has or ought to have a hobby. My particular one is gardening. I flatter myself that the vines and fruit trees in my little property at Saunois are perfection, and the summer months spent amongst my plantations constitute the happiest period of the year.

Early in June, some years ago, the house and grounds next to mine were let, and the new tenants, an American, his wife and four children, had just arrived. The first Sunday they spent in Saunois my old housekeeper rushed in as I was taking an afternoon nap, and in a state of excitement exclaimed :

"Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur ! that foreigner next door is having a fight with one of his visitors, and there will be murder before long ; their hands are already swollen up bigger than my head ! Shall I run and fetch the gendarmes ? I wonder why those savages can't stop in their own country !"

I rose and went into the garden to look over the hedge, but before I reached it I guessed from the exclamations which I heard that they were only amusing themselves, and that my poor Thérèse had mistaken boxing-gloves for swollen fists !

Boxing was one of my neighbour's hobbies. The other one was shooting, at which he was an adept. He used to shoot through scraps of paper hung to threads in the branches of the trees, and never missed his aim. He was also fond of gardening, and he gave me many useful hints in our chats over the garden hedge. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, most scrupulous in his dress and in the care of his hands ; he left home every morning for Paris at eight o'clock and returned at half-past five. I never asked him what he did, but I fancied he was in a bank.

It happened one morning that I woke with a most fearful toothache, and the beastly thing continued to throb and ache all day. Now I disliked dentists, and never went to one unless forced to do so ; I don't think I should mind the loss of a limb half so much as to sit in one of those spider-legged chairs, at the mercy of a gentleman in a black coat and white tie, who politely tortures your nerves with a dental engine of the last improved pattern.

On the evening of this particular day I was perfectly ried out with pain, and I was wondering whether I had

not better put an end to my misery by hanging myself from my favourite pear-tree when my neighbour's cheery tones startled me.

"What's up, old chap?"

"Up !" I replied, "why, every nerve in my head is in a state of quivers !"

"What? only toothache?"

"Only !" I tartly replied ; "wish *you* had it !"

"Oh, never mind. Come round to my office to-morrow ; I'll soon fix you up square."

"Your office?"

"Yes, in the Rue Auber ; you will see the plate on the door, Dr. Robertson. Meanwhile, if you will allow me, I will come in and put something in your tooth which will relieve the pain."

And this is the way I learnt that my neighbour was a dentist, and he was as great an adept at dentistry as at shooting. His skill was wonderful, his hand so light and gentle, and a more patient man I never saw. He fixed me up for life, as he said, and we got very intimate and friendly. He told me his history—nothing very new in it.

He had come from the States, thinking, like many others, that an American dentist had only to show himself in Paris to make any amount of money ; he had taken an office, furnished it well, and waited for patients, who came few and far between. He found it hard to make both ends meet, and he was struggling on, living on his capital, always hoping things would look brighter.

He left Saunois. I also left, and resided some time in Algiers. Years passed and I had almost forgotten his existence, so quickly do people pass in and out of our lives.

About four years ago I strolled into the Hotel Drouot (I have already told you this is a favourite haunt of mine), and wandered up and down the rooms in search of something I might fancy. Besides the sale-rooms, sales also take place in a large inner court, where the vans load and unload. These are all *genuine* sales, and are generally the result of seizures, etc. This being the day after quarter day, the yard was full of little clusters of goods and chattels seized by landlords. As I looked down upon this medley from the top of the steps my attention was specially attracted to a corner where a man stood with an intense look of despair on his face. I looked at him twice . . . and surely . . . yes, I was not mistaken . . . it was my dentist !

In an instant I was down by his side. He was much altered. He had the look of a man who, having gone through all kinds of trouble and privations, was ready to do any desperate deed.

"Why, Robertson! what are you doing here?"

"Look!" was his answer.

He pointed to a space behind one of the great iron gates, in which were heaped his sofa, chairs, tables, etc., and on his dental chair a paper was pinned stating that the sale was for three o'clock.

"There," he said, "that's my landlord's work! How am I going to feed my children, I wonder? Oh the life I have led! I was forced to move into cheaper apartments, and thus lost most of my connection (for a professional man should never move). I lost my wife after an illness of four long months; my people in America did not answer my letters, and this (pointing to his furniture) is what it has come to! That chair cost me 1,000 francs; it is my tool, and necessary to me, yet they have taken it away! How can I work without it? I will wait here to see the goods sold off, and when the last is gone I will shoot myself, and the landlord will have to pay the burial fees! I have a good mind to shoot the rascal first, so he'd better not show *his* face here!"

It was now past two o'clock. This man was wound up to such a pitch of determination that it was useless to argue with him. I was quite at a loss what to do. I knew he would do nothing rash before the sale, and I did not see my way clear to be useful to him, as my means would not allow me to give him permanent help.

I walked along the corridor, my thoughts so absorbed by my anxiety that I nearly ran down two gentlemen who were coming in the opposite direction. I look up, startled, and met the beaming eyes of an old Russian friend, Prince P——.

"Why, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you look as if all the weight of the world was on your shoulders!"

In a few words I explained to him the story of that poor fellow downstairs, and the difficulty I was in.

"What a fortunate thing I met you," he said. "Allow me to introduce you to this gentleman (pointing to his companion); he is the celebrated Dr. X., the Emperor's dentist, who is on his way to America to find a capable assistant. Is this friend of yours clever?"

"Of course he is," I replied; "he is *my* dentist."

"I am afraid," said Dr. X., with a laugh, "that this recommendation is not sufficient. What has he done for you?"

Before I realised his meaning the doctor had drawn me to the window, unceremoniously opened my mouth, and examined it.

"That's good," he said; "he'll do. Let's go and find him, before it's too late."

We hurried down. A little crowd clustering round Robertson's furniture proved to us the sale had begun. He stood on one side looking on. We made our way through the crowd with some difficulty, and managed to get close to him. His hand was in his coat pocket, and by the muscles of his wrist I could see he was clutching something. I knew full well what this was. I noticed his blanched and pallid face and his clenched teeth. I seized hold of his wrist—he turned upon me with an angry look.

"Don't be rash," I said; "I have good news for you. I beseech you to believe me."

He looked dazed, as if he could not understand my words.

"Take your hand from your pocket," I continued, "and do not bring out that little bijou of yours. Wait and hear what I have to say."

"Are you saying this out of pity for me? If you imagine you can prevent me shooting myself you are mistaken. Why should I live?"

"For your children's sake," I replied.

"What! and see them starve? No! When a man is beggared he's best out of the way."

"Nonsense! He only proves himself a coward in not having sufficient courage to overcome difficulties and try life over again. But enough of this. By a merciful interposition of Providence I have just found a gentleman in your own profession who is requiring an able assistant. Come and speak to him. There will always be time enough to shoot yourself afterwards, if you wish it."

Holding his arm, I drew him out of the crowd, and presented him to Dr. X.

And now my dentist is doing well in St. Petersburg, and his last letter informs me of the coming marriage of his eldest daughter with one of the sons of Dr. X.



THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MISS JANE BARLOW.

AT the Cottage it is the month of roses. All sorts of roses clamber over the house-front and light up the rooms, but the sweet, old-fashioned sorts are conspicuous—cabbage-roses, moss-roses, and a small peculiarly sweet rose which Miss Barlow calls *rose celeste*. Since I carried off some cuttings of it to grow in my London garden, I have re-christened it the "Jane Barlow."

"I suppose you are a great gardener, Miss Barlow?" I say.

"Oh, no; I have very little to do with it. I like watering the plants in the greenhouse, or outdoor in hot weather, because they seem to like it so much. That is about the extent of my participation."

"You find your writing take all your time?"

"All the time I am disposed to be busy; but I have an enormous capacity for idleness."

"Yet you wrote 'Irish Idylls' in a single summer?"

"Yes; but usually when I begin a book I feel as if it would take at least a hundred years to complete. In the matter of 'Irish Idylls' I had been thinking a great deal over the lives of the people in a West of Ireland village where we had stayed one summer, and had been wishing that I could make people understand and sympathise with them. I suppose I had that feeling with me all during the writing of the 'Idylls.'"

"You have since been in Donegal with Lady Aberdeen. Donegal was sure to give you fresh inspiration?"

"I do not know. I have been thinking about it, and perhaps, after all, I shall return to Lisconnel. I am not quick to take new impressions."

"You must let me see where you work?"

"Certainly; but I have no den of my own, like other people. I have a little table drawn near the fireplace in my father's study. I never want to go out, and in winter sit by the fire all day. My father and I get on beautifully, working in the same room. He says I am as quiet as a mouse, or he would not have me."

Just around the corner from the Cottage is Raheny Village. Lisconnel peasants are not to be found in Raheny, though there are many "characters" among the people. But it lies too near the city to possess the simple virtues of Lisconnel. This is the centre of a sporting neighbourhood, with the racecourse of Baldoyle hard by, and Miss Barlow tells delightfully how even the women club their pence to make a shilling or two, so as to have "a bit on" of a race-day. Not only Baldoyle, where they have known the horses from colthood and the young gentlemen riders from the time they were in long clothes, but the great English races send the last wave of their excitement widening in Raheny

Village. It is a very quiet farming country round about, and not productive, one imagines, of romantic incidents; but it is a case of "eyes and no eyes," and the book of human documents under her gaze may be full of interest as Miss Barlow turns the leaves.

Her childhood was spent at Clontarf, a little nearer Dublin. From Clontarf the mountains are in view as well as Howth, and there is the Bull, an ideally romantic spot, a sandy spit of land running out from the mainland, desolate with grey bents and rough grasses. Miss Barlow has scarcely a trace of Irish blood, yet there, at Clontarf, she evolved the national spirit, which is the best inspiration of her work. She was writing verses at five, and a little later was thrilled by stories of the Fenian rising. The Fenians were in scattered handfuls on the mountains, in the dreary snow-storms of March, 1867. To one romantic child, the smoke of furze-fires or weeds burning, suggested Fenian camp-fires, and the watchers about them, and most ardently did she desire to be a Fenian also, and to sit about camp-fires on the hills.

Her national sympathies were truly evolution. "The spirit bloweth where it listeth," and on this daughter of a University professor—a University the gift and, in a sense, the appanage of our conquerors—it breathed a deep and tender love of country. Mr. Barlow says his daughter was born a rebel; but she kept the sacred flame of patriotism burning with little encouragement. She has told me that till she met me in March, 1893, she had never spoken with a Home Ruler.

She has evolved her literary *genre* also, for she began by writing just such things as one would expect from a professor's daughter, translations from Greek and Latin poetry, and the like. To those days belongs her translation of "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," published by Messrs. Methuen last autumn. But very little of her early work has survived. For ten years she wrote, and burned all she wrote. Her first Bogland Study, "Walled Out, or Eschatology in a Bog," appeared in the *Dublin University Review* in 1886, but she kept her identity even from the editor.

After longhesitation she published her "Bogland Studies" in 1891, defraying the expenses of publication with her fees as Examiner under the Intermediate Education Act. The following year she wrote her "Irish Idylls" at the earnest request of Dr. Robertson Nicoll. But the peasant life she describes so faithfully came to her by sympathy not by knowledge, for she is too shy and retiring to have visited the people in their homes and spoken with them.

London circles will hardly ever know her. Her untravelled heart keeps her at home, and even a visit to Dublin a few miles away is an unwelcome adventure, and one to be got over as soon as possible.

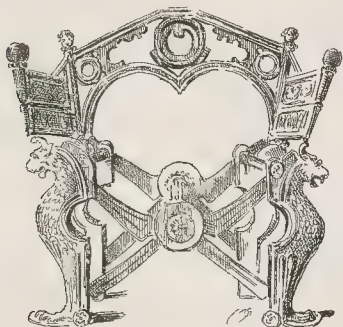
KATHARINE TYNAN.



MISS JANE BARLOW.
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE,
HOLDS.



I DISCOVER to my surprise that hitherto I have said very little, if anything, about chairs. Yet I am of opinion that hardly any element in furnishing is so sure an index to the character of the furnisher as the chair. Moreover, the chair, or thing to be sat upon—for under the term chair it seems convenient to speak of ottomans, sofas, cosy corners, etc.—not only does much to make or mar the beauty of a room, but it is one of the most important matters in the consideration of comfort. Unfortunately, also, in the case of a chair, there is a very great difficulty in combining beauty and luxury of comfort. Of course, any solid large chair, with a seat really well stuffed, or better still, fitted skilfully with springs, is comfortable, but no seat with an inflexible frame is luxurious, whilst, alas, chairs which have frames adaptable to any position that the sitter desires, are not beautiful in form, whatever charm they may have in quality of material and delicacy of workmanship.



DAGOBERT'S CHAIR.

The most comfortable seat imaginable would be the torture chair of the modern dentist, or the American seat of the barber, if one were able to forget the painful purposes to which they were put. However, the contrivances of Messrs. Leveson and Sons, of Oxford Street, really intended as invalid chairs, are luxury itself, and tempt one to malingering, in order to claim the right of using them. Luckily, to malingering or sham sick is an easy task for women.

Indeed, in the civil war that has always reigned between the sexes, and is now in a somewhat acute state owing to some curious and unpleasant developments of womanhood in the last few years, malingering has for centuries been woman's chief weapon. It is difficult to imagine how our ancestresses held their own in the days before "megrimms," headaches, or (to quote Fielding) "fever on the spirits . . . a nervous fever . . . the vapours . . . the

hysterics," etc., were invented. To the woman who first had the idea of using neuralgia, chief honour is due by her sex, which in gratitude should honour her memory with a statue. The name "neuralgia" is very young, and not used, I fancy, earlier than 1860, but "névralgie," the French equivalent, in the form "névrologie," was employed early in the century. However, I must stay my pen lest I go too far astray in the curious study of woman's wiles and the share played in them by the presence of ill-health.

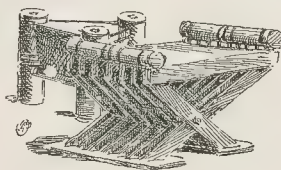
Looking at chairs, from the comfort point of view, it is shown by the illustrations which I give of historical chairs, that they were a failure. Consider the Dagobert chair, now in the Louvre. It is made of gilt bronze and dates from the 7th century, save that the back and arms were added in the 12th by the famous Abbé Suger.

A learned friend of mine assures me that no cushions were used with it. Can anyone wonder that Dagobert did not sit long on the throne? Possibly even the 9th and 10th century French chairs, that look as if the frames were of bamboo, could have been made comfortable by aid of cushions. It will be noted that the Pompeian chair, with the curious curved back, actually has a means of softening the seat. However, since we all know that the back was a concession to the effeminacy of women and not allowed in the chairs of men, the cushion also may have been a weakness.

It is wonderful that at a time so remote as to appear almost fabulous, a nation existed which, at the very beginning of its known career, was in full possession of artistic theories and art traditions—traditions which for forty centuries after held sway, scarcely affected by time, circumstances, or the invasion of foreigners. The nation which dwelt in the valley of the Nile has left astounding specimens of its skill as artist and artisan even its primitive statues have a wonderful intensity of expression and a feeling for nature.



A WOMAN'S CHAIR, FROM POMPEII.



FRENCH STOOLS OF THE 14TH AND 15TH CENTURIES.

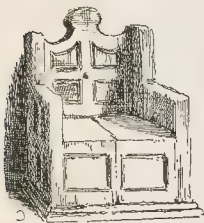
From the pieces still existing of the household furniture of the ancient Egyptians, one may assume that it was not only of good design, but that the people were also clever



ANCIENT CHAIR IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

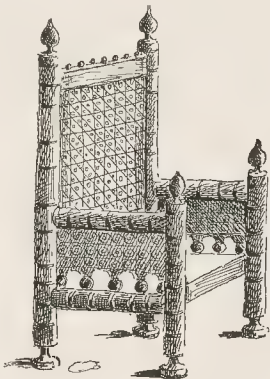
carvers of wood and cunning carpenters, for at the Louvre, among the curious relics of bygone centuries, there is a wonderful chair from the land of Pharaohs and fellahs, surmounted by lions' heads and supported by clawed feet. The back is ornamented with marqueterie, ebony inlaid with ivory—from the tusks of the hippopotamus—representing flowers on a ground of red wood. This chair is of strange beauty and although it shows traces of Greek influence, there are other specimens of pure Egyptian work—the chairs, with arms decorated with heads of gazelles or beaks of native birds, and with incrustations of enamel or china, are of wonderful beauty.

Of course, most of the seats of ancient Greece and Rome with which we are familiar are of bronze, for time has dealt more gently with metal than with wood; but on ancient vases and mural paintings it is easy to see that chairs, more comfortable than the bronze seats and often covered with delicately-sculptured figures and ornaments, were in use. The work is so good that it puts in the shade much of that done by modern sculptors and founders. In fact, some of the exquisite designs of the old Romans have been copied by artists of the Court of Louis XVI., but the reproductions in carved wood have lost nearly all the character and delicacy of the originals, which were in beautifully-chased metal. With the fall of the Roman Empire came the dark age, and excepting the chair of St. Peter at Rome and Dagobert's chair, little or no furniture has been handed down to us by which we can judge of the homes of the earlier Gauls or Britons, and up to about the thirteenth century we are in a great measure dependent upon old illuminated manuscripts or missals for designs of the furniture used in those remote times.



THE STONE CHAIR IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Since the last thing in my mind is to be needlessly or tediously historical, I will hop over a few centuries and come



FRENCH CHAIR OF THE 10TH CENTURY.

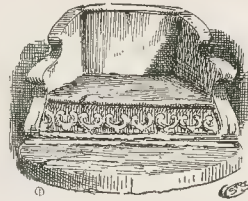
almost to the period at which the once popular Eliza Cook wrote the comical lines:—

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old armchair.

Who, indeed, would chide the authoress of "Melaia" if the old armchair were like that in which I am now sitting? It is tall in the back—in fact, about four feet and a-half—and the top is gracefully curved; the arms are what you may call wings, and come out so far from side and back that the occupant is invisible; the underline of the seat is a graceful Cupid bow; the legs are simple and solid. I bought it for less than two pounds in the country, when it was covered with a disgraceful red rep. For a few shillings I had springs set for seat, back, and wings; then came the question of covering. At a remnant sale I bought three yards of a fine cream brocaded silk of a Louis XVI. design, and got a journeyman upholsterer to come and cover the chair. By good luck I came into the room a few minutes after he began, and found him cutting up the precious silk as though it were common calico. He then announced he would want three times the quantity I had bought, so I discharged him and found it far easier than I thought to do the work. To hide joins in back and wings occasioned by my economy, I put horizontal bands of the silk and now have at a cost of less than £5 one of the handsomest old armchairs in London. My makeshift bands hold fans and photos, and no one guesses why they were introduced. I fear, however, that Eliza Cook's armchair was covered with shiny blue silk, over which was an anti-macassar, whilst on all but high days and holidays, a covering of chintz hid the splendour of the silk.

Here let me give a word of caution. To protect pretty coverings of chairs and sofas by a chintz or cretonne is wise enough if the room is not to be used. The covers will keep out the colour-sucking sun, and keep off dust and dirt. Unfortunately, many people have the covers, yet use the rooms and receive in them guests of no importance. The friction upon the silk of human beings, plus cover, is greater than that of human beings alone. I know a case where over fifty pounds was spent in red satin covers for chairs, sofas, and ottomans, then cretonne covers were bought. At the end of some years, an important guest was expected and the covers were taken off. Alas! the satin had blushed and died unseen, and was so completely worn out, that the important guest had to sit on the cretonne, and the drawing-room, after all, seemed to be in curl-papers.

GRACE.



THE STONE CHAIR AT DURHAM.



FRENCH PRIE-DIEU CHAIR OF THE 15TH CENTURY.



AN INTERVIEW IN THE LOUVRE.

I HAD travelled from Geneva by the Sunday night train. In Paris I found a letter awaiting me. It contained a request for a short article on Leonardo da Vinci with special reference to his portrait of Mona Lisa—Lady Lisa, who inspired one of Walter Pater's most eloquent passages; Lady Lisa, by common consent the most bewitching of the world's many portraits; Lady Lisa, the most prized of all the treasures in the Louvre.

I said to myself: "I will write this little article *in* the Louvre, at Lady Lisa's feet." So down I went through the hot French streets. The courtyard of the Louvre was strangely quiet. "It's only because the day is young," I muttered; but when I reached the staircase the custodian shook his head. Then, in a flash, I remembered. It was Monday, and on Monday the French picture galleries are always closed.

Disheartened, I turned away. All Paris was bathed in a white heat. Worn out by the long night journey, blinded by the glare, and annoyed at the frustration of my little sentimental scheme, I threw myself on a seat in the courtyard, found my pencil and note-book, and proceeded to extol Lady Lisa from memory.

My imagination was more than usually sluggish. I caught myself nodding, and lazily watching a man who was breakfasting off thin wine and thick ham sandwiches close by me. The sun grew hotter. My head nodded more rhythmically. I forgot the munching *ouvrier* at my side, and found myself watching, through half-closed eyes, a figure stalking across the courtyard. He was an old man, a magnificent old man. His hair and beard were white and very long; his brow was wide and furrowed; his deep-set eyes observed and comprehended everything. He walked like a man accustomed to command, like a man who knew the meaning of things, and who could accomplish what he set himself to do. The thought came into my mind that so Shakespeare would have looked and walked.

He darted a swift glance at me as he passed. I arose and followed him, why I did so, I cannot tell. He passed up the staircase into the Louvre, I after him. The custodian did not attempt to bar the passage. He did not appear to notice us even. I was so interested in the stranger that I forgot to be astonished at this. He stalked through the rooms till he reached the Salon Carré, and then he stopped before Mona Lisa. So sudden was this action that we were brought face to face. An afternoon I had spent in the Royal Gallery at Turin a year before suddenly crossed my memory, a long summer afternoon over a portfolio of drawings, and of one drawing in particular, a head of an old Italian painter, in red chalk. I opened my lips, and spoke one word.

"Master," I said.

"Four centuries ago!" he muttered in a deep sad undertone. "The world has changed, and Mona Lisa has changed with the world. The crimson of her lips and cheeks, where are they? Does the light of the sun fade from all pictures? My 'Last Supper,' I remember, disappeared almost before my eyes. These rascals deceived me about their convent walls. A few strokes of the brush and she——"

He ceased to speak. Lady Lisa smiled inscrutably, as she has smiled at the sons of men any time these four hundred years.

"And what does your world think of Leonardo," he said at length.

"The world counts you among the greatest of the world, Master," I replied. "Every hand-book describes you as painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, mechanician, poet, and musician. You enumerated all your gifts, you will remember, in the letter you wrote to the Duke of Milan."

His big frame shook with deep laughter at my words.

"Ah, that was a well-composed letter!" Again he gazed at the picture. "And so, Lisa, you live still; and the world still loves the young third wife of Francesco del Giocondo."

"She inspired the finest passage in the most elusive of modern writers," I broke in. "Hers is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary. . . . She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; . . . and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

I ceased.

"Yes," he mused. "Hers is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary."

The old man became lost in thought for some minutes, then he shook himself and said. "My 'Last Supper'! What of that? I painted it in oil upon that convent wall at Milan."

"Gone," I answered sadly. "Hardly a trace remains, but thanks to old Marco d'Oggionno who copied it three centuries and a-half ago, it is familiar to all the world."

"That is well. And my other pictures?"

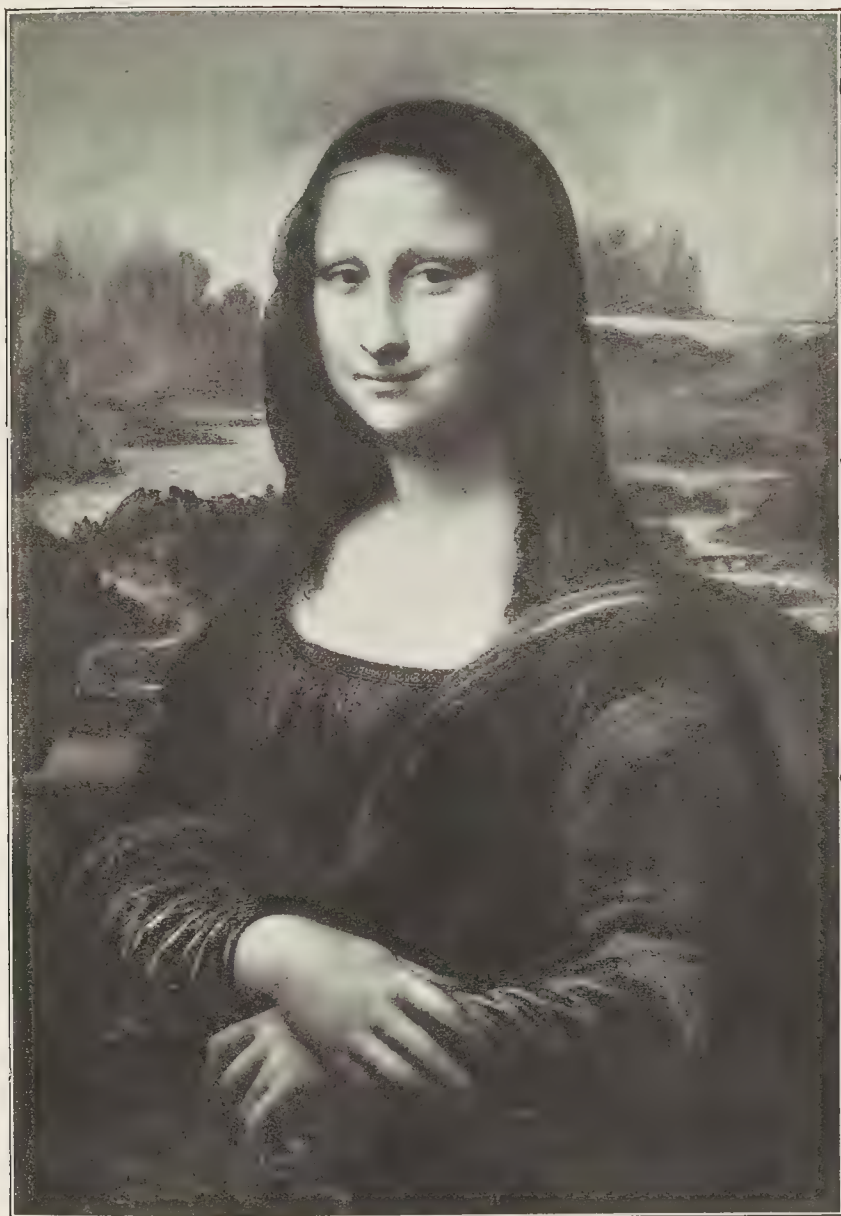
"They number but nine, Sir, all told," I replied, "and four of them are here in the Louvre!"

"Here!" the old man repeated. "Lead me to them!"

I started forward, stumbled, and then, to my astonishment, found myself in the hot glare of the courtyard.

The man with the luncheon-basket came sympathetically towards me. "Is Monsieur ill?" he asked.

L. H.



"MONA LISA [LA GIOCONDA]."
FROM THE PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA
VINCI, IN THE LOUVRE.



THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE.—II.

Photos by RUSSELL & SONS.

IT is impossible for anyone to help realising Colonel Newcome vividly at Charterhouse, but for the literary man it is a solemn duty; for was there ever a truer-hearted patron of letters than the simple old soldier? Everybody knows what I mean, not that the Colonel was a devoted classic "with translations, sir, with translations," but that he moved in the divine atmosphere of Pen's literary workshop with reverence, and found poetry even in a proof-sheet. Best of all, though, we like him for those "twenty copies in advance," inspired by "the rumble of a distant *dun*," which, happily, was of no account, in fact, a false alarm.

Dr. Haig Brown's collection of verse by Charterhouse scholars of the last three centuries, possesses an additional interest in the appended extracts from the school register, regarding the famous Carthusians whose Greek and Latin verse has been deemed worthy of a place in the "Garland," for so the book is named. They seem to have victimised each other a little at Charterhouse, for Richard Lovelace, who contributes no Latin verse, is helped out of this dire scrape by some devout Carthusian, who shelters his benevolent identity behind a modest initial. And this is the manner of his piety. On one page stand Lovelace's verses, "Stone walls do not a prison make," in the original English tongue: on the other we find "E's" Latin rendering of the same. An act of dubious charity, you say; well, perhaps. Lovelace's lines scarcely needed such a frank, you think, to make them free of the volume. That may be, but the mind of the "archididascalus," as he styles himself on the

title page, is probably finikin on these points and must be humoured. The remedy is—read Lovelace and "E" as though they had no connection. Then both will enjoy justice, for after all "E" has a very pretty gift.

The first name on the list of singers is that of Joseph Addison, who was admitted into school in 1683 at the age of eleven. The order is, however, alphabetical, not chronological, so we meet very shortly with the name of a Carthusian admitted forty-three years earlier—Isaac Barrow. Close to Barrow's verses are two epigrams by a still earlier scholar, the poet Crashaw. They have the merit of originality and the well-known one, upon the first miracle, is as dainty a Latin conceit as can be found among the *Epigrammata Sacra*. It is a pity Latin verse should not always be suggested by a theme, rather than a paraphrase of the poetry of another tongue. But, really, it matters little, for nowadays, alas! life is too short for Latin verse-making of any kind—original, paraphrase or parody.

Havelock, "Old Ph'los," as the boys called him, appears in the index, though he has no triumph of scholarship to show. But the verses to his memory bear the signature of Richard Claverhouse Jebb, whose academic record is greater than any Carthusian's, excepting, perhaps, that of the late Henry Nettleship.

So much for a very cursory glance at the Charterhouse roll of fame as recorded in the "Sertum." There are two names which do not appear among the versifiers, though they are written on marble in the vestibule of Charterhouse Chapel. They are graven, too, on the heart of the nation, for those who bore them being dead, yet speak—John Leech and William Makepeace Thackeray.

The actual school-buildings, where the great as well as the unknown sons of the Charterhouse endured



THE ORIGINAL BUILDING.

such stripes and imprisonment as are inseparable from the acquisition (or non-acquisition) of sound learning, have, as already hinted, passed from sight. In 1873 the Merchant Taylors' Company purchased the greater part of the Charterhouse, including the school and grounds, as a site for their new school. But though the place of instruction has vanished, it is still possible to get some glimpse of the actual school-life of the old Carthusians. The great school stood between the two greens (on one of the greens, you remember, "Grey Friars was in and winning"), and was built on a mound said to have been raised over the bodies of those who perished of the pestilence in Edward the Third's time. No doubt many a young Carthusian regarded the spot as one of plague for many succeeding generations. In the great school prayers were read, at which service the head-master presided, enthroned in state on a large seat approached by three

steps and surmounted by a canopy. There were three smaller thrones for the ushers and assistant masters, with horse-shoe seats before each, accommodating sixteen boys. At the east and west ends of the hall, we are told, were



THE HALL—INTERIOR.

retiring rooms, "little Tusculums" for masters and classes. School began at eight o'clock.

The general testimony of old Carthusians seems to prove that the life was, on the whole, pleasant. The sports had their peculiarities. Up to about 1830 Charterhouse boys were not ashamed to indulge in a pastime now relegated to the nursery — hoop-bowling; indeed, their skill almost amounted to jugglery, for it is on record that some boys could keep six or more hoops going at one time. Perhaps it was this perfection that exalted the amusement, and made it fit and proper for Carthusians—a dignified people, who discountenanced marbles, as smacking, so please you, of private schools! Cricket was, of course, the great summer game, while football and hockey had their turn during the cold weather.

The earthly tabernacle of the Charterhouse boy was well sustained, especially on Friday when, owing, as some have hinted, to an aggressive Protestantism, the fare was especially liberal. In the "Forties" this department of youthful culture was under the care of one whose person and name were in themselves a qualification. This manciple was, we read, a jolly, old red-faced gentleman, named Tucker. The manciple of Charterhouse was bound by ordinance to pay *in ready money* for all supplies, thereby differing from Chaucer's manciple who not only "bought" but "took by tale." On Friday, which was called "Consolation Day," this gentleman served out to his charge consolation in the shape of "roast lamb and currant tart, or roast pork and apple tart according to the season of the year." We quote from an old Carthusian, whose reminiscences are very vivid on this as on other points of school-life.

There is one ugly legend of the school, which tells how

the fags' saturnalia, the ancient ceremony of "pulling-in," came to a bad end. On one day in the year the fags used to drag the upper boys into the school-room there to receive such favours as character or popularity prescribed, cheers, hooting, or buffeting. For generations this was winked at by the authorities, but at last the Doctor appeared, and in the ensuing scramble, the Honourable Mr. Howard, "a meek and quiet lad who happened to be seated on some steps," was so severely crushed that he died of his injuries. From that day "pulling-in" was ranked with extinct ceremonies.

A word about the Hall, the scene, in part, of that chapter in "The Newcomes"—"Founder's Day at Grey Friars." Here the old Carthusians continue to dine annually by subscription on Founder's Day, December 12th. Daily in the Hall, at three o'clock, the Poor Brothers dine together in Collegiate fashion, beneath the great portrait of their benefactor, Thomas Sutton, concerning whom this quaint rhyme (sublime in its bathos) used to be sung on Celebration Day—

Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging, learning,
And he gave us beef and mutton.

Last year there was a curious find in the Charterhouse. During some excavations, a mason brought to light an exquisite specimen of 14th century tabernacle work. From an escutcheon on the carving, it is with considerable reason supposed that the fragment is from the tomb of Sir Walter Manny and his wife Margaret. Sir Walter in 1371 founded a Carthusian monastery very near the ground now occupied by the buildings of that famous School which has nurtured every shade of genius—a Steele, a Wesley, an Ellenborough, a Thirlwall, a Grote, and many another beside, whom the



THE HALL—EXTERIOR.

nation delights to honour. But to him who gave us *Pendennis* and the *Newcomes* be special honour, for with these he gave us, as an everlasting possession, the Old Charterhouse.

JOHN A' DREAMS.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



A GLORIOUS blue sky overhead—its not unusual position, I confess—a wonderful old lawn at my feet, monster trees at either side of me, and a tennis court upon which the afternoon sun never shines in front of

lace fastened with a diamond buckle, and a group of black and white feathers at one side. I am convinced I look a great deal too nice for the country, but then we are giving a garden-party. The surrounding gentry is in attendance, wearing its best clothes. The ices have with great difficulty been obtained from a local confectioner of indifferent genius, and every available halfpenny bun has been purchased from the neighbouring bakers. Halfpenny buns, when cut in half and buttered, are quite the most delectable condiment possible to be imagined.



THAT BLUE CLOTH CAPE.

me—what woman could desire more, excepting, of course, the indispensable “he” to put down the equally indispensable tea-cup, and to mention at intervals what an adorable person she is. Of course I am, especially this afternoon in my new white alpaca frock, which has every seam of the skirt, from waist to knee, decorated with an appliqué of dust-coloured lace, set over white satin. The bodice, which is not a coat and not a blouse, herein showing its distinct superiority, has points of lace at three-inch intervals from neck to waist, mounted again upon the white satin, and the sleeves are made of an infinite number of little soft satin frills, these being laid closely one on top of the other, and reaching from the armhole, which is set very low down to give the effect of a long shoulder, to the elbow. I have on a new hat of white chip, trimmed with a scarf of yellow



THE HELIOTROPE DELAINE.

There is a group of women playing croquet, and by the grace of their movements, and the unheated condition of

[Concluded on page 351.]



A FAIR CONFERENCE.
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

their complexions doing much to persuade others to follow in their footsteps. The footsteps of the croquet player should be very carefully considered. They should be made with the neatest of chaussures, with stockings of all possible elegance, the black shoe and the black silk stocking, the Russian leather shoe and the tan silk stocking to match it, or the white buckskin shoe, if the foot be sufficiently small to guarantee such a risk, with a white embroidered stocking. A very pretty girl is exciting a measure of my jealous admiration, in a dress of white crêpon which is interwoven at two-inch intervals with a broad silken stripe. The bodice of this shows a yoke in the front, tucked of white chiffon, while at the back is a large square collar outlined with a ruche of white satin ribbon. Round the neck is a ruche of white satin ribbon, and her hat, which is of white Panama, is again trimmed with white satin ribbon in a ruche, with two white quills at one side set slantwise from front to back, and a bow of the ribbon resting on the hair. Her partner, a mere man, looks extremely nice in white linen trousers and a grey and brown striped flannel coat, and a holland-coloured waistcoat, worn with a straw hat with a black ribbon round it. But alas, alas! that straw hat ought to have been adjusted with more care. Viewed from the back it reveals that its wearer is bald! Moral—a man with a bald head, when the baldness unsympathetically extends to within three inches of the nape of his neck, should not wear a straw hat, or should put it on with infinite care and the aid of a hand-glass.

I am sitting here, scribbling against time. My faithful attendant, in the intervals of watching me with intense admiration, is urging me to special speed, for the tennis set is nearly finished, and I shall be forced to take an active part in the proceedings, when I shall doubtless get as purple, if not more purple, in the face as the girl whose racquet I am about to take, while she will be sitting down here, superior, wondering how Paulina can be so energetic. She is a nice little girl in her way, but if only her bodice would not show so independent a spirit, and perpetually persist in parting company with her skirt, I should admire her more enthusiastically. It is such a pretty skirt, too; any self-respecting bodice might be glad to be seen on friendly terms with it. It is of the softest shade of pavement-grey, made in alpaca, lined with white silk, a fact which is revealed at

every movement of its wearer, and it is worn with a blouse of spotted pink muslin with a large collar of white lawn, square at the back and disappearing into a waistband, which is made of white kid. A white kid waistband is a great mistake in such a costume. You cannot attach it firmly on to the skirt. It persistently shifts its position, hence these tears—I mean these lines of regret over the individual tendencies of that bodice. If only that girl had sewn a piece of broad white satin ribbon securely on to the band of the skirt, and hooked it neatly in the centre of the back, her costume would have merited and gained my undiluted

admiration—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

There are two idle members of the party here to-day, and I have been employing my time in taking rough sketches of their costumes, to forward to my amiable artist. One gown is made of a shot *poult-de-soie* in green and blue, and very pretty this looks when the sun shines upon it. It is trimmed with an *appliqué* of lace down the sleeves and on either hip, while the front of the bodice shows rosettes of turquoise blue shot ribbon. These, perhaps, are somewhat suggestive of our old friend Pierrot, but that is an unimportant detail. The other noteworthy gown is of a fine delaine in heliotrope. A darker shade of silk forms a corslet, while the yoke is made of pieces of guipure lace, laced together with narrow heliotrope ribbons in a very novel style. The hat, which completes this, is made of a fanciful cream straw, interwoven with black and trimmed at one side with a large bunch of black feathers.

I am interrupted by its wearer racing across the lawn, with more haste than dignity, to ask for my advice about an autumn cloak, which is not to be a coat, and which will be comfortable if used for travelling. I have not a single idea

left on the subject of costume, but yet the woman who hesitates to give an opinion is lost to all sense of her reputation as an oracle. I like to be considered an oracle, therefore I advise my friend to have a cape of dark blue faced cloth braided in gores with broad black braid, followed by a fine line of braid, and lined with a green brocade. Will she follow my counsels, I wonder? I know I must follow my fate, and go off to lose a game of tennis, without pausing to add yet another line, save one of protest, that I am a tennis player in spite of myself.

PAULINA PRY.



THE SHOT SILK GOWN.

Iffracombe, Lynton, Lynmouth, and Neighbourhood.



IFRACOMBE CAPSTONE PARADE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



ILFRACOMBE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



COTTAGES AT LEE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



ILFRACOMBE -THE BATHING BEACH.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



WATERMOUTH—BRIARY CAVE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGA



WATERMOUTH HARBOUR.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



BULL POINT LIGHTHOUSE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



LYNTON—CASTLE ROCK.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



CLOVELLY.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



LYNMOUTH.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.



CLOVELLY CHURCH.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



LYNTON—THE VALLEY OF ROCKS.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



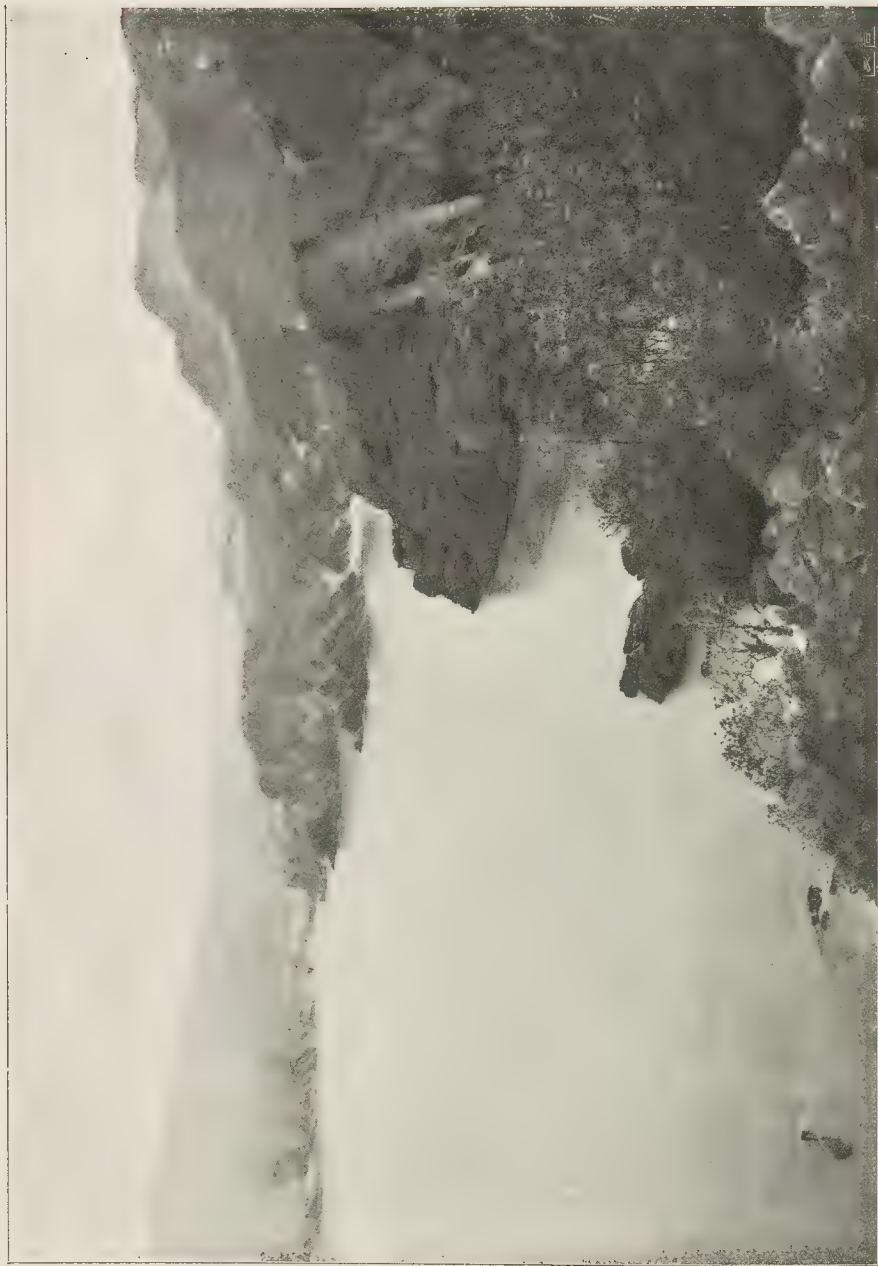
THE COAST AT LEE.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



LYNMOUTH—GLEN LYN.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



LYNMOUTH—MARS HILL.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.



COMBEMARTIN BAY.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & Co., REIGATE.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

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SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



THE CROWN PRINCESS
OF ROUMANIA.

THE GRAND DUCHESS
OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
OF SAXE-COBURG GOTHA.

Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.



MUCH interest is attached to the betrothal of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra to the hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The Duke of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha is still most generally remembered as Duke of Edinburgh, and his daughters have remained English princesses in English esteem. Her Royal Highness is only seventeen years of age, and it was but last season that she was presented.

The Prince, who is the grandson of the Queen's half-sister, Princess Feodore of Leiningen, belongs to a race of much distinction and large estates in Germany. The present head of the house is Prince Hermann Zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg, the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. He married a Princess of Baden, and in 1863 the Hereditary Prince was born. Prince Ernest has seen a good deal of life in England, for he has been successively *attaché* and secretary at the German Embassy in London. During this period of his life he was a constant visitor at Clarence House, then the chief residence of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince is a lieutenant in the Prussian army, and is also Imperial German Secretary of Legation. He is considered a worthy son of a house which has long been conspicuous for rank and intellectual accomplishment alike.

Quite a number of literary celebrities have been holiday-making in Switzerland this year, but the hero of the month of August at Mürren was only literary by a sort of afterthought. He never appeared in public without his wife, and he and his wife never did anything in quite the way that other people did things. While ordinary mortals dined in the *Salle à Manger*, they dined in the drawing room; while other people changed their clothes at uncertain intervals, they always appeared in the same garments, and these were garments that had a strangely familiar aspect to the eye of an observant Londoner. Said he to himself—"That sad-coloured coat: those hose like an imitation Shetland shawl: that ever-clean shirt: the boots with cloth tops the colour of the darning cotton"—where have I seen them all before? A word from the *concierge* of the hotel solved the mystery: "That is Dr. Jaeger, sir. Yes, he always wears Jaeger clothes!"

The sense of humour of the Parisians is not always very alert. Inscribed on some unimportant day of an almanack hanging outside a kiosk is this legend, which, in common with 364 other less humorous aphorisms, is printed afresh each year: "*Le jour où la Convention a lancé un décret que Pitt était l'ennemi du genre humain.*"

The accident to the s.s. Seaford has inspired travellers to unburden themselves of the little casualties that met them during their summer holiday. Here are two minor adventures that happened to a couple on their honeymoon. Crossing from Newhaven to Dieppe on a terribly rough day they were delayed in mid-channel for the space of one hour, where they rocked at the mercy of wind and wave, while the rudder, which, for some unexplained reason, had suddenly ceased to act, was being repaired. The next day, in the course of a long drive from Dieppe, the bridegroom

suddenly screamed. The coachman pulled up the horses to discover that a telegraph wire had broken and fallen across the road. A step further and it would have lain across his neck. Not so very long ago, in London, an omnibus driver was almost decapitated by a telegraph wire breaking and falling across the road.

Truth and the Daily Chronicle, I see, have opened their columns to correspondence on the subject of English sea-bathing. Of course, there is only one right way of bathing, and that is to get a boatman to pull you a mile out from the shore, and then, unhampered by any costume, to dive overboard into the deep waters and strike out for the open sea, the boat following in your wake. That is the right way to bathe. The wrong way is to step shivering out of a damp machine, to totter over a waste of sharp pebbles, and finally to catch cold splashing

about for half-an hour in four feet of still, salt water plentifully strewn with seaweed.

The little Church of Coolhurst, Sussex, was thronged by a large congregation on the occasion of the wedding of Mr. Edward Lawrence Peel, son of Sir Charles Lennox Peel, K.C.B., of Woodcroft-Cuckfield, and cousin of the ex-Speaker, Viscount Peel, with Miss Scrase-Dickins, daughter of Mrs. Scrase-Dickins, of Coolhurst. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Chichester and the Rev. R. W. Powell. The bride looked charming in ivory satin and magnificent Brussels lace, and the ten bridesmaids made a gay troupe in yellow satin. The happy couple left later in the day for Collingwood, near Hawkhurst, which has been lent for the honeymoon by the bride's uncle, General Scrase-Dickins.



MR. EDWARD L. PEEL.
Photo by Collis, Canterbury.

There is wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst sportsmen over the great decrease of salmon in Irish rivers; a regrettable fact, which is chiefly owing to the increased skill of the netter. Netting has, in fact, become a fine art in several senses, the nets now used being invisible to the fish which are almost entirely captured in the Upper Waters. The Irish Fishery Commissioners must look to it that one of the chief attractions for English visitors in Ireland, is not altogether lost by the disastrous effects of reckless netting. On all sides there have been complaints this season, and one of our most expert anglers, Lord Howth, has taken the matter so practically in hand as to have issued a very thorough and admirably-written brochure, which ought surely to touch the *laissez faire* constitution of riparian owners, and prompt them to some action in a matter so nearly touching the common cause of sport. Lord Houghton was in favour of restricting the "net habit," which has now become an absolute abuse, and it is much hoped Lord Cadogan, who is nothing if not a sportsman, will in this matter, at least, join issue with his predecessor.

Lady Grace added a much appreciated finish to recent Dublin festivities by the smartly-attended ball which she gave at the Town Hall, Kingstown. Palms, flowering shrubs, and judiciously-arranged bunting gave the necessary decorative effect, which functions at public buildings always require, but do not always so well receive. Lady Grace and her sister, Mrs. O'Connell, received the guests, many of whom drove down from Dublin, special trains being also arranged for conveyance and return. Lady Mowbray and Stourton, Lord Southwell, the Hon. Frances Southwell, Lady Sankey, Sir Timothy and Lady O'Brien, Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, Mrs. and Miss Stanley Cary, Officers of the 15th Hussars, the Royals, Sherwood



MISS SCRASE-DICKINS, OF COOLHURST, SUSSEX.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Foresters, Colonel and Mrs. Dundas, Lord Rathdonnell, were amongst the invited, and so on, one might almost say, *ad infinitum*, so comprehensive was the pleasant gathering.



THE CASTLE OF EHRENEURG, COBURG, THE PRINCIPAL RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Photo by Uhlenkuhl, Coburg.

A somewhat melancholy interest was cast over the recent Army Manœuvres in the New Forest by the farewell nature of the Duke of Cambridge's visit, as Commander-in-Chief. His Royal Highness inspected the troops of the Aldershot division, under the command of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and made a farewell speech to the commanding officers, in the course of which he displayed much emotion. The soldiers showed their loyal esteem by the enthusiastic reception which they gave to His Royal Highness.

Some hard facts and figures given me by a merciless friend, with a madness for statistics, will interest and perhaps

walls. The new woman has been locally vetoed, it is true, in a letter addressed to her by the Board, which for unconscious bathos might be awarded a medal. It was advanced in the ladies' petition that "female students could be attended by chaperons," but the Board, dimly conscious, no doubt, that the duenna is not always averse to sentiment, shelter themselves behind the reply that "It could not be left to the discretion of gate porters to determine whether of two women passing the gates one was of sufficient age to be chaperon to another." Unhappy and mistrusted keepers of this impassable masculine paradise! What a chance for match-making mammas and blue-stocking daughters has been diverted by such absence of perspicacity.

Major Murray. Major Sinclair. Capt. Blunt. Capt. McNeill. Capt. Grierson. Lieut-Col. Stopford.



Col. Wintle. Lieut.-Col. Wallace. Duke of Connaught. Col. Kelly Kenny. Col. Mackworth. Col. Miles.
Major Belfield. Capt. Lord Bingham.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.—THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND THE ALDERSHOT STAFF.

Photo by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

console the young woman who is still waiting for the lagging fairy prince to pass her way. Three hundred out of every thousand men who marry choose girls of younger age, while nearly double that number select wives whose ages match their own. This has been on an increasing ratio of late, and as men marry later in life, it is obvious that "still later women," as my friend flippantly observed, are on the safe side at any age nowadays.

It is sad, but also subtly amusing, to hear that the potent, grave, and eminently respectable Board of Trinity College, Dublin, is at the moment being "harassed" by the new woman, who upsets all its conservative conscience by peremptorily petitioning for admittance within those historic

So it appears that in Dublin they will, at least, make a stand against the all-conquering female with a thirst for knowledge in so far as admitting her within the college walls. And a very good thing too! Trinity cannot be accused, on the other hand, of being behind our very forward times, for so far back as 1871, several years before English universities took the educated Miss seriously, examinations were instituted here in connection with the University, at which certificates and scholarships were awarded. So those young women who are hammering at the gates had really better organize a Hibernian Girton if sincerely disposed to take the Arts and Sciences seriously. There they can have caps and gowns and degrees and professorships *ad lib.* amongst themselves!



"ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY."
BY S. E. WALLER. BY PERMISSION
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BROOKS & SONS, 171, STRAND, TO
WHOM THE COPYRIGHT BELONGS.

Every British and American yachtsman has been interested in the recent contest for the America Cup, and the races have been watched with remarkable enthusiasm. Now that the affair is concluded, a few facts about the two yachts (of which we give pictures), may be worth stating. *Valkyrie III.* is built of wood over nickel steel frames, and has cost about £15,000. The yacht usually carries forty hands. Captain Cranfield, who was in command of Lord Dunraven's yacht, has had long experience. About twenty years ago he came to the Clyde with his brother, who had charge of Mr. Holmes-Kerr's 60-ton *Neva*. Captain Cranfield made fine records with Mr. P. A. Rollis's 60-rater *Yavand*. Since 1890 he has been Lord Dunraven's right-hand man. Capt. Sycamore, who held her tiller during the contest, formerly had charge of Admiral Montague's 40-rater *Corsair*, the *Vendetta*, and *Carina*. Captain Hank Haff, who was in command of the *Defender*, had charge of the *Vigilant* which conquered *Valkyrie II.* in 1893. The chief point about the *Defender* is the absence of the centre-board. She is a very graceful yacht, her bow above water being much shorter than that of the *Valkyrie III.*

At Dinard, which comes more and more into favour as a frivolous and fashionable rendezvous, society has been very hard at work on pleasure. The races were unexpectedly

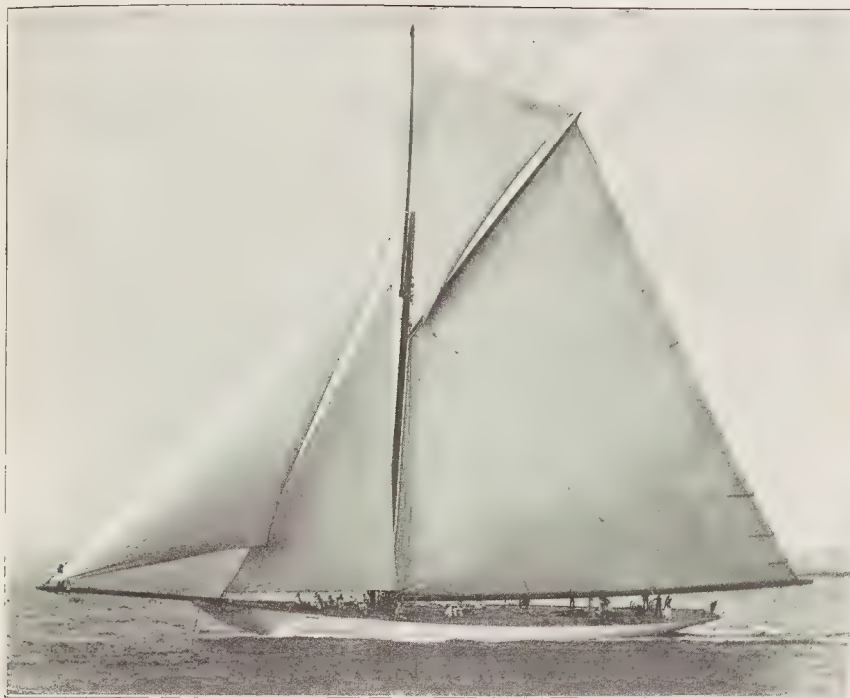
successful this year, owing to beautiful weather, which the downpour of three previous days had somewhat discounted even with the most sanguine. Consequently, compared with last season, the attendance was small. A good muster of smart carriages and coaches turned up, however, to save the occasion. The Marquis d'Audiffret-Pasquier, with his usual hospitality, brought a coachful, amongst the number being the French Admiral's wife, Madame Humann, and the Comtesse de Kergarion, whose beauty made quite a sensation. One coach party—all Americans—were dressed entirely in white, men and women. Mr. Herbert Thorndyke was with Vicomtesse Anglemont's party. Lady Berkeley Paget, Miss Alleen, and the Misses McCrea, who are usually at Homburg at this time, were also on the course, and the same evening I saw Miss Aimée Lowther and Lady and Miss Cunningham at the Casino. They have taken Sir Philip Grey Egerton's villa this year.

A new idea in fashionable French circles is to take instantaneous photographs of the guests after a lunch or dinner party. Frivolous jokes have been directed against this latest freak of fashion. And there have been dinners on record, no doubt, the overnight presentment of which would have a disillusioning effect next morning on sundry of the merry-makers. Smart society would only lend



THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S YACHT "VALKYRIE III."

Photo by West and Son, Southampton.



THE AMERICAN YACHT "DEFENDER."

itself to the picturesque, however, and I am at the moment in possession of an extremely alluring photograph taken by Comte Alberic Marchand, at a dinner of eighteen given last week at Deauville, by a well-known hostess in her pretty villa. Every house is taken in and around this charming seaside place, Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild keeping up their hospitable reputation with profuse and admirably-managed entertainments as usual. Mr. J. W. Mackay and his brother, Mr. Clarence Mackay, recently in port, gave a very festive supper party on board their steam yacht "Amethyst." All the cream of brave and fair staying at Trouville were present, and dancing was kept up with great spirit until 3 o'clock in the morning.

At the Deauville Grand Prix quite the smartest women and frocks showed up of any race meeting I have so far seen this year. Comtesse de Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, astonished everyone, as far as it is possible to accomplish that feat to such well-accustomed critics, by the elegance of her frocks. One in particular of white cashmere, the bodice of which was white satin, embroidered with a design of lilies in steel, was really charming. A Louis XVI. hat, trimmed with many-coloured roses and black aigrettes, was worn with it. The Princesse de Sagan wore on the same day blue and white silk, with elaborate trimmings of old Brussels point, while her "paste" buttons were genuine brilliants, which had in far back days adorned the brocades of a well-known dame, more celebrated, it is told, for being beautiful than bashful.

Mrs. Farrel has taken Gormanston Castle for the summer from her brother-in-law, Lord Gormanston, and gave a very pleasant dance on the 6th. Amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Boylan, of Hilltown, Drogheda, Hon. Frances Southwell, Lady Mowbray and Stourton, and Lord Rathdonnell. The picturesque old mansion was amply decorated with tall palms and exotics, and dancing was well kept up into the small hours by the young people, who, having satisfactory measure of partners, floor, and music, remained to enjoy them.

The Alpine death season is unusually severe this year. Hardly a week passes but experienced mountaineers and guides are dashed down precipices and killed. Only the other day two guides and a tourist from Prague fell headlong into a *crevasse*. In another case it was the guide alone who slipped and fell down a precipice. His companion, a tourist, after wandering about twenty hours, found the Chamounix road and his way home. Only those who have ascended high mountains know the risks and dangers run by all adventurous climbers. To observe the effect of a big climb upon men who are not in perfect training one has only to stay at a centre like Chamounix, or Zermatt, or Grindelwald. Men start for the Jungfrau hearty, happy, and hardy—they return with drawn faces, nerves upset, and often physically and mentally prostrate. One young Englishman, who ascended the Wetterhorn the other day, said to me: "Never again. If my guides saved my life once they saved it ten times. The strain on the nerves was something awful."



SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY.

THE demand for Salmon Rivers, in Norway, steadily increases, while sport in the majority of them as surely declines; and although the Norwegians endeavour to attribute the cause of disappointment and inferior bags to the eccentricities of the weather and waterfall of the last few seasons, there can be little doubt but that the enormous increase of nets and traps in the fjords and rivers are mainly responsible for the lamentable decrease of salmon in Scandinavian waters, yet it may not be unprofitable to note that fish are now being captured in the rivers of the Peninsula, in far greater numbers than formerly was the case.

In one of these rivers 1,500 salmon, many of them weighing from 30 lbs. to 40 lbs. apiece, were taken in the nets during the first four months of 1894, whereas twenty years ago the capture of salmon was somewhat a rare event. The retail price of these fish was about 1s. 6d. per lb., and they were of handsome form and of prime quality, more resembling Severn fish than any others I have tasted. It would, indeed, be an instance of irony of fate should the supply of salmon along the western coast of Norway give out, to crop up again in more southern latitudes, yet few would opine that the greed of the Norsk netsmen had not met with its just reward. The season in Norway, now fast drawing to a close, has proved disastrous, except in the case of a few rivers, mostly glacier-fed, which were suited by the extremely

limited supply of snow which fell last winter, and several inferior fisheries let to British anglers for a small consideration "on trial" have turned out absolute failures.



THE THIRTY-TWO POUNDER.

Anglers of all degrees of proficiency in their art annually brave the North Sea to enjoy sport in Scandinavia. Sport in England is at a low ebb during the months of June and July, and the period between "the Derby" or "Ascot" and "the 12th" can be most agreeably spent in



PREPARING THE FISH FOR SALTING.

combat with His Majesty Lax; secondly, few Anglo-Norsk anglers will deny that Norwegian salmon, entering the rivers in daily batches fresh from the sea and fjord, are full of "devil," especially in short rivers and in the lower beats of

been fishing it, to say their luck had been so bad for a week past that they were leaving the water, and they invited me to commence at once. I started the same afternoon and killed a fine fish of 29lbs. and lost another, apparently of greater weight.

The next day I killed two fish, one weighing 30 lbs. and the second 32 lbs., which is here depicted against the back of my attendant, and upon the third day I killed one of 34 lbs. The water had been falling for some days previous to my arrival until the date of my departure, so these fish had probably been in the water for some days, but fortunately they refused to take until my arrival.

It is rather disheartening to fish a river with the fly when those occupying beats below continually rake their pools by "harling" with all kinds of compound tackle; but it must be taken into consideration that the lower beats of many rivers cannot be properly fished by any method other than "harling," and perhaps in the above instance the fish

required a little rest, being weary of the flash of spoon and phantom.

Later on I visited Surendal, and had the opportunity of taking a picture of my host playing a fish from the boat even when aground. Anglers, when playing a fish, are usually depicted in positions either difficult or dangerous; but it will be seen from the accompanying illustration that the expert avoids hazards and refuses to be hustled. This fish scaled 32 lbs., and immediately after his capture we landed another of 20 lbs.



SOME OF THE SPOIL.

longer ones, where the distance to be travelled from salt water is but trifling; and another point, greatly to the advantage of a novice, is that they are remarkably free takers of fly or bait, sometimes of both.

Whether we are good or bad fishermen, our breasts are full of hope as we cross the North Sea, outward bound—hope which, in all probability, will be at least partially shattered ere the date of our return passage; yet we anglers, reared upon disappointment, as it were, assume a cheerful countenance, and, in obedience to the usual dictates of human nature, allow the recollection of an oasis or two of good fortune to drown the hazy memories of indifferent sport.

The gorgeous Norwegian summer-time of June and July is inimical to success in angling, until the sun disappears behind the hills and the river is bathed in that restful gloom beloved by the fisher; consequently, British and Norwegians alike prolong operations late into the morning hours with a recklessness which would startle the most Bohemian of dispositions.

To what a vast extent does the element of "luck" affect our efforts, be we fishermen good or bad! I arrived early in June this year at Bulken to fish the Evanger River for a week or two, intending to occupy a spare day before my tenancy commenced, in examination of two structures erected in the river-bed during last winter, at considerable expense, by the lessee, Mr. T. Beyer, of Bergen, but at seven a.m. the next morning I received a courteous message from the two Norwegian sportsmen (both good fishermen) who had



MY HOST PLAYING A FISH.

My host and I invariably attend the preparation of the spoils for salting, and many interesting discoveries have we made in the process of dissection.

FRASER SANDEMAN.



THE theatrical season has started well with a whole budget of plays. The production at the Adelphi does little but show Mr. William Terriss in a new (and welcome) rôle, that of an old man, a Parisian fencing master. The part is a splendid one, and if Mr. Terriss fails to play it with that subtlety which some actors could impart to it, he at least presents as perfect a picture as could be desired. He is, indeed, a living picture.



MR. W. L. ABINGDON.
Now appearing in "The Swordsman's Daughter" at the Adelphi Theatre.

Why cannot Mr. W. L. Abingdon vary his conception of a villain? He never gets beyond impersonating the palpable scoundrel, who has blackguard written in every gesture and echoed in every intonation of his voice. I should like to know whether Mr. Abingdon has to adjust himself to a tradition of the Gattis, or whether it is a lack of invention on his part that makes him keep within so small a circumference. I remember him playing in "The Wild Duck" at the Royalty, and was scarcely able to distinguish his portrait of the weak, but not wicked, photographer, from at least a dozen of his representations of the melodramatic evil genius.

Miss Marriott has only a small part in the piece, but the little she has to do she does excellently. It is a long time now since she begun playing "Hamlet," which she produced at Sadler's Wells in the early sixties. The latest Lady Hamlet is Mrs. Bandmann Palmer.

Mr. Clement Scott is certainly a busy man. On the night of the production of "The Swordsman's Daughter," he was in Birmingham witnessing his adaptation of Dumas' play, "Denise."

What a bully the gallery god tends to become. I was very much struck with this at the production of "Alabama," The gallery howled on Mr. Willard for a speech, and then howled at him when he came forward to deliver one. The unfairness of the thing, to say nothing else, is irritating.

"An Artist's Model," which from the bare title might be supposed to be a burlesque of "Trilby," returns to Daly's Theatre on Monday. "Trilby" is being burlesqued by Mr. Adrian Ross and will be staged by Miss Nelly Farren, who has entered managership.

That is a good story which is told of Mrs. Bernard Beere, who asked a property master in the provinces if he had a bust of Shakespeare. "No, madam," he said, "I ain't got a bust of Shakespeare; but I have a nice one of Sir Augustus Harris, and they will never know the difference from the front."

Mr. Toole's re-appearance in "Thoroughbred" is welcomed by that large section of theatre-goers whom he may be said to have made his own. After creating the part of the Mayor, Mr. Rimpie, he was laid aside by an illness, which at least one of his admirers thought fatal, for Mr. Toole received a letter from a fond amateur who assured the veteran comedian that a successor was not far to seek. Yet there is a certain melancholy about Mr. Toole's return, for within two weeks the little theatre in King William Street will have passed from his hands. Mr. Lumley has done few things so well as "Thoroughbred." It is maturer than any of his other farces, and, besides telling an interesting and a probable story, is full of a pretty wit that is not too common an ingredient in the comedy of the period.



MR. RALPH LUMLEY.
The Author of "Thoroughbred."
Photo by Russell & Sons.

Miss Ettie Williams, who is appearing in "The Prude's Progress," has rapidly come to the front. She began by walking on at the Haymarket, and then plunged into the provinces, which are such an excellent training for a beginner, from the differences of audiences, if not always for the variety of drama. She is not likely to leave town again in a hurry.

The fashion in naming plays has curiously changed since the days when single words were used, such as "Ours," and "School," and "Caste." Think of such ponderous labels as "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Triumph of the Philistines, or how Mr. Jorgan shocked the morals of Market Pew-bury." Mr. Pinero has now added another polysyllabic triumph in "The Benefit of the Doubt"; while Mr. Grundy has invented the title, "The Greatest of These," for a new play which the Kendals have produced in the provinces. The scripturalness of such a title will, I fear, shock Mrs. G. On the other hand, Mr. Forbes Dawson has hit upon the short and pithy title, "Scotch," as the name of the three-act farcical comedy which has just been produced at Ealing.

"The New Bar-maid" is to be taken to the Shaftesbury Theatre. Miss Amy Augarde is understudied by Miss Ethel Tinsley, a daughter of the publisher.

"Little Nell Gwynne" is the name of a burlesque which will be seen at a West End Theatre at an early

date with Miss Nelly Vincent, who has played the part over a thousand times in the United States, in the title rôle. What has come of Planquette's comic opera on the same subject? It was in this piece that Mr. Fred Kaye made his first hit, taking the part of the miser, appropriately called Weasel. I have seen Mr. Kaye in several pieces

since, but I have never seen him alter his method by a hair's breadth. Fortunately his method is an amusing one.

Mr. William Mollison and Mr. Durward Lely are once more to produce "Rob Roy." I confess I have never been able to appreciate the dramatisation of Scott's novel, especially when the Ellen Macgregor is an Englishwoman, who knows not the language of the Scot. But the play must be popular in the country, else it would never be produced so often.

Mr. Hedmondt, who is to give a season of opera at Covent Garden, is an American. He sang the principal tenor rôle at the Wagner Festival of 1888, and ultimately became a member of the Carl Rosa Company. His repertoire numbers a hundred and fifty different plays.

Miss Ada Reeve, who is appearing in "All Abroad," the musical comedy by Owen Hall and J. T. Tanner, at the Criterion, has been on the stage since she was six, when she figured in a pantomime at the Pavilion, in which Miss Lottie Collins and her two sisters appeared. A few years later she took to the music-halls, occasionally appearing on the theatre stage, more especially in pantomime. It was during the run of "Little Bo-Peep," at Birmingham, two years ago, that Mr. George Edwardes spotted Miss Reeve, and engaged her for the Gaiety.

Mr. Mulholland is nothing if not enterprising. In order to ascertain the exact nature of the support he gets at the Theatre Metropole, Camber-

well, he gives a circular to every member of the audience, with the request that the signatory will state the district in which he lives; what class of play he prefers; what plays he would like to see repeated or produced; and what form of advertisement induces a visit to the theatre. It will be interesting to hear the result of the experiment.



MISS ETTIE WILLIAMS.
Now appearing in "The Prude's Progress" at Terry's Theatre.
Photo by Lafontaine, Dublin.



A GOSSIP ABOUT STUDIOS.

A SUMPTUOUS and wonderful studio is quite a necessity to a fashionable portrait painter. He must bear about him the stamp of prosperity, for sitters are kittle-kattle folk, who like to feel that their features are being handed down to posterity by a painter of fortune. The mere wish to have one's portrait painted argues a nice vanity, and your Great Lady, who is the victim of her own pretty vanity, likes to trace the same quality in others.

But I do not see why the ordinary painter of ordinary subjects should desire to raise about him a sumptuous and wonderful studio. In the hot days of summer, and the muggy days of autumn, it would surely be pleasanter to work in a cool, bare, austere chamber, than in a room hung with heavy rugs and tapestries, which moths do corrupt, and shining armour which never tires of reflecting the hot, hot sun.

Painters themselves, I know, do not think in this way. All the studios where I have spent pleasant hours have been crowded with the ransackings of the ages, and the spoils of the climes—all but one, and that the studio of a man whom a vast number of people call the first English painter of the age. I happened to call upon him—it was a journalistic mission—at lunch time one wet Sunday. Prepared for the usual array of rugs from Persia, wood-work from Tunis, and armour from Wardour Street, I was surprised to find myself shown into a bare room—bare floor, bare walls, bare forms; and upon one of these bare forms a few crumbs of bread and a piece of cheese—the remnant of the painter's lunch. But the studio—for studio it was—did not lack pictures. They leant against the wall, six deep, in all stages of completion. "I seldom finish a picture straight away," said Sir Edward Burne-Jones, when he entered a moment later. "I prefer to have a number on hand, and to work upon them as the mood takes me. And yet, I am afraid, to finish these"—with a sad smile—"would take me a hundred years."

The most wonderful of all London studios is certainly Mr. Alma Tadema's in St. John's Wood. The regal luxury of this establishment bubbles over from the studio proper to the house and the garden, too. Golden staircases, marble halls, dazzling canopies, rare plants, little Grecian rooms reached by winding avenues of shrubs—these things and many others are to be found behind Mr. Tadema's high wall in the Grove End Road. Not the least of his treasures is a grand piano, on the inside cover of which the celebrities of the world have written their names. Mr. Alma Tadema is quite proud of his House Beautiful, and he takes a delight in speaking of its charms in his quaint Dutch way, and in pointing to the legend written in large

letters above the studio door—"As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life."

Sir Frederick Leighton's house and studio are not stamped by the riotous imagination of Mr. Alma Tadema's. It is all very grand and impressive—the Arab Hall, the peacock upon the stairs, and the large, lofty studio hung with little impressions of foreign travel from the President's own brush, and bordered by a cast of the frieze of the Parthenon. On Sunday afternoon Sir Frederick is always at home, and as almost any foreign artist who visits these shores bears letters of introduction to the President of the Royal Academy, it follows that Sir Frederick should have the gift of tongues. And that gift he has to a marked extent. I have watched him on a Sunday afternoon holding conversation with people of four different nationalities at the same time, remembering the work of each, and saying nice things to each in turn.

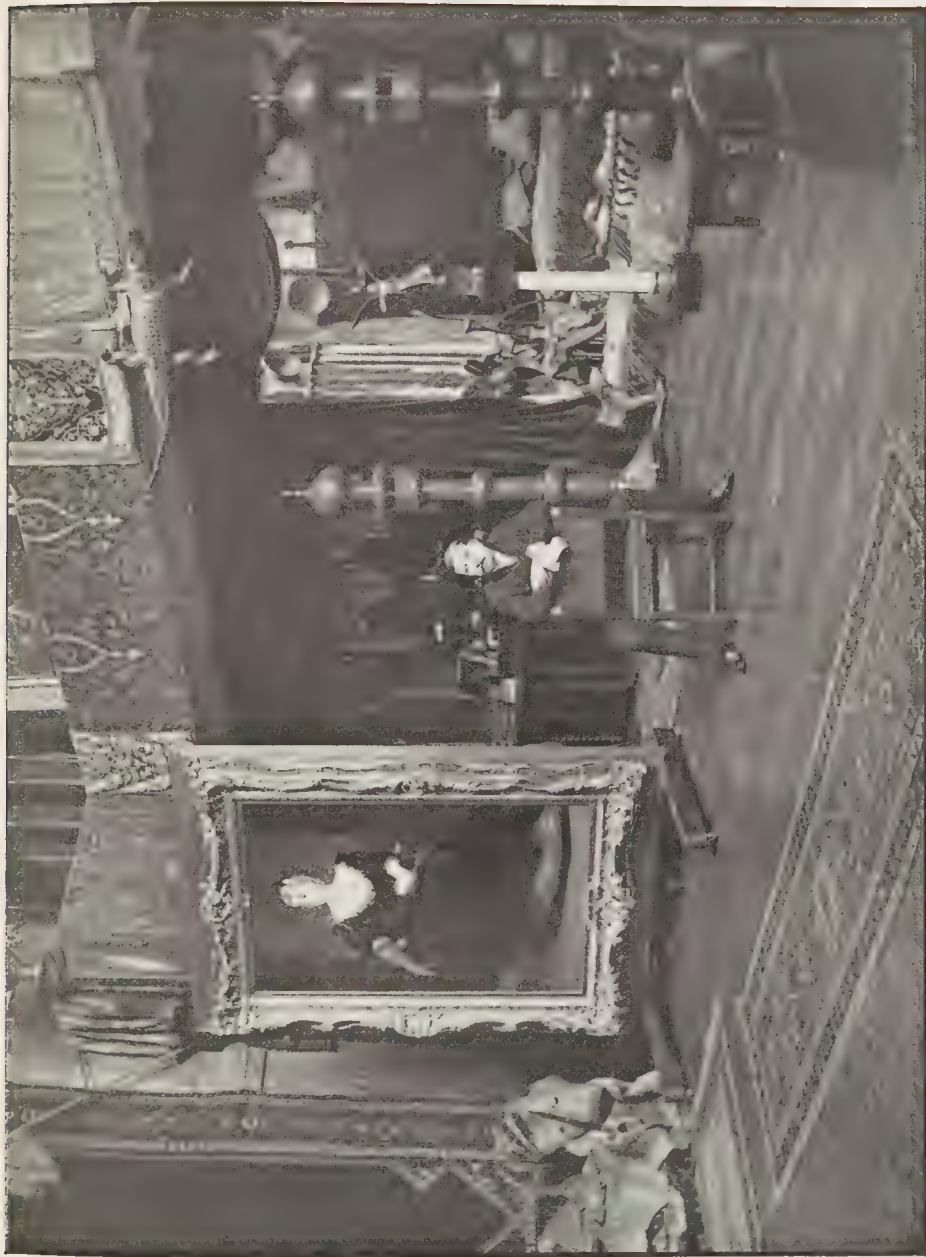
In Sir John Millais' studio one always expects to find the *Times*, and if one didn't find the *Times* there, one would feel inclined to write to the *Times* to complain that the *Times* was not there. You will find nothing finicking in his studio. It is the studio of an English gentleman with a keen relish for sport, who took to painting because he could do it so uncommon well, and who has never been able to conquer his aversion for the weak-kneed and the epicene.

It is hardly fair to judge Mr. Briton Riviere's studio by the ordinary standard, for he is an animal painter, and, being an animal painter, it follows that horses and other four-footed things are welcome visitors. They enter through a large door at the further end of the studio, and stand patiently while the artist draws. Unhappily Mr. Briton Riviere must cease work long before the animals are tired. He is under orders never to work more than a few hours a day. As he can't paint from living lions and tigers in his studio, the authorities at the Zoological Gardens send him the carcasses of such animals when they die. It is no uncommon thing for the parlourmaid to whisper, when she hands Mr. Briton Riviere the marmalade at breakfast, "Please sir, another dead lion have come."

You find Professor Herkomer down at Bushey, surrounded by young men and maidens who are learning to paint and to etch, and to carve, and to mezzotint under his care. Not only has he studios for all his many occupations, but he has built himself a huge and noble house close by, which has taken more years in the building than I should like to count. There, surrounded by his pupils, and the work of his father's hands, his own, and their hands, he hopes to pass the remainder of his life.

M. Benjamin Constant, whose portrait faces this gossip, is on the side of those who like a luxuriant studio. In his case, at any rate, the properties have been collected by himself, and not picked up on autumn afternoons in Tottenham Court Road. For he has been a great traveller in foreign lands, and it was only after he had left *l'École des Beaux Arts*, and given up all hopes of the *prix de Rome*, and winged his way to Morocco, that he found, in that bright land of mystery, the subjects that have made him famous,

L. H.



M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT,
IN HIS STUDIO.



THE THREE CHOIRS' FESTIVAL AT GLOUCESTER.

THE "good grey town" of Gloucester was last week the scene of the Meeting of the Three Choirs. To its hospitable borders came once more, from all parts of the world, happy crowds, who thronged the grand old Cathedral, and heard the oratorios grow sweeter as they grow older. The city gave itself over to melody for one week; the citizens showed that the art of hospitality was not dead; and fine musicians sustained the long record of more than a century of festivals.

These "meetings," as they are still quaintly termed, originated in the custom of various musical societies in Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, to pay an annual visit to each city in rotation, and perform various works. There is a record of a festival being held in Gloucester as far back as 1724, while for the last hundred and forty years there exist memoranda of the singers, etc., at these meetings. Large sums have latterly been obtained for the benefit of the clergy of the diocese in which the festival is held, so that what was once merely a musical event has become a philanthropic function as well.

There is a particular pleasure in hearing music under the conditions of a Three Choirs' Festival. You exchange the conventional concert-room, with its distractions and reminders of other functions, for the cool, restful surroundings of a grand old building with the memory of centuries inscribed on its walls, together with the inspiration of a

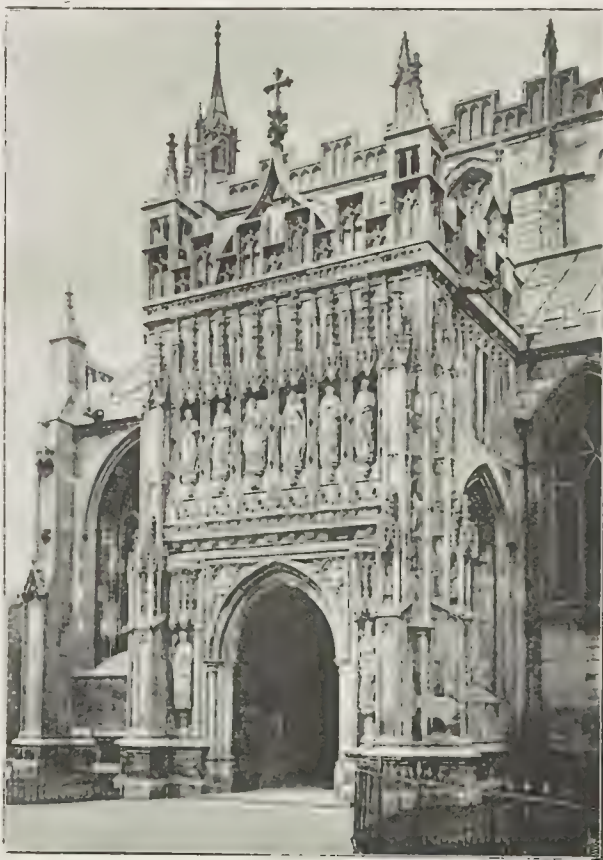
place where Divine worship has gone on unceasingly for hundreds of years. Then this trio of Cathedrals affords the listener an example of well-nigh perfect acoustics. You may wander round the remotest part of the building and hear *pianissimo* passages rendered with sweet exactitude. Again, the absence of applause allows the mind to enjoy fully the consecutive beauties of great music, without hindrance or interruption. To sum up, no one who has attended these Festivals will dispute, I think, the assertion that they afford the fittest time and place for hearing oratorios.

Sitting in Gloucester Cathedral, with the sunshine streaming through the windows, on a bright September morning, while the strains of sacred music sound through the noble nave and "strive to reach the heavenly choir," you cannot resist the memories of the past. Here have been heard in days gone by the voices of Jenny Lind, Janet Patey, Titiens, Sainton-Dolby, and so many others who, after life's fitful fever, sleep soundly. You think of Sims Reeves and his thrilling rendering of "Sound an alarm!" Or you hear echoing again the sweet certainty of Jenny Lind's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or the pathetic tranquility of Patey's "O, Rest in the Lord."

But the Present usurps the place of the Past, as you see the familiar faces of Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Watkin Mills. In the conductor's seat, facing the splendid choir, is Mr. C. Lee Williams, but you miss J. T. Carrodus from the leader's desk. He has gone "beyond these voices" since the last Festival. It

is good to know that though Time takes its toll, there is still a multitude to carry on the honourable traditions of the Three Choirs. Long may it be so!

There were vocalists who were comparatively new to these festivals at Gloucester. For instance, Mr. David Bispham had received this well-deserved compliment. Miss Jessie King, whose portrait was given in a recent issue of *The*



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL—THE SOUTH PORCH.

Album, was again in the list of soloists, to the satisfaction of her numerous friends. Mdme. Medora Henson and Mr. Andrew Black completed the admirable selection of soloists. The festival began, as usual, with "Elijah," on Tuesday, September 10th, which attracted as great a crowd as ever; in the evening Mozart's "Requiem," Beethoven's Symphony, No. 1, and the "Te Deum," by Purcell, were down for performance. The selection of the last-named work was, of course, *apropos* of the bicentenary of Henry Purcell. The "Te Deum" was one of the last compositions of the gifted man who died a year after its completion, aged 36. On the following day "King Saul" and Schumann's magnificent Symphony, No. 4, were given. On Thursday there were Brahms' "Song of Destiny," Cowen's "The Transfiguration," Lloyd's new "Concerto," and other interesting works, including "A Dedication," by Mr. C. Lee Williams, and the ever welcome "Hymn of Praise." On Wednesday, I ought to have mentioned, there was a secular concert in the Shire Hall. Then with Friday, "the great day of the feast," came "The Messiah"—a fitting conclusion to a beautiful festival. The chief interest attached to Mr. Cowen's treatment of the "Transfiguration," and it is pleasant to record the success which his new work attained. It is not too ambitious, but has the evidences of considerable care having been bestowed upon its composition. Mr. Lee Williams' "Dedication" was also highly praised, while his discharge of the many duties connected with the Festival was in every way satisfactory. The audiences were very good, and a large number of familiar faces were observable in the Cathedral. I could not help thinking, however, of Professor Huxley, whom I saw at the Festival when Dr. Parry's "Job" was produced, and of the hearty enjoyment which was evident on his splendid face as he sat listening to the masterpiece.

D. WILLIAMSON.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, LONDON.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH EAST.



SOME
WOMEN NOVELISTS.

THE twelve portraits we publish to-day are eminently suggestive of the place which women novelists occupy in our modern English fiction. A dozen men of equal calibre might be found, no doubt; but when we measure the influence of fiction, it is not hazardous to affirm that these twelve women represent an ampler authority than their masculine compeers. It has been said, by way of reproach, that English novels are written, for the most part, by women who know little for women who know less; but of these twelve writers, at least nine appeal more strongly, perhaps, to men than to their own sex, by virtue of a wider horizon than meets the gaze of the bread-and-butter miss. Indeed, it would be difficult to say who provides the romantic nourishment for that unsophisticated damsel now. The only novelist in our gallery, who has written exclusively for girls, is Miss Charlotte Yonge, and in her excellent work there is none of the sickly sentiment which spreads the bread of the schoolgirl with margarine instead of honest butter. The chief characteristics of these women novelists are intellectual capacity and breadth of vision. No one could bring the charge of narrow conventionalism against Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Margaret Woods, John Oliver Hobbes, Sarah Grand, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, or Mrs. Clifford. Some of us still remember the commotion which was caused by Miss Rhoda Broughton's early novels, the stupefaction which greeted the news that "Cometh up as a Flower" was written by a clergyman's daughter, the prognostics of social degeneration that were founded on that startling circumstance. Nowadays, Miss Broughton's stories do not strike as upheavals of the nether world, though they are distinguished by unabated vivacity and acuteness of observation.

Even the veterans in this list can scarcely be called old-fashioned. For how many years has Mrs. Oliphant poured out a succession of novels, full of the dexterity of her craft? It is a far cry to the "Chronicles of Carlingford," and yet the hand that wrote them has lost none of its cunning. Mrs. Lynn Linton is a pretty old stager, if it be permissible to apply that masculine term of affectionate appreciation to a lady. "The True Story of Joshua Davidson" seems lost in the mists of time; but the vigorous understanding to which we owe that remarkable little book is unimpaired, and continues to hurl lightnings at a perverse generation. Miss Thackeray's pen still possesses the grace of "Old Kensington," in which the incomparable charm that her illustrious father gave to English prose finds something more

than a fleeting semblance. When we pass to the writers whose reputation is younger, we think first of one who has written much less than the others, and, in point of popularity, it may be, is far in the rear. But "A Village Tragedy" stands in a class of English fiction by itself; it belongs really to that small company of French masterpieces which are made classic by the portrayal of truth in a theme superficially repulsive, with fine perception and artistic restraint.

Then there is Lucas Malet, whose "Wages of Sin" is full of power. In "Marcella," Mrs. Humphrey Ward has shown all the intellectual quality of her earlier work, together with an artistic apprehension which is of later growth. The controversial echoes of "The Heavenly Twins" have not ceased to vibrate on both sides of the Atlantic; and though Sarah Grand may not be the apostle of a movement which is to leave an indelible mark on our social history, her most famous book is full of talent. John Oliver Hobbes has made the most arrogant writing man tremble for the particular supremacy which he values most. Women, he is willing to admit, can make puddings and pathos, but they are no hands at epigram. The success of John Oliver Hobbes in this manufacture is positively disconcerting. "The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," in genuine brilliancy, has few rivals. Moreover, it has at least one character-study of high excellence. Man, who has persuaded himself that woman cannot command the patient concentration needful for style, is simply staggered by John Oliver Hobbes. If he consoles himself with the reflection that, at all events, the sombre realities of life are his exclusive province, he is staggered again by Mrs. Margaret Woods and Mrs. W. K. Clifford. The author of "Aunt Anne" and the "Last Touches," is no stranger to the most delicate shade of melancholy; the pathetic futilities of humanity find an admirable harmony in her art. And if you want vigorous optimism, which can give plenty of reason for its faith, who has supplied more convictions than Edna Lyall?

Such a variety of knowledge and ability as these twelve novelists present, cannot easily be matched. They bear emphatic witness to the enormous advance which women have made in the branch of literature immediately in touch with life. In their hands the novel is not simply the fairy story to amuse children of a larger growth; it has a significance which gives a touch of philosophy even to the circulating library. They have no common view of life; they are as diverse in opinion as in faculty. All this makes for a wholesome ferment of ideas; and it is stimulating to see the caldron of fiction stirred by a dozen witches, not at all forbidding, like the weird sisters in "Macbeth," but almost equally prophetic.



I AGREE with Mr. Oswald Crawford, that to tell a story in dialogue is no easy matter, especially when the story has to be read and not acted. With no actors to speak his lines, and no narrative to relieve the tension of his repartee, the dialogue-writer has to lean heavily on the reader's apprehension. Whether this support equals its responsibility, is a point which the fate of the volume edited by Mr. Crawford must determine. I should be sorry to dogmatize about the operations of the novel-reader's mind. He or she may vote these dialogues rather slow because there is no padding to nurse the attention. You must remember that it is on the broad maternal bosom of padding that the average intellect is accustomed to repose. If you ask too much from it, if you make your *dramatis personæ* sparkle all the time, or weep, without any relief save the sparsest stage direction, you may wear that average intellect out. This is mere speculation on my part, and I must not be understood to cast aspersions on the intellect of any man or woman. In novel-reading, the greatest mind may descend to the lowest level, or be incapable of rising to the highest. Darwin found Shakespeare dull. I know men of the acutest perception who cannot enjoy any fiction save the most conventional optimism of story-telling. They are offended if the hero and heroine do not marry and live happily ever afterwards. So, when I speak of average intellects, I confine myself strictly to the kind of intelligence which is brought to the perusal of novels, and which is often vastly different from the intelligence which the same brain employs in other occupations.

Personally, I find these dialogues, for the most part, very fresh and piquant. Perhaps the anxiety to tell the story sometimes produces effects which are too abrupt, as when the engaged pair, in Miss Marion Hepworth Dixon's "Truth will Out," looking down from the gallery in a church at a wedding ceremony, impart to each other, with the aid of audible gossip from neighbours, that the engaged man formerly had designs on the bride's money, and that the engaged woman formerly tried to entangle the bridegroom. I am prepared to believe almost anything of cynicism, but it is no more in the habit than murder of taking this proverbial outing. Indeed, the burden of most of these dialogues might be described as the irresistible impulse to tell on the part of people who have every motive for holding their tongues. Now, in a novel you need not tell in such a hurry. You have lots of chapters of delay. The author checks the impulsive outcry of your murder, or bigamy, or what not, by describing scenery or analysing your motives. He has so much to say that for many pages you do not get a word in edgeways. Look at Mr. Henry James: he never lets his

characters commit themselves with indiscreet haste; they are put on the shortest allowance of speech while he draws an immense income of words. But the general condition of the people in these dialogues is like that of the lady in Miss Violet Hunt's "The Hour and the Man." She has to make the man propose to her by midnight, and resorts to the desperate expedient of putting the clock back ten minutes before her obtuse lover comes to the point. You have your eye on the clock as you read, and wonder whether Dolly in Miss Clara Savile Clarke's "Choosing a Ball Dress" will slap her exasperating aunt in time. I am sorry to say this lady is not slapped at all for having told Dolly's lover that his "insolence" in proposing for her is "unparalleled." Dolly merely sobs at the news, and ignores the colour of her ball dress, thus leaving you to construct the sequel yourself. This, I submit, is an unwonted strain on the average intellect. Moreover, the fever of the dialogue seems to play fantastic tricks. When a young woman says to a young man, "We're talking *bussiness*," is this a *double entendre* or a proof-reader's error? "They must have god mixed somehow" is too profane, even for a compositor.

"The Woman Who Did" has been followed by a nice crop of imitations, amongst which it is difficult to award the palm for folly. I am wondering what possessed the author of the latest portent in this class of fiction to take the name of Lucas Cleeve. Lucas is the weak, vain, sentimental sensualist in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith;" but the Lucas Cleeve of "The Woman Who Wouldn't," is a moralist who wishes to prevent loveless, mistaken marriages, and check frivolous natures in the career of flirtation.

This book is about as appropriate to these missions as the associations of the original Lucas Cleeve to the atmosphere of his borrowed name. There is a girl who will not marry unless she can live with her husband as his sister. This foolish freak has been treated with humour by the author of "A Modern Amazon." Lucas Cleeve is destitute of humour, and so the "woman who wouldn't" strikes me simply as a fool. After driving her husband into the arms of another woman, she is enlightened by some religious person who tells her that Satan explained to Eve the relations of the sexes; hence Eve's mission to redeem man. The intellect which finds pleasure in this stuff is, I trust, below the average.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Dialogues of the Day." Edited by Oswald Crawford. Chapman and Hall.

"The Woman Who Wouldn't." By Lucas Cleeve. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.



GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIAN SCENERY.

Photographs by G. ROSE, MELBOURNE.

WALKING through the art galleries of the old world, one can easily form some estimate of the characteristic scenic effects of the various countries of the globe. Artists have gone forth in the old lands with palette and brush, and have noted and immortalised on canvas the most striking and beautiful features of their various lands. The deep indigo of the Italian sky, the quivering pines of northern Europe, the distant-stretching pastures and mutable forest effects of England, the bleak hills of Scotland, and the dreary sand-wastes of Egypt—with all these we are acquainted. Yet how few of those who have never been out of England know what Australia is like—this vast continent, one of England's best assets, in parts densely peopled, in parts unknown and unexplored, stretching away under the Southern Cross.

The "Australian bush" is talked about vaguely by people, who seem to have an idea that the inhabitants of this



LOG-ROLLING IN THE BUSH

illimitable continent are perpetually working their way through tangled scrub and impenetrable thicket. To the Australian "the bush" is a place far removed from civilisation, not necessarily dense forest growth, but difficult of access, wild, primeval, unoccupied.

Perhaps there is no country in the world that can show such innumerable and varied aspects of Nature as Australia.

Snow-capped mountains; shelterless, silent, and sun-scorched plains; long stretches of twisted, gaunt, and inanimate gums; perfect fairylands of fern bowers; yawning gorges looking out on the dull green monotony of dense eucalypti forests; picturesque rivers with remarkable vegetation on



"NEW WOMEN" OF AUSTRALIA.

their banks—of such is the Australian bush phantasmagoria constituted.

And what is the dominant note of this Australian scenery? Marcus Clarke, Australia's great novelist, has likened it to Edgar Allan Poe's poetry, the dominant note in both being weird and melancholy. In one of the most beautiful passages he ever wrote, he thus describes Australia :—

"The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle, in their black gorges, a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums strips of bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of cockatoos stream out, shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. . . . Some see no beauty in our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume, our birds who cannot fly, and our beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all-fours. But the dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness. Whispered to by the myriad tongues of the wilderness, he learns the language of the barren and uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphics of haggard gum-trees, blown into odd shapes, distorted with fierce, hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue."

But all is not the loneliness described by Marcus Clarke, though this, perhaps, is the note which strikes the solitary bushman. Nor are the flowers without smell or the birds

without voices. Down in the lone gullies the air is suffused with the scent of musk of golden wattle, of white flowering eucalypti, of richly aromatic gum, and in early morning a delicious fragrance of balsamic odours comes to one from the dense mass of tangled vegetation almost with "too much sweetness."

Then the voices of the birds are peculiar to Australia alone. The laughing jackass with his resonant, mocking guffaw, dominates all other bird music in the bush; but of all the sounds there is none more pleasant than the melodious carol of the magpie at daybreak. Seated on a "gnarled knotted trunk Eucalyptian," he waits the breaking of the dawn, and accompanies the rising of the sun with loud and long continued bursts of melody. Then there is the beautiful and metallic cow-bell, tinkling music of the bell-bird, the strange whistling crack of the whipbird, the liquid gurgle and versatile mimicry of the lyrebird, and the startled screech of the brilliantly-coloured parrots.

Of the views which illustrate these pages, the one showing the wood splitters engaged in log-rolling, gives a good idea of the uncanny appearance of a great proportion of the land of Australia. These gaunt trees have been "ring-barked," for the most part, in the interests of husbandry, and, as in the process of decay, they assume a whitened appearance, they resemble, particularly at night, an assemblage of weird skeletons.

There is no country in the world so prolific and so varied



A GORGE.

in its fern growths as Australia. Down in the valleys and the glades they spring up with remarkable profusion, from the giant tree fern, pushing its way some twelve feet high through the air, to the delicate maiden hair hiding among the moss. It is a common sight to see a dozen parasitical ferns of smaller growth on the boles of the great and umbrageous tree ferns.

Of course, the numerous rivers, and streams, and waterfalls of Australia are mainly responsible for the remarkable profusion of its vegetation. When the sun shines down pitilessly in the sweltering summer, the city and town inhabitants rush to the rivers, the only objection to which is that they are the happy hunting-ground of the tormenting mosquito.



WINTER ON THE MOUNTAINS.

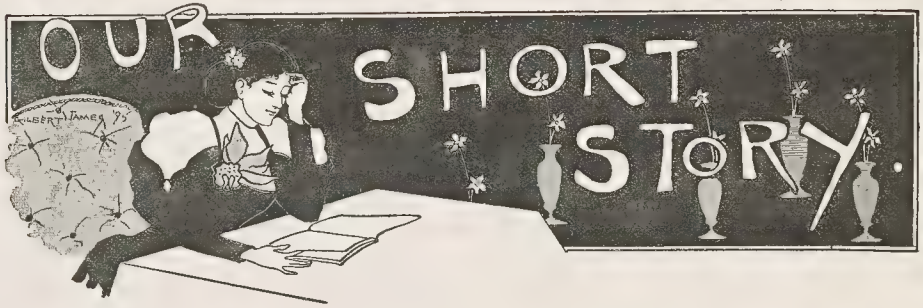
It is along these rivers that some of the most picturesque scenery in the colonies is to be found. Particularly is this the case in the spring, when the banks are flecked with patches of yellow bloom, and long, thin, stringy bark trees wave their pendant branches over the water, and the acclimatised willows gaze verdantly into "the dark translucence of the deep-eyed cool." It was by one of these rivers, curiously enough, that the rational dress got its first public airing in Australia, as will be seen in the view presented.

Of the nobler and more imposing class of mountain scenery there is plenty in Australia. Nothing more impressive could be imagined than a sight of the early morning waking of the Australian bush from a mountain top.

Although in the cities and towns of Australia snow is never seen, one has only to ascend a few hundred feet up the mountain side, or to cross the ranges in winter, to find one's self knee-deep in snow. The snowed-up hut above represents the Hospice on the Buffalo Ranges in Victoria. It is a lonely existence up here in the winter, as may be imagined.

This scene is not one hundred miles from Melbourne, and very often, when the city is being scorched under a fiery Australian sun, and people are gasping for a breath of cool air, snow may be lying on the heights of the mountains. Altogether, Australia affords a splendid opportunity for the artist seeking variety and originality in nature's handiwork.

ROBERT C. BURT.



CHYNEEDY.

BY NORA HOPPER.

"I REALLY wonder how you ever endured to live here so long," Miss Vaughan said languidly, as she stood in one of the dismantled rooms of Chyneedy, contemplating Chyneedy's impoverished owner with calm and somewhat contemptuous eyes. "It is horribly lonely; and how plainly you can hear the sea. Ugh! it puts one in mind of 'Ravenswood.'"

"Yes," said Lionel Treherne, compressing his lips. "It is a little like the 'Ravenswood' tale, as you say; only I have no Caleb Balderstone, and can't flatter myself that I am as interesting as the Master, though I may be quite as poverty-stricken."

"Ah!" said Miss Vaughan, who was nearly as obtuse as she was beautiful, which was saying a good deal, "shall we go on up into the tower now? I hear there is a beautiful view there. Are you coming, Molly?"

"No; I'm tired," Molly Dowling said, curtly. "Go on, Nest, and I'll wait here."

"And I, too," Lionel Treherne said. "I know the view by heart, thanks, Urry. Go and look after Miss Vaughan."

"Yes, do," Nest Vaughan said, plaintively. "You must give me your arm, Captain Urry, or I shall fall on these dreadful winding stairs—I know I shall."

The laughing voices died away at last, and Molly Dowling drew a quick breath of relief, and glanced involuntarily at the Master of Chyneedy, who had just succeeded in forcing open the reluctant lattice, and was leaning far out, drinking deep breaths of the sharp, salt air blown inland from the Channel.

"Mr. Treherne," Molly's soft, Irish voice was sharp with terror, "don't lean out so far. Suppose you were to fall—only suppose it!"

"No fear of my out-living *that* tumble," Lionel Treherne said, drawing back with a half-smile on his grave face. "I used to ride for a fall sometimes, Miss Dowling, but it never came; somehow, I never thought of breaking my neck *this* way. It looks ridiculously easy."

"Mr. Treherne—don't!"

"My dear child, I beg your pardon," Lionel Treherne said in an altered tone. "I deserve kicking for bringing that scared look into your eyes; I'm not going to take that leap, never fear: there are all my boys to break in first."

"Your boys are a set of very pretty fellows," Molly said, laughing, though she was pale still. "Several of them went primrosing yesterday, and brought me a great basket full. Our rooms are all golden to-day; and Mrs. Jack taught me to make primrose balls. I made one yesterday as big as Nest's head, and as yellow."

"You are very fond of Miss Vaughan? You have known her a long time?"

"We were at school together. Nest was the beauty and the pet of the school."

"Miss Vaughan is very beautiful, undoubtedly."

"Nest is very kind-hearted, too, though sometimes she is just a little inconsiderate. She ought not to have got you to come here to-day," Molly hesitated a little over her apology, for Lionel Treherne's face had darkened suddenly, "only she—she did not think. I ought to have persuaded her out of her fancy. Please forgive us, Mr. Treherne."

"With pleasure." There was a furrow of pain between the dark brows, and the voice was so studiously quiet and restrained that Molly plunged into hurried and inconsequent chatter:

"How plainly you can hear the gulls crying; and how loud the waves are. I love the sea—there isn't a single look of it I don't love. Do you? And what a quaint name Chyneedy is—is it Cornish? I should like to learn Cornish; what a pity old Doll Pentreath is dead."

"Chyneedy used to be called Chy n'Ethy—the Great House," Lionel Treherne said, gravely, "but now Chyneedy is the most appropriate name it could have."

"I shouldn't translate 'the House of the Needy' in that sense," Molly said. "I should call it 'the House *for* the Needy,' Mr. Treherne. I have heard of the hospitality of Chyneedy many times."

"You are kind, Miss Dowling."

"No, I am only unnecessarily candid, it seems." There were tears of vexation in Molly's eyes, and her pretty colour had deepened. Lionel Treherne smiled, quite cordially this time.

"Do you like ghosts, Miss Molly? We have two or three at Chyneedy."

"Tell me all about them," Molly said, moving instinctively a step nearer him. "I like to hear, but I'm glad it's broad daylight. Well, Mr. Treherne?"

"Well there is the Cryand Wean—the crying child—a kind of banshee; and then there's the Brown Lady. She hasn't been seen for a hundred years or more; and the third is—nothing that would interest you much, Miss Molly."

"Isn't there a famous echo here, Mr. Treherne?" Lionel Treherne turned quickly towards Miss Vaughan, as she came daintily into the room, smiling across at Molly's grave face. "Captain Urry says it was in this very room."

"Urry is quite right," Lionel Treherne said, gravely. "Would you like to hear it, Miss Vaughan?"

"Please!"

"Ho—holloa! Chyneedy—Chyneedy!" shouted the master of Chyneedy; and the echo fell back, loudly at first, and then very softly, "Ho—holloa! Chy n' Ethy—Chy n' Ethy!"

Molly turned a flushed face on Lionel Treherne, and put out her hand impulsively. "A good omen!" she said. "Not Chyneedy, but Chy n' Ethy. I hope the echo's prophecy will come true quickly, Mr. Treherne."

"What nonsense are you talking, Molly?" Miss Vaughan said, peevishly. "Come, we must be going. Come, Molly! it is half-past four, and I'm dying for my tea. Can I offer either of you a cup?" smiling first at Captain Urry and then at the master of Chyneedy. But both men declined the proffer, one very reluctantly, the other with no appearance of regret.

"Men are so stupid," the beauty said, petulantly, that night, when Molly had gone to bed, and Mrs. Vaughan sat reading by the bedroom fire while her maid brushed out her daughter's long yellow hair—a "wonder of flax and floss"—and coiled it up for the night. "Men are so stupid lately. Mamma, do shut up that silly book, and be a little entertaining. What is Captain Urry's brother like? You saw him once at Carlsbad."

"Oh! nice looking. But this one, Humphrey, has the property."

"Yes, Irish property. Molly can have him, if she likes. You can tell her so, mamma."

"My dear, Molly would box my ears, I believe."

"You shouldn't have asked her to come with us, mamma. You have no tact."

"Nest, you asked her yourself."

"Then you shouldn't have let me do it," complained Miss Vaughan. "Justine, don't pull my hair so. How clumsy you are!"

"Pardon," murmured the French girl, brushing the soft hair still more carefully.

"Mamma, you must take me back to London—no, to Cowes. Mollie can stay here."

"Without us? Oh, impossible, Nest. Why cannot she come on to Cowes with us? She is very fond of you."

"Really, mamma, you must be mad."

"Oh, no. I can see farther than you think, Nest. I suppose the truth is that poor Mr. Treherne has taken a liking to Molly—and you are jealous."

"I? jealous of Molly?" the beauty said in a stifled voice, "Mamma, how *can* you talk such nonsense? What is it to me if they marry to-morrow and starve the day after?"

"They won't starve," Mrs. Vaughan said, with malicious cheerfulness. "Lionel Treherne has his school."

"Yes; and unwashed boys for scholars," Nest said, her voice broken with a sob. "I wish he had shot himself—as he meant to—last year."

"Nest"—the beauty was crying furtively now, in spite of the maid's presence, and the mother looked alarmed—"Nest, for heaven's sake don't tell him you really care for him."

"Did I ever really care for anybody in the world except myself?"

Miss Vaughan was sobbing openly now, with no thought for the imperilled brightness of her eyes.

"You can go, Justine. Nest, Nest, my dearest, what is it? Tell mother, my darling."

"Oh! there is nothing to tell," her daughter said, recovering her composure to some extent. "I overtired myself exploring those horrid dusty rooms at Chyneedy, I suppose, as I am not given to crying, as a rule. There, there, mamma," with a hasty kiss, "don't look distressed, but let us get to bed, or I shall lose my beauty-sleep."

"Are there brownies here, I wonder, or are the Piskies taking over the poor old house?" Lionel Treherne said, putting down his book and listening to the faint noises that came from the empty rooms overhead.

"Rats, perhaps, or ghosts," suggested the lad who had been sharing the attenuated hospitality of Chyneedy for the Christmas week. "Shall we go and see? Though it's the wrong time for ghosts—your clock's only just struck four."

Early in the afternoon as it was, it was rapidly growing dusk, and the two young men had a merry hunt through a score and odd of deserted rooms where the furniture took monstrous shapes in the twilight. They ran the noises down at last, and stood panting and laughing outside the door of the room whence they came, gathering breath to tackle their author. Then Lionel Treherne threw the door open, and the two young men sprang in—not into twilight and desolation, but into a room swept and garnished, with a pleasant little fire blazing on the tiled hearth, over which bent a small figure clad in brown, stirring it with a stick of wood. The figure turned with a very earthy and feminine shriek, and then Walter Tyrell caught sight of Treherne's face, and beat a hasty retreat.

"Molly," Lionel said, holding the "Brown Lady's" hands fast in his, "how dared you play ghost here? Weren't you afraid of the real ones?"

"I was, horribly. But I remembered it was your mother's room," Molly faltered, and as I was staying in Overy it was a pleasant walk. No," she threw up her head, and told the truth defiantly. "I had a week's holiday left. I am a governess, you know, in a high school at Plymouth, and I came down here to-day, and one of your boys helped me, and I thought you would find the room bright and pleasant, and I thought you would never know."

"And now I do know, what am I to do?"

"To forgive me for my impertinent interference in your household, and let me go," Molly said faintly. "Let my hands go, Mr. Treherne, you are hurting me."

"Molly, my heart, will you forgive *me*, and stay and make Chyneedy Chy n' Ethy again?"

"How can I?" Molly said, between tears and laughter.

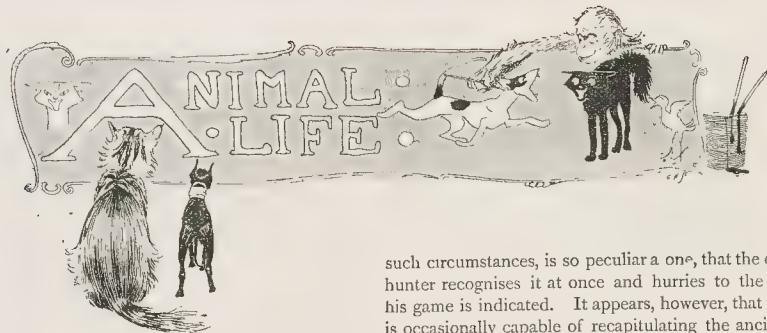
"If I were rich I would, ah! let me go."

"Not a step. Yes, just over yonder to get your cloak on. And now," tying the brown ribbons carefully round her throat, and drawing the hood carefully on, "Do you know where we are going?"

"N—no."

"I am going to take you over to the Vicarage for the night, and to-morrow I shall get a special license, and have you any commission for London, dearest? None? And we'll be married on Friday. I'm not afraid of any bad luck now; are you sweetheart?"

"Not with you," Molly whispered back, "and not at Chyneedy."



THE HANUMAN MONKEY.

THIS monkey has a huge advantage in the struggle for existence in that it is, fortunately for itself, coupled with the mythological religion of certain parts of India. On this account it may play with impunity any monkeyish and thievish tricks, and, as our illustration shows, it frequents with the greatest unconcern the immediate vicinity of human habitations. As with the sacred bull and with other animals which have the luck to be under the protection of some god, no native will lay a hand upon it. It is permitted to parade unmolested the very streets of the towns, and even to visit the shops of the pastrycooks. Whether the god Hanuman is any relation to the western Mercury or not, his *protégés* do not steal by open violence; the monkey "employs," we are told, various subtle stratagems to draw off the owner's attention while it filches his goods. Though its intimate connection with the god ensures its safety from possible human foes, a protection which is further increased by the belief that under the monkey form sometimes lurks the soul of a transmigrated Indian, it has its enemies. Tigers and serpents take their toll of it undisturbed by any such considerations as those which check the weapon of all human foes, except the unprejudiced and newly imported European.

The monkeys are arboreal in habit, and especially frequent the Banyan tree, also a favourite resort of snakes, which endeavour to prey upon the monkeys; so often, however, are the tables turned, that it is said that many more snakes are killed by the apes than apes by the snakes. The ape shows such refined cruelty in the murder of the snake that the superstition of the transmigrated soul seems to be fully proved. "A snake," it has been said, "may be coiled among the branches of the Banyan fast asleep, when it is spied by a Hanuman. After satisfying himself that the reptile really is sleeping, the monkey steals upon it noiselessly, grasps it by the neck, tears it from the branch, and hurries to the ground; the poison fangs are then broken upon a stone, and amidst grins of fiendish delight, the now helpless serpent is handed over to the tender mercies of the young monkeys." The hatred and dread which the Entellus monkey bears to the tiger, is made use of by hunters in a curious way. The monkeys, when they espy a tiger, or some other beast of prey which they have reason to dislike, collect together, and follow the animal along the branches of the tree, raising loud cries at the same time; their cry, under

such circumstances, is so peculiar a one, that the experienced hunter recognises it at once and hurries to the spot where his game is indicated. It appears, however, that the monkey is occasionally capable of recapitulating the ancient fable of the herdsman and the wolf, for the cry is sometimes heard when no tiger is to be seen. Indeed, Mr. Blenford holds that it is simply a note of surprise in many cases, for he heard it caused merely by the sight of a herd of deer making off.

A very near relation of this monkey, so near, indeed, that some naturalists do not admit it to be a distinct species at all, but, at most, a variety—is a remarkable contradiction to the popular idea of a monkey; most persons would be disposed to regard monkeys as being essentially lovers of the tropics, if only from an inspection of the shivering little apes that are to be seen in the streets of this city. This is, of course, the case with the great majority; but Sir Joseph Hooker, in his "Himalayan Journal," describes how he saw a herd of these monkeys gambolling "amid a vegetation typical of a boreal climate," and others have actually seen the same species springing from bough to bough of snow-laden pines.

The Hanuman is often to be seen in the Zoological Society's Gardens; but like many monkeys its constitution is rather delicate, and it is, of course, impossible to supply it always with the precise vegetable food that it prefers. But in spite of its delicacy of body it has a quarrelsome and indomitable spirit which leads to frequent and bloody battles with its own kind. These combats are often due to the power of love and to the rivalries caused thereby; but we know that other vegetarians, even human ones, in spite of their peaceful diet can be ferocious on occasions. Mr. Hughes has described a combat which he witnessed between two big old males, each of whom was attended by a crowd of followers; but the battle was a duel, the others apparently being merely a crowd who had collected to see what was doing. Mr. Hughes saw "their arms and teeth going viciously," and, after great damage to both, one was killed. But then two females, excited by the scene which was no doubt enacted on their behalf, rushed into the *mêlée* like East End ladies under similar circumstances. The witness of the battle, however, intervened, and drove off the combatants. But the two females had inflicted such injuries upon the surviving male that he succumbed to them in the course of the night. In spite of the fierceness of the female monkeys, Mr. Hughes declined to attribute the conflict to jealousy. The technical name of the genus of monkeys which includes the species represented in our figure, as well as some eighteen others, is *Semnopithecus* (holy ape), which, as will be gathered from the foregoing, relates rather to the patronage of the divinity than to its manners and customs.

F. E. BEDDARD.



"ON GUARD."—WILD HANUMAN MONKEYS
(INDIAN). PHOTO BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



I FEEL like the hero of the more or less refined song—I don't know where I am—in the world of fashion, I mean. I hear on all sides that novelties are making their appearance, and I see none which are worthy of the name. The mere fact that the coats of the autumn are to be short and loose fails utterly to satisfy my yearnings for styles which are new. I have a charming artist of amiable habits who sends me three pictures to illustrate my reflections—all of these, I am bound to confess, serving their decorative duty well. The short coat, for instance, labelled French, is in a light biscuit tone, fits the figure at the sides, but is quite loose back and front, while the trimmings are of braid and the folds hang in box-pleats. I can imagine this being a pre-eminently comfortable garment to wear over our large sleeves, and I should devote to its service a black face-cloth, with elaborate trimmings of jet, which might be permitted to stray right over the yoke and fall with fringed ends almost to the waist. This could be crowned with a hat of light drab felt, with a band and buckle of black, and back feathers at one side, whilst at the other might cluster a bunch of nasturtiums.

The light-coloured felt hat, shading almost to cream, threatens to become very popular amongst us, and the white felt hat is already an established favourite in Paris, where it is made with a high-pointed crown, and with a soft indented crown, being invariably trimmed with black ruches, feathers and ribbons, and completed with a white lace veil. On serious consideration, I must admit that white lace veils are not becoming to the faces of their

wearers, but they are of infinite value in setting off the charms of the hat—an advantage not to be despised. But let me get back to the descriptions of those dresses. That one, for instance, which bears a collar cut into points and

elaborately braided in fine braid. This would look well in face-cloth of any colour, but the favourite shades are blue, rifle green, or chestnut brown. The waistband is of white satin, and the vest of finely-spotted white chiffon, this being arranged with a frilled cravat. But of the three models, I think the third is the one I want to add to my personal possessions. I can imagine it being most successful in serge, with a short basqued bodice, outlined with the black and gold braid, the vest and frills being made of finely-kilted, cream-coloured silk—a suggestion, perhaps, somewhat extravagant; but then extravagance is the root of all charm in costumes, which reminds me that it is a very long time since I have desisted here upon the joy of petticoats—garments whose charms occur to me hourly here, where I am surrounded by soulless women, who insist upon devoting their attention and their pocket-money to the glorification of their knickerbockers. Candidly, I still hate the dual form of underclothing, even while I recognise that it is convenient to the athlete. Personally, I always feel that I would sooner be less active and more elegant.

We most of us want new petticoats just now, and a word in time will possibly be of value, and save nine, or fewer, of our old ball dresses from the clutches of the old clothes woman, to whom, in due course, we invariably consign our treasures of yester-year.



THE FACE-CLOTH BRAIDED FRCK.

For it is easy enough to make ourselves petticoats; we have only to take a ball dress upon whose hem time has set its unclean seal, cut it four inches shorter, and trim it either with three rows of galloon, covered with black lace insertion; with thirteen rows of infinitesimal velvet ribbon of a contrasting shade; or with two ruches of satin ribbon, closely pleated, set within two inches of each other upon the extreme hem. Supposing, for instance, we possessed a pale pink, silk skirt; it might be treated with double ruches of blue and pink silk, the pink outside, the blue inside; these will be found to have an excellent effect and the silk could either be fringed or pinked, the latter in preference.

A white silk dress that has already been cleaned several times, may be dyed black for everyday wear, and trimmed with that gold galloon and lace I have just suggested. It makes a most effective decoration.

Then, again, a chiné silk dress may be cut quite short above the knees, finished with a piping, into which can be

duty; we want at least three, for the dear sake of cleanliness, if not in the pleasing interests of variety. Furthermore, whilst I am on the subject of cleanliness and variety, all who would be well-dressed must supply themselves with three



BOX-PLEATED COAT.

pairs of stays; a coloured silk pair, a pair of white, brocade, cotton or silk as the individual income may suggest, and a third pair of holland colour, traced with blue or pink. The most luxurious corsets I have ever met are made of white silk gauze, with bunches of pale pink rosebuds set upon them at intervals, and they are trimmed round the top with real Valenciennes lace threaded with pale pink ribbons. These are joys for the wealthy or reckless, and amongst these latter, alas! may be reckoned

PAULINA PRY.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

"BIENTOT."—You could easily alter your bodice into a semblance of that braid-trimmed serge sketched opposite. This would only necessitate the purchase of the accordion-pleated front, which might be made of chiné silk, to be bought for 1/0½ per yard, at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street. The old bodice would make the yoke, and also the back and the basque, while the braiding would look best in black interthreaded with gold tinsel.

"RYAS."—A bicycling skirt quite plain and guileless of pleats is not your original idea, and I know it can be carried out quite successfully, for I have seen it at Thomas's, 32A, Brook Street. It sets admirably on the saddle, too; the only disadvantage being that it is most unbecoming to the figure from waist to seat. Indeed, it ought only to be worn by a very slim woman. Go to Brook Street, and they will shew you the model at once; but don't choose it, please, unless you are most slender.



THE BRAID-TRIMMED SERGE.

sewn a very deep gathered flounce of the same coloured silk, this to be edged with a cream lace insertion, lined with the prevailing colour of the silk. It is no use providing ourselves with one silk petticoat and feeling we have done our



(Retold from the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*,
September, 1870.)

"WE leave Europe watching with feverish anxiety for the next act of the terrible drama," wrote the Editor of the *Illustrated London News* in his issue of September 3rd, 1870. He wrote in uncertainty, for as yet only vague rumours of the fatal three days of Sedan had arrived in London, and though the *News*, in another portion of the same number, chronicled some fighting disastrous to the French arms, it was not hinted that the downfall of Napoleon III. was so near, nay, even an accomplished fact. It was certainly believed that Marshal Macmahon's "plan of deep strategy" had been entirely frustrated, "and," continued the *Illustrated London News*, "though it would be an insult to the soldiers of France to say that while they are assembled in any considerable force, no feat of gallantry can make atonement for defects in leadership, it does not seem consistent with reason that the game of Macmahon can be retrieved."

Then follow forecasts of a probable march on Paris, and grim forebodings lest the enemy within, that "red fool Fury of the Seine, should pile her barricades with dead"; and so the Editor leaves his readers for the week, with an impression almost amounting to certainty, that there has been a strange wager of battle on the banks of the Meuse, and the Emperor of the French "is represented" as having retired to Sedan.

When the next issue of the *Illustrated London News* appeared, "Sedan" was a word fraught with terrible meaning. The busy manufacturing town had given its name to one of the decisive battles of the world. What had been rumour was now certainty, and though details might not be perfectly complete, it was known that last week's vaguely rumoured engagements at Mouzon and Carignan had culminated in a third day of fire and bloodshed, on which, during twelve hours' stubborn fighting, the Prussians had completely surrounded Sedan, where the

French forces, hopelessly hemmed in, were at five in the afternoon compelled to surrender; 80,000 prisoners and 450 pieces of artillery thereby passing into the hand of Prussia.

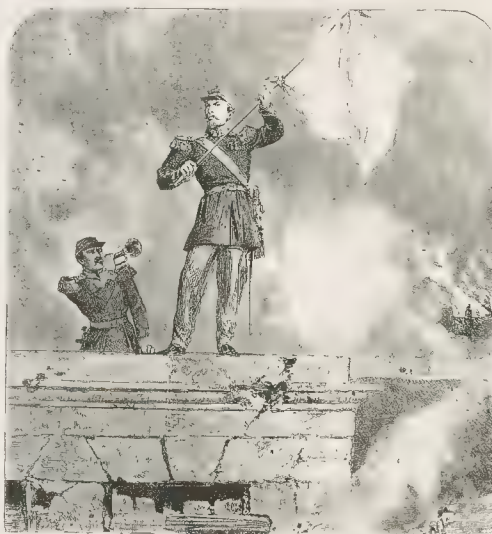
The editor of a weekly paper has at least one advantage over his diurnal brother. He can very often set before his readers a less hurried narrative of great events, and can, within certain bounds, apply to his descriptions the method of the philosophic and critical historian. This is what, on September 10th, 1870, we find the editor of the *Illustrated London News* attempting in his treatment of the Battle of Sedan. He has collated all the reports to hand, many of them from eye-witnesses, and he proposes to set before his readers a correct narrative of "this tremendous affair." The epithet is justified of the story, which is as fresh and engrossing to day as it was twenty-five years ago. In the light, also, of the recent German celebrations of their

"Crowning Mercy," the tale of Sedan acquires an added interest and may bear to be outlined anew.

In the last days of August, 1870, Macmahon moved from Rheims to the banks of the Meuse by an indirect route, passing through the hilly district of the Argonne, so as to come out upon the valley of the Meuse at Rancourt, near Mouzon and at Beaumont, some ten miles south-east of Sedan, whither the French army with the Emperor had preceded him. Macmahon hoped to join Bazaine, who was then believed to have escaped from Metz. News of Macmahon's movement, however, reached the Prussian Third Army, whereupon the King and the Crown Prince set off in hot pursuit and reached the

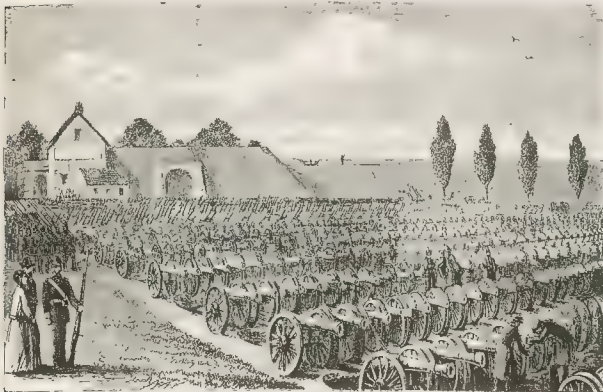
Meuse at Stenay, seventeen miles south east of Sedan and ten from Macmahon's position at Vaux. At Stenay the King was re-inforced by the new army of the Crown Prince of Saxony, and the entire force now numbered about 170,000 men, as against 110,000 of the French.

Tuesday, 30th August, was the day of prelude. Macmahon, endeavouring to move southward up the course of the river (with the intention of retaining, if possible, possession of both banks of the stream), was disconcerted by the defeat of General De Failly's advanced corps, at Stonne, four miles west of Beaumont. Back upon Macmahon's main body tumbled the routed corps of De Failly. The marshal promptly withdrew to Vaux, in good order, and rallied the whole army, keeping the Germans in check by a fictitious show of force along the river. The Germans, however, pursued the French across the river, and fighting was renewed at Moulins, and later at Vaux in front of



THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.—GENERAL LAURISTON'S SIGNAL.

Macmahon's camp. About noon the French seemed to have the advantage, but before nightfall they were repulsed towards the Sedan Road and beyond their encampment at Vaux.



GUNS CAPTURED BY THE PRUSSAINS AT SEDAN.

Two miles from Vaux is the town of Carignan, where the Emperor, confident of success, had secured accommodation for the night. But at dusk the French situation was so desperate that Carignan had to be abandoned. The Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News* forwarded a sketch of the attack on Vaux and the simultaneous burning of Carignan, out of which the French army is seen pouring in disorderly rout towards Sedan. Next morning Carignan was occupied by the Germans. The second day's fighting (Wednesday, 31st August) saw the main body of Macmahon's army attacked on the plain of Douzy. The Germans still pressed their retreating foes towards Sedan and before the day closed they had effected one portion of von Moltke's plan to circumvent the Frenchmen. So far were the French pushed towards Sedan that the Germans were able to extend their right to Francheval, 5½ miles east of Sedan. The enclosure was now complete on the eastern and southern sides. To complete the investment it only remained for the Germans to advance from the west to the north of the town and effect a junction with their right wing extended from Francheval.

This movement was accomplished by the Crown Prince during the terrible twelve hours of carnage from five o'clock in the morning till five at night, on Thursday, the 1st of September, 1870. The Meuse was crossed under cover of the morning fog, and the Germans, getting their artillery into position, opened a furious converging fire on the French main

defence, a hill entrenchment on the north of Sedan. The French were dislodged, and the place was occupied by the victors, who held it against all attempts. Several gallant cavalry charges against the lost position were all in vain.

Again and again the French attempted to break the circle of doom, but every effort was defeated. At length the mass of disordered troops—no longer an army but a mob of soldiers—was forced under the city walls for shelter. Then, about half-past four in the afternoon, General Lauriston appeared on the gate waving a flag of truce. With him was a trumpeter, who sounded a note of parley, inviting an armistice to offer terms of surrender. Before five the German artillery, which had completely overpowered the French batteries, ceased firing by order of the King of Prussia, who watched the combat from the hill of Cheveuge, three miles from the gate of the town.

So ended the pitiful affair of Sedan. What followed was more pitiful still; for next day, the man who only a few weeks before had been the proudest Sovereign in Europe, was constrained to surrender to the foe whose capital he had so exultingly menaced at the outset of the war. An hour before sunset on the Thursday Napoleon wrote: "Mon Frère, n'ayant pu mourir à la tête de mon armée, je depose mon épée au pied de votre Majesté." How the capitulation was signed; how the Sovereigns afterwards met; how the kindness of Wilhelm of Prussia moved even the imperturbable Napoleon; how that day was only the spring of woes unnumbered to France



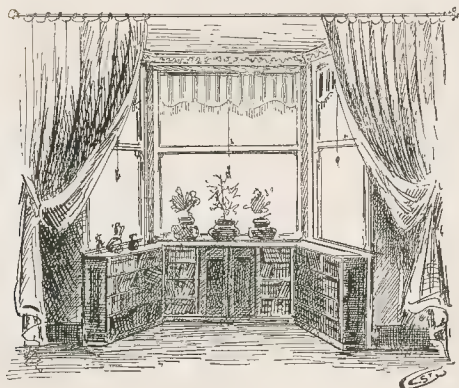
FRENCH PRISONERS IN THE PLACE TURENNE AT SEDAN.

is known to everyone. But if there be any whose memory is in want of refreshment, such an one may, with pleasure and profit, turn to the historic pages of the journal, from which we have but now retold the story of Sedan.

J. D. S.



SINCE "An inconstant reader" has written to ask why I do not talk about book-cases, I feel that I ought to take up the subject, though I am not sure that it is greatly to my taste. I have a feminine feeling where



A BOW WINDOW BOOKCASE.

books are concerned—my husband says that I sin in every way ; it is true that I always "look at the end" after I have read the first chapter, and no doubt to do so is to destroy the effect carefully and patiently designed by the author. Moreover, I am willing to read cheap, ill-printed editions, use book-markers, and when I have finished a book—unless it be a book of reference—am quite content to give or throw it away, or lend it to a friend—which is about the same thing. Indeed, we have had sharp discussions, for I wish to subscribe to Mudie's, and he objects, protesting that a book worth reading is worth buying—that a book is rarely worth reading that does not outlive the three-volume state, and that there is no need "to keep up with the times;" one can let time sift current literature, and only read the survivors.

Consequently, I have troubled little about book-cases during my life, and yet I have come upon oddities. When a little girl, I used to be taken to visit an old gentleman, of whom I was greatly afraid, though he was very kind to me, and I remember how I was awed by the huge masses of books in the immense library of the *château*—it was in the days when it was not considered snobbish in France to talk of one's *château*; nowadays, only the grocer speaks of his *château*. To my surprise, on paying a visit after a long interval, I found the big room almost bare—all the shelves had been removed and delightful old tapestry decked the walls.

"Where are all the books?" said I to the old gentleman.

"Here," said he, and, taking my hand, led me to a gorgeous silver-gilt structure that looked like an altar. With a golden key he opened a beautifully-wrought door and showed a book covered with a cloth of gold, studded with gems set *en cabochon*.

"There is the heart of all the books in the world, and properly called The Book, or the Bible. I have sold all the others. They were but worth money to buy this Mazarin Bible and construct the case for it." My father told me afterwards, that the old gentleman in his youth had been a famous libertine. One of my cousins had a strange fad in books. He had them bound in colours which, according to his theories, suited their characters. For instance, he had all theological books bound in red, because of the bloodshedding they had caused—science in gold, since most of it is based on the discoveries of seekers for the aurum potabile—poetry in green, to hint that it is man's



AN OAK DRESSER CONVERTED INTO A BOOKCASE.

spring-offering. In order to carry out these Montenaro fancies, he had book-cases to match; mahogany for the theology, gilded walnut for the science, oak stained green for the poetry, etc. There was one touch of humour in his library:

one book-case was a hodge-podge of colours and the bindings were rainbow-like—the books, he told us, were of the class called “curious,” in catalogues, and were fastened in with bars and locks that defied my curiosity. Yet, when he died, we



A CORNER BOOKCASE.

found that they were guileless works such as Pope's “Homer” with untruthful bindings that pretended horrors of impropriety. It was a “curious” touch of collector's vanity which had caused his wife, rather a prudish woman, twenty years of ill-founded annoyance.

Yet, I do not find in my memory much, from the decorative point of view, concerning book-cases. In an early number of “Artistic Homes,” I described the way in which we solved the difficulty about having book-cases in the drawing-room, by making them of oak stained green, with broché silk panels, and green velvet top-pieces, instead of leather, and reed blinds in place of glass. I protest strongly against glass; it does not keep out dust, it keeps it in. Moreover, glass doors are not easily opened, and whenever I see books behind the glass doors, I suspect it is the outside, not inside of the books that is generally looked at. Of course, one must have books of reference. How else could I tell you that in Egypt they used to keep the papyrus rolls, on which the “Trilby” of the day was written, in jars; that the Romans employed wooden boxes or canisters as book-cases; that the 700,000 volumes of the famous Alexandrian library, destroyed by fanatic Christians under Archbishop Theophilus, and not by the much-maligned Calif Omar, were, if Orosius is to be believed, kept on shelves.

It is unbecoming in a woman to make a display of learning—so my grandmother used to say, possibly adopting the attitude of the tailless fox of the fable. Certainly it is unbecoming when the learning comes straight from an encyclopædia, so I will turn to the drawings that have been made for me, of some practical hints for dealing with books in cases where space cannot be found for a real library.

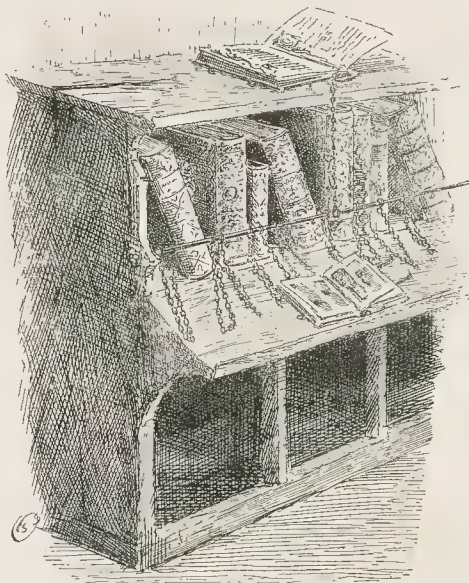
To the really lazy man I recommend the conversion of the bow window into a dwarf book-case. A few shelves fixed to the wall will contain many books, and on the

upper shelf, prettily covered with a strip of good embroidery, a collection of pipes, tobacco jars, pens, and ink can be kept. A flap attached to the top shelf, and easily raised or lowered, could be used as a writing desk, and with the addition of one of Leverson's luxurious reading chairs, the cheerless bow window would become a delightful “cosy corner.”

The small Welsh oak dressers, of which Messrs. Hewetsons have, possibly, the best collection in London, make charming book-cases for a morning room. In the large deep drawers, weekly papers and account books—dear to the heart of the ideal housewife—can be neatly kept, whilst the quaint shape of most of the dressers tempt one to mingle pictures and plates with the books. Beneath, I might suggest an old copper jar for waste paper.

In the recess that one so often finds near the fireplace, a corner bookcase may be fitted, and is very decorative.

The shelf of chained books, with writing and reading-desk, will bring back to the reader's mind the curious old custom of fastening down the books which the public were allowed to read, in a very practical manner. As far as I know, this quaint old custom originated when the Bible, in the reign of Henry the VIII., was rendered public. There is a curious entry respecting Anthony Marler's Bible in the Churchwarden's book at Ashburton: “A.D. 1540. Paid v.s. iiij*d*. for a new booke called a Bybyll; paid viii*d*. for a chaine for fastenynge the sayde booke.”



A SHELF OF CHAINED BOOKS, WITH DESK.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

I have left “ENQUIRER's” letters unanswered so long, as I had difficulty in finding out whence the cretonne, of which she sent me a pattern, came. Messrs. Hewetsons, of Tottenham Court Road, have one like it in stock, but slightly fuller in tone—possibly the piece sent me had been washed. If “ENQUIRER” writes direct to Messrs. Hewetson, they will send her patterns, and they will also give her an estimate for the electric lighting of her room—work in which they have been very successful.

GRACE.



NIGHT.

WITH young nations, as with little children, joy cometh in the morning. One of the changes of later life is the lightening of the burden of the dark, and the dimming of the light and delight of day. "Beautiful as day," says the popular voice in the early poetry of many lands. The night brings heaviness that has nothing to do with darkness or with survival of the fear of danger. It brings the state of low tide of the human spirit, when the thought that was tolerable by day becomes intolerable; but, to little children, the difference does not explain itself. When "the melancholy fit shall fall," it is not known as a melancholy fit; it seems the beginning of a new and perdurable state.

The most cheerful and frolic children in the world, and the most exempt from fear, are not exempt from the visitations of the night. The night is another life, with different and more keen emotions, with the oppression of one thing strange to the day—foreboding; and of another, even more unknown—responsibility.

It is by a lamentable *irresponsibility* that the elderly—fathers of no imagination, most particularly—permit themselves to speak with exaggeration of their more squalid worldly anxieties in the presence of their children. They have some idea that it is well to impress their innocent children with the difficulties of life. Indeed, it is not well, or very seldom well, and—if ever to be done—to be done with the greatest temperance. But, on the contrary, it is done commonly, and done without sensitiveness. A generally truthful man, the habitual foe of what he would probably call "sensation," will make a kind of ugly joke, when his household seems expensive to him, and say before his young children that he is "ruined." He would not say it to people old enough to understand him; and there seems to be a kind of licentiousness in using the word in talk with those who cannot.

The consequence is beyond his portly fancy. At the time of speaking, his child may seem little dimmed or quenched by the word—or not at all. But it will return at night. The silly boast of "ruin" will come to the child's memory when he is quite helpless, in bed, alone, obliged—for the first time since he awoke in the morning—to think (for lack of anything better to do), and when he has entered the world and the life of night.

The child will waste some real suffering—sorrow of compassion, and of foreboding, also—upon his father, upon his mother, upon the family, and upon himself. Because a father has thought it fit and appropriate to throw away the reserves of human speech in speaking to a child who could not refute, or check, or disbelieve him, the child is obliged to bear the charges of the freak. He bears them alone, and most often says nothing. Let us hope at least that, at

some cost, he makes amends for the incontinence of the grown man's phrase.

Foreboding is a special form of trouble from which people of imagination would willingly save their children if they could. But it is not possible. Even without any talk of "ruin" or any lapse of theirs, some kind of apprehension lies in wait for the child; and the fault is the night's. She makes him bear his share of the aggregate of the world's trouble. She arrives at some mysterious and secret average of her own. The day may be partial, unjust, and indulgent—devoted to favourites; but the night has a dreadful equality.

Even if a child has never been filled with fears by the blunders of his elders, the night has fears ready for him from which he cannot escape. There is always the certain and ready fear of the many separations of death. When other things fail, the night whispers to the child that his father and his mother will die, and his elder brothers and sisters. A simple child will lie alone, counting up those of his relations who are his elders, and afflict himself with the thought that he will lose them all. If he happens to be the youngest of his family, he has much to endure in this forecasting. So it was with a little girl who had no junior (and therefore, as she made sure, would have no survivor) amongst her nearest kin. There was one cousin, and one only, younger than herself; but the thought of him brought no comfort, for she lost herself in compassion over the thought of his more awful fate—he would lose all the others and would lose her as well.

And with this unflinching trouble comes the oppression of much less universal griefs. A child (at night) feels the burden of things thoughtlessly left by parents to his "good feeling" or his "honour"—things which he does not like to do, but knows he ought to do, things which should surely be simply exacted from him or else left alone. The "good feeling" or the "honour" expected but not exacted (doubtless with a view to the training of the child's conscience), becomes a weary charge. He is made subject to it; he is neither compelled nor free. By day the burden may be light enough. Perhaps this very child is conspicuous for dispensing himself, with a light enough heart, from these *quasi-obligations*. All the worse is it for him in the altering night.

It is well for that child whose father remembers what was indeed, in his own childhood, the enormous difference between day and night; well for the child whose mother does not ascribe the tears of her little one to some terror of burglars or ghosts, or something else that should be overcome, but attributes to night—mere night—this power of oppression.

The oppression is not to be escaped, but it can be mitigated by gay comforting; and if it is not to be escaped while night prevails, equally infallible is the cure, equally punctual, for the cure is the punctual day.

ALICE MEYNELL.



"ORPHANS," BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.
ON VIEW IN THE "FAIR CHILDREN" EXHIBITION AT THE
GRAFTON GALLERIES. LENT BY J. S. FORBES, ESQ.



IN STAGELAND.

IT is the business of an opposition to oppose, as they say at St. Stephen's, and, in like manner, it is the business of a drama to be dramatic. This seems an obvious truth, but it has been overlooked by Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of the American play with which Mr. Willard has opened his season at the Garrick. *Alabama* is a picture of "still life" rather than of life itself. Inanimate objects, ruined gateposts and dismantled cannon, play a more important part in it than human beings. We know the sentiment expected from these ancient monuments, and the kind of pathos likely to be extracted from them. And Virgil knew it when he wrote that line which hackneyed quotation is powerless to spoil: *sunt lacryma rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*. To see the "sentinel gate-post" is to be reminded of the time when "this gate was in its proud perfection—both posts standing." And, of course, a meadow lark has built its nest in the dismantled cannon—sentiment demanded no less. In one act the gate-post is bathed in the mellow sunset; in the next it stands out in the cold light of the moon. And the property-man has arranged the stage-ivy very prettily round the mouth of the cannon. Tender, if somewhat facile, emotions are aroused at the sight.

Do you remember the milk-jug and the moon-lit shadows of the sweethearts in Tom Robertson's *School*? There you have the same sort of sentiment as Mr. Augustus Thomas's, and the same sort of scenic contrivance. But if the essence of a play, as M. Brunetière so stoutly maintains, be impeded volition—"the struggle of a conscious will against obstacles" is, I think, his exact phrase—a "play" *Alabama* is not. I can fancy Mr. Augustus Thomas retorting: "Never mind about names—play or no play, my object is to give you in the theatre certain placid emotions, to create an impression of cloistered peace; I am a theatrical quietist." That would be an excellent intention, I have nothing to say against it, and as a matter of fact such an intention has already produced one of the choicest plays of our time, Mr. Henry James's *Guy Domville*.

The conviction that the theatre, despite M. Brunetière, need not be restricted to bustling action, but may become a place of reverie and contemplation, is one which I heartily share. But, unfortunately, Mr. Thomas has not the courage of his convictions. For he is for ever trying to give us the superficial appearance of a "play" in the conventional sense, introducing a mechanical villain, a challenger, a long-lost son, a frustrated elopement, and all the rest of the tricks we know so well. These things

are puerilities in themselves and incongruities in their setting.

The truth seems to be, that Mr. Thomas set out with the idea, the very plucky idea, of making a play out of "local colour," the soft climate and softer speech of a Southern State, the old-world courtesy and genuine, if outwardly pompous, chivalry obtaining there; but that, feeling there was not enough "stuff" in these matters for a play, he has tried to bribe attention with a "story," whereas, with our minds attuned to the key he has chosen, we regard a mere "story" as an impertinence, and decline to be put off with anything less than "character."

Some slight attempt at character there is in the sketch of the Southern patriarch who, a score of years after the war, still cherishes his prejudices against the North, and resents even benefits (as, for example, the running of a railroad through his "bayou"), when they come to him from that quarter; but this character, which might have been developed into a real and striking figure, soon degenerates into the stock theatrical type of the "heavy father"—the purblind old gentleman who cannot recognise a son who has shaved his chin—peevish obstinacy tottering about with a stick, and presenting all the other attributes of senility which are part of the common form of every "character actor." That, at any rate, is the impression I got from the character as it is played by Mr. Fernández, whose elaborately artificial method hardly does justice, perhaps, to the more natural and lively parts of the author's conception. Mr. Willard has modestly cast himself for a merely wooden personage—the long-lost son of so many plays, who returns, with his pockets full of money, to redress grievances, confound the villain, and marry the heroine—if heroine be the right word for the somewhat vague widow played by Miss Marion Terry. Perhaps the most successful thing in the play is the sketch of two crotchety, genial Southern gentlemen of the old school, cleverly given by Mr. John Mason and Mr. F. H. Tyler.

Are you an amateur of fencing? Then on no account should you miss *The Swordsman's Daughter*, adapted for the Adelphi by Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Clement Scott from *Maitre d'Armes* of Messrs. Mary and Grisier. We have had no such stirring rapier-play on the English stage since *The Corsican Brothers*. Between the fencing-bouts a commonplace melodrama is sandwiched, but that, I suppose, cannot be helped. Mr. Terriss is the swordsman—such a swordsman!—in a tricolour sash and statuesque dignity. His daughter—seduced, I regret to say, but made an honest woman of in the end—is, of course, Miss Millward.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Women Novelists of the Day.



MISS THACKERAY. [MRS. RICHMOND
RITCHIE.] PHOTO BY F. HOLLYER, PEM-
BROKE SQUARE, W.

A daughter of W. M. Thackeray, she was born in London, and spent some years of her early life in Paris. From acting as her father's amanuensis, she progressed to original authorship, and published one or two short stories in CORNHILL. Her first volume, "The Story of Elizabeth," published in 1863, won immediate success, and her reputation was established by "The Village on the Cliff," and "Old Kensington." Her works of fiction include "Bluebeard's Keys," "Miss Angel," "Mrs. Dymond," and other stories unique in charm. She is also the author of many graceful essays, among them, "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and the Brownings." She married her cousin, Mr. Richmond Thackeray Ritchie, and resides at Wimbledon.



MISS RHODA BROUGHTON.
PHOTO BY BASSANO.

Miss Broughton was born in North Wales, where her father was a well-known clergyman. Her first novel, "Comeh up as a Flower," appeared in 1867, and at once secured her the favour of the novel-reading public. "Not Wisely, but Too Well," followed in the same year, and her later works include "Red as a Rose is She," "Nancy," "Joan," "Belinda," "Mrs. Bligh," and "A Beginner," all replete with piquant wit, much originality, and clever characterisation. At one time she lived at Oxford, but latterly has resided chiefly at Wimbledon.



MRS. WOODS.

PHOTO BY GILLMAN, OXFORD.

Before her marriage with the Rev. H. G. Woods, now President of Trinity College, Oxford, Mrs. Woods was known as Miss Margaret L. Bradley, being a daughter of the Dean of Westminster. The sombre power of her first novel, "A Village Tragedy," placed her at once in the front rank of contemporary writers of fiction, and "Esther Vanhomrigh"—a story with Dean Swift for its chief figure—and "The Vagabonds" have since sustained her reputation. Her small volume of "Lyrics and Ballads" has shown her to be also a poet of notable distinction.



"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS."
PHOTO BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

Mrs. Craigie, who for a time concealed her talents under the pseudonym of "John Oliver Hobbs," is a daughter of Mr. J. Morgan Richards, and was at one time a distinguished member of Girton College. Four years ago her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," proclaimed a new writer of much talent and epigrammatic wit. "The Sinner's Comedy," "A Study in Temptations," "A Bundle of Life," and "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," have since secured for her a prominent position amongst the most brilliant of contemporary writers. She is also joint-author with Mr. George Moore of a graceful one-act play, "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting," in which Miss Ellen Terry has appeared in London, and which will be given during the American tour of the Lyceum Company.



"LUCAS MALET."

PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

A daughter of Charles Kingsley, and niece of Henry, whose novels have lately attained a second vogue, she is known in real life as Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the rector of Clovelly, once her father's curate. Her novel, "Mrs. Lorimer," was a first book of much distinction. "Colonel Enderby's Wife," which followed, revealed an author of unsuspected power and originality, and "The Wages of Sin" earned her a yet larger reputation. She has also written a shorter novel, "A Counsel of Perfection," and "Little Peter," a Christmas tale for children.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

PHOTO BY NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTED.

A granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and niece of Matthew Arnold, she was born in Tasmania, where her father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, held an educational appointment. As Miss Mary Augusta Arnold she wrote many articles for Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Biography," and for MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. In 1881 she published a children's story, "Milly and Oily." This was followed by "Miss Bretherton," and a translation of Amiel's "Journal Intime." In 1888 "Robert Elsmere" won her a widespread fame, since increased by "David Grieg," "Marcella," and "Bessie Costrell." She was one of the founders of University Hall, and is the wife of Mr. T. Humphry Ward, formerly an Oxford don, and now on the staff of the TIMES.



MRS. LYNN LINTON.
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

Was born in Cumberland, where her father, the Rev. J. Lynn, held the living of Crosthwaite. Her first novel, "Azeth, the Egyptian," appeared in 1846. "Anymore: A Romance of the Days of Pericles," followed. She has since won a wider reputation by her many novels of modern life, which include "Grasp Your Nettle," "Lizzie Lorton," "Patricia Kemble," "Under which Lord?" and "In Haste and at Leisure." In most of these, as in her many essays, she has brought her shrewd wit and keen powers of satire to bear on the "Woman Question." She married Mr. W. J. Linton, the well-known engraver and author.



MADAME SARAH GRAND.
PHOTO BY MENDELSSOHN.

Was known before her marriage as Miss Frances Elizabeth Clarke, the daughter of a naval lieutenant. She spent her girlhood in Yorkshire, and married an officer in the army at sixteen. With her husband she travelled a good deal in the East. Her first appearance in print was in the pages of AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE. In 1888 her first novel, "Idola," was published. "Singularly Deluded" followed, while she was trying in vain to find a publisher for "The Heavenly Twins," which has since made her name. She has also collected a volume of short stories under the title of "Our Manifold Nature."



MRS. OLIPHANT.
PHOTO BY MENDELSSOHN.

This very prolific author, whose maiden name was Wilson, is of Scotch parentage, and published her first novel, "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," before she was twenty-one years old. This and many of her later works are distinguished by faithful sketches of Scottish life and character, but perhaps her most enduring reputation rests on her "Chronicles of Carlingford," a series of remarkable stories published 1862-86. "Hester," "Kirsteen," "Madam," and many other popular novels have followed. She has also written several important works of biography and history, among them "St. Francis of Assisi," "The Makers of Venice," and "A Literary History of England."



MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

Miss Yonge comes of a Hampshire family, and first became known to fame as the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." That popular tale has since been followed by "The Daisy Chain," "Heartsease," "The Little Duke," "Magnum Bonum," and a remarkably long list of novels and stories for young people, all imbued with a strong High Church feeling. She is also the author of several works of biography, including "Bishop Patteson," and "The Youth of Queen Elizabeth," and of many educational books. For a number of years she edited THE MONTHLY PACKET.



"EDNA LYALL."

PHOTO BY CHURCHILL, EASTBOURNE.

Is known in real life as Miss Ada Ellen Bayly, a daughter of the late Robert Bayly, Barrister-at-Law. She was educated at Brighton, and at an early age chose the novelist's craft. Her first book, "Won by Waiting," appeared in 1879. "Doreen" made her reputation three years later. "We Two" followed, and then she temporarily abandoned the realm of contentious fiction to produce "In the Golden Days," a picturesque romance of the Restoration period. "Knight Errant," "A Hardy Norseman," "To Right the Wrong," and "Doreen," have since won a wide popularity.



MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.

Mrs. Clifford first became known to fame as the author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime," a novel much talked of in its day, but since somewhat eclipsed by the popularity of her "Aunt Anne." Besides these two powerful character-studies, she has written several striking stories of slighter bulk, notably "A Wild Proxy," "Love Letters of a Worlily Woman," and "The Last Touches." She has a new novel in the press, entitled "A Flash of Summer," which she has largely re-written since its appearance as a serial story in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. She married the late Professor W. K. Clifford, one of the most brilliant mathematicians of the century.

The Album

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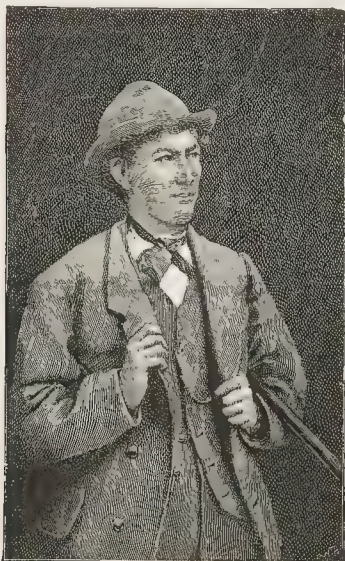
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MR. JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON.
NOW APPEARING AS ROMEO AT THE LYCEUM
THEATRE. PHOTO BY J. CASWALL SMITH, 305,
OXFORD STREET, W.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK will come to stay with the Queen again in the late autumn. Of all her remaining children, the Crown Princess is the only one with whom Her Majesty has much discussion on either family affairs or affairs of State. The particularly sympathetic character of the Empress Frederick has made her the *confidante* of her mother on matters where other *confidantes* she has absolutely none.



THE LATE EMILE REY.
The Famous Swiss Guide.

The news of the death, on the Aiguille du Géant, of Emile Rey, the well-known Swiss guide, must have brought a sense of personal loss to many of his English friends. He was born at Courmayeur, in 1846, and in early manhood gained a reputation as a daring, yet prudent, climber. Amongst his most notable feats may be mentioned his accomplishment of the third, fourth, and fifth ascents of the loftier peaks of the Dru in four consecutive days. Some thirty years ago Rey visited England and ascended Ben Nevis, an experience of which he would often talk with pleasure to his English friends. Rey's fearlessness went hand-in-hand with a fine modesty of character, and he was one of the most trustworthy of Alpine guides.

The death-roll from Switzerland grows more alarming as the mountaineering season draws to a close. Hardly a day passes but adds one more to the number killed while

mountaineering. *Apropos* the accompanying picture may be of interest. The group is at Chamonix, and shows the guide Balmat, who was himself the first to climb Mount Blanc, in 1786, urging De Saussure, the Swiss naturalist, to do likewise. He did so the following year, accompanied by Balmat and a number of other guides, and thus made the ascent popular.

I have not been very far up Mount Blanc, but far enough to understand the danger. From Chamonix to the Pierre Pontue is a stiff, but safe and sound pleasant climb, and I accomplished it in three hours. You require a guide from Pierre Pontue to the Grands Mulets which is the next stage. As no guide was at hand I thought I would walk half an hour along the road by myself. It led by way of a very narrow path that wound round a hill, and as the path climbed round this hill, the precipice yawned deeper and deeper at every step. I kept my eyes intent upon the path, and only looked down into the precipice once when a stone fell. Having looked, I immediately sat down. And it was by crawling, rather than by walking, that I regained Pierre Pontue.

British ambassadors at this moment scattered about the world, bear, as a group, rather romantic and historic Christian names. We have Sir Frank at Berlin; Sir Philip at Constantinople; Sir Julian at Washington; Sir Mortimer at Teheran; and now Sir Nicholas at Petersburg. Sir Nicholas O'Connor is very little more than fifty, and is a young man at that. He has been marked out for promotion from the outset of his career; but of course a chapter of lucky accidents has contributed to his comparatively quick passage to the supremely important, and even critical, post at the Court of the White Czar.

To the white elephants sent to the Vatican—and there is a strange collection of them there—a silver chair has now been added by an American millionaire. The value of the



DE SAUSSURE URGED BY HIS GUIDE TO CLIMB MONT BLANC.
From the Statue at Chamonix.

seat is variously given at £8,000 and at £320. The disparity may be explained by the different value of the sovereign and the franc, as to which the telegraph agencies have

easily spread confusion. But the worst differences are yet to arise. The Pope has no housemaids. Besides, if he had, the silver is the butler's affair. To him, at any rate, the chair may prove an unwelcome addition to the Pecci family's plate.



THE LATE PRINCESS ELIZABETH ANNA OF PRUSSIA.
Photo by Fitzenthaler.

The recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Germany was occasioned by the funeral of a sister of Her Royal Highness, namely, Princess Elizabeth Anna, second daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and wife of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg. This lady, who was born on February 8th, 1857, and married the Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg on February 18th, 1878, died at Fulda on August 28th, after a long and painful illness. She had two daughters, one of whom died in infancy, and the other, Princess Sophia, is sixteen years of age. She was much esteemed and beloved for her amiable disposition, and had considerable talents and accomplishments, especially in the art of music. Schloss Adolfseck, at Fulda, where she died, belongs to the estates of the Landgraf of Hesse-Philippsthal, in Hesse-Cassel.

The Three Choirs Festival at Gloucester brought a good many music-loving people into the various outlying resorts, notably to Malvern, where added attractions of lovely weather and charming scenery induced numbers to stay on by these pleasant Worcestershire hill-sides. Lord Milton made one of Lord Beauchamp's house-party for a few days at Madresfield Court. Lord Erskine, Lady Petheram, General and Mrs. Thackwell, Sir Arthur and Lady Haliburton, Hon. Louisa Canning, Lady and Miss Thring,

the Bishop of Colchester, and many more in the first flight, have made their headquarters at Malvern, where neighbouring musical festivities were reflected in a series of garden parties given by several of the principal residents or villa visitors, immediately following on the vocal heels of a very successful festival.

A very pretty wedding was that of Lady Emily Mary Seymour, second daughter of the Marquis of Hertford, with the Rev. Reginald E. Walker, Chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon and second son of Sir James Walker, Bart. The ceremony took place at the historic old Church of the Holy Trinity, Arrow, near Alcester, and was performed by the Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Rev. Lord Victor Seymour, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. Beauchamp Stannus, Rector of Arrow. After the service, a reception was held at Ragley Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Hertford, and later in the day the Rev. Reginald and Lady Emily Walker left for



LADY EMILY SEYMOUR
(DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD),
MARRIED TO THE REV. REGINALD WALKER.
Photo by Bastano, Brighton.

Caldy Manor, Cheshire, which has been lent by the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. James and Lady Margaret Ismay.

The most completely equipped doll probably on record was won in a recent lottery at Deauville by a well-known and popular hostess, Madame Edmund Dolfus. The bazaar in question, got up for a local Orphan Asylum, was presided over by the lovely Marquise d'Hautpoul, and the doll, which was presented by a famous Paris dressmaker, excited the anxious hopes and longings of all small people in the neighbourhood. A complete *trousseau* of wonderfully made clothes went with this waxen young lady. Her wedding dress, of white satin, was trimmed with valuable old lace, and a green velvet mantle, also in her wardrobe, adorned with blue fox, cost I forget how many pounds. Altogether a doll of the period, and one whose accessories caused many pangs of desire in the Trouville nurseries for days before the *tombola* came off.

money in excess of all other records put the patriotic promoters into the best possible humour this year, while from the standpoint of smartness nothing, or nobody, was absent who could have added to the *chic* of the whole proceeding. Lady William Beresford attracted nearly as much attention as the vice-regal party itself. She came differently gowned each day, faithful only to the inevitable white veil, which, however becoming, is not too smart for a dress occasion, methinks. Lady Sankey, one of the leaders of Dublin Society, brought a bevy of pretty girls, Miss Hussey-Walshe and Hon. Frances Southwell amongst the number. Lady Lurgan was in evidence—smart as usual: Lady de Trafford equipped at all points: Lady O'Brien—the crack cricketer's wife—in white and gold. Lady Clancarty, very subdued, in a voluminous covert coat: Lady Mowbray and Stourton



THE GRAND NORTHERN ARCHERY MEETING AT LYTHAM.

The beautiful cricket ground at Lytham formed a most suitable site for the sixteenth annual meeting of the Archers of the ten Northern Counties. Three large marquees were thronged by an interested crowd of spectators, and the weather proved uniformly kind. It is a pity that so picturesque a sport, and one of such historic interest, does not obtain more widely. Such contests as the Lytham Meeting should go far to extend its popularity.

"The car-drivingest city in the world" has once more relapsed into its normal condition of deadly liveliness since Horse Show week—Dublin's chiefest annual excitement—has come and gone. It is consolatory to reflect that, as an occasion of social and sporting importance, the show goes steadily onward and upward. Five hundred pounds of gate-

brought her fair daughters; and all the Irish "world" was advisedly at its best form, in excellent weather, which, of course, added a definite importance to the scene. The jumping and the horses were, beyond doubt, everything that so critical a sporting audience looked for. But the frivolous standpoint, *pur et simple*, was my particular affair of the moment.

Miss Kitty Savile-Clarke, whose portrait we publish to-day, is the youngest daughter of the late Henry Savile-Clarke, the well-known journalist and playwright. A few years ago London society was charmed by the graceful dancing of two beautiful girls in the Guards' Burlesque. They were Miss Kitty Savile-Clarke and her sister Maggie. The eldest sister, Miss Clara Savile-Clarke, has a rising reputation as a writer of stories.



MISS KATE SAVILE-CLARKE.
PHOTO BY BASSANO.



CARAN D'ACHE.
See THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for October.
Photo by Nadar, Paris.

Caran D'Ache means "lead pencil" in the Russian language, so the owner of that pseudonym says, but Caran D'Ache means to most of us the signature of remarkably clever drawings, which from time to time find their way into English homes. Miss Belloc has had the good fortune to interview the famous artist at Passy, and the result is a very entertaining article in the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, from which we borrow Caran D'Ache's portrait and a specimen of his skill. The artist's actual name is Emanuel Poiré; he was educated at Moscow University, thereafter fulfilling military service. M. Detaille's remarkable pictures exercised a great effect on his mind, but Caran D'Ache has, in reality, had no teacher in the ordinary sense. He told

his visitor, "You should be proud of such artists as Phil May," to which we may reply, "Yes, and we are also proud of such artists as Caran D'Ache." The October *English Illustrated Magazine* has, besides this excellent article, stories by George Gissing and Morley Roberts, and an account of the Somali village at Sydenham.

The St. Leger has been at all points a surprise. Not only for the initiated but fair outsiders as well, and that Sir Visto should conquer his opponents, not to mention his lameness which all the very wise insisted on so strenuously, played sad havoc with all one's investments in the French kid glove market. An irritating succession of sharp showers followed by non-compensating gleams of sunshine, did not tend to soothe one's millinery alarms either, so that altogether the occasion was disconcerting to the calculations of not a few. The attendance was naturally a very brilliant one, notwithstanding, all the usual notabilities who never by any possibility forego the raptures of a race meeting, being well in evidence. Prince Soltykoff, for instance, Lord Cadogan, who I noticed speaking often to Lord Crewe probably "takin' notes" which might be held in salutary remembrance from his predecessor in Dublin. Lord and Lady Lurgan, Lord and Lady William Beresford, the latter very suitably frocked in a claret-coloured box cloth, Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes, the Hon. Humphrey Sturt and Lady Feo, who got the reputation of being the best dressed woman in England at Aix this season. I hear, however, it was an enthusiastic Frenchman who bestowed the title. Lady Londonderry looked as usual exceedingly handsome, quite eclipsing her pretty daughter, Lady Helen Stewart. Lord Chelsea had not brought his wife over from Dublin, but I saw his sister Lady Sophie Cadogan very smart in a pink poplin. Sir Blundell and Lady Maple with their only daughter were also noticeable.



EXAMPLE OF CARAN D'ACHE'S WORK.
From THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for October.



"THOROUGHbred." FROM THE
PICTURE BY HEYWOOD HARDY,
R.W.S. BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. B. BROOKS & SONS,
171, STRAND, TO WHOM THE COPYRIGHT
BELONGS.

An accident which, if not lucky, was at least instructive, brought me lately into a by-way of old Florence, where I was introduced into the studios of at least half-a-dozen artists, save the mark—whose end in life was the manufacture of old masters for credulous collectors, English, Transatlantic, or otherwise, as the case may be. It was truly more than amusing to be allowed to watch the exquisite effrontery with which these experts manufactured cracks, fissures, and stains on their new old canvases, while certain chemicals added to the palette produced that mellow colouring which we love to consider inseparable from an antique. Notwithstanding that the strenuous laws of Italy make it almost impossible to export a genuine old master, yet the trustful

took 237 wickets for his county in its first-class matches alone, and Abel heads the batting averages with 51½ runs, having also made the highest individual score of his team, 117, 217.

How is the German moustache trained? How are the ends twirled and kept in that belligerent, upturned cock at either end, which gives to all sons of the Fatherland, from the Kaiser himself, down through his many-officers, down, down, to the man who cuts your hair at Coblenz—that I haven't the honour-of-your-acquaintance kind of air. With the help of a friendly officer I solved this problem the other day. My officer took me into a hairdresser's shop, made a

W. W. Read. Lockwood. Hayward. M. Read. Brockwell. Lohmann.



Leveson-Gower. Richardson. K. J. Key. Abel. Wood.

THE END OF THE CRICKET SEASON: THE SURREY TEAM, CHAMPIONS FOR 1895.

Photo by Symmons & Thiele, Chancery Lane.

purchaser brings his Raphael, or Corregio, or Velasquez, home in all the pride of discovery and possession, little dreaming how carefully the excellent preservation of his antique has been manipulated not so many weeks before.

After a fine series of contests, Surrey has again maintained her reputation in cricket, and once more holds the championship of the Fourteen First-class Counties. The Surrey team has played twenty-six matches, of which it has won seventeen, lost four, and drawn five. Lancashire comes second with a record of fourteen matches won, four lost, and three drawn. The fine play of the Surrey men has well deserved the success which it has won. Richardson

statement, and was handed a contrivance which looked like an elastic band, with gauze-work wings sprouting forth from either end. This I was told to take home with me, and I was also favoured with instructions to place it over my upper lip, fastening the ends behind the head for five minutes every morning. The result was that in a week's time, my moustache, which hitherto had drooped gravely over the corners of my mouth, like the moustache of a very old and venerable walrus, now starts up on either in the most defiant way. I should add, for the benefit of young insurance clerks, that before the contrivance is fixed upon the face, the moustache must be carefully brushed in the way it is desired to lie.



A QUAIN CORNER IN LISIEUX.
BY WILL B. ROBINSON.



RARELY in the annals of war has there been a more pathetic occurrence than the tragedy in Matabeleland last year. A very similar incident is the leading motive of the third act of "Cheer Boys, Cheer!" the new Drury Lane drama, and not often has Sir Augustus Harris devised such a moving situation. The few survivors, hemmed in on all sides, have reached their last cartridges, and throwing down their guns threaten to become demoralized, the manner in which each man recognises that he is face to face with certain death being graphically delineated by the acts. "Attention!" cries the leader, and discipline is at once restored. Then, all standing, they sing the National Anthem, until a dropping fire of bullets from the enemy disposes of the gallant little band, the last man falling just as the tardy rescue party rush on, headed by a plucky girl.

Miss Annie Hill, who is playing in "In a Locket" at the Strand, has not been seen for some time. She began her career as a member of the Lyceum Company in the United States in 1887 and 1888. Her first important engagement in London gave her the chance of playing Vashti Dethic in "Judah." For two or three years she was a member of Mr. Terry's Company, where she played *ingenue* parts with great charm.

Mr. Charles Cartwright, who on Thursday opens the

Duke of York's Theatre (formerly the Trafalgar Square, and then the Trafalgar), began his theatrical career in this country, at Exeter, and has appeared in nearly every English-speaking country in the world. He has supported Dillon, Charles Calvert, Sir Henry Irving, and many other well-known managers. He has never been idle. If work did not offer itself in London, he immediately went where he could get an opening, whether that was in India, China, or the Colonies. Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Dana have taken

the theatre for twenty one years and they are going to work it on a new basis. They regard it as lunacy for a manager to commission an author, however well known, to write a play, and to permit him to indicate this or that artist as the only possible exponent of a particular part. He hopes to organise a company that will be able to deal with all classes of play. Mr. Cartwright is a Catholic in creed and apparently in practice.

When "An Artist's Model" shall have ceased to fascinate, it will be succeeded by a comic opera from the pen of Mr. Adair Fitzgerald, with music by Signor Pizzi.

The reappearance of Miss Lydia Thompson on the stage—for she has superseded Miss Lottie Venne in "An Artist's

Model"—takes us back forty years and more in stage history. It was in 1852 she commenced her career in the ballet at Her Majesty's. The world has moved since then. Her Majesty's itself stands a ghastly ruin, although at no distant date it may be replaced by a new opera house. It is strange to see how the actor, in the words of a comic opera with which Miss Thompson must be very familiar, "bobs up serenely from below."



MISS ANNIE HILL.
Now appearing in "In a Locket" at the Strand Theatre.
Photo by Russell & Sons.

Another member of the Strand cast is Miss Alice de Winton, who, with a sister Dora, made her *début* in "Theodora," at the Princess's. She was Mary Blencarn in "The Middleman," toured in "The Solicitor," played in



MISS ALICE DE WINTON.
Now appearing in "In a Locket," at the Strand Theatre.
Photo by Frank Dickens.

the St. James's in "Lord Anerley" and in "Lady Windermere's Fan," after which she went to the Vaudeville and the Criterion.

"Buttercup and Daisy" is the latest thing Mr. George Dance has written. Mr. Dance did such excellent work in "The Nautch Girl" at the Savoy, that one wonders that his productions are so much confined to the provinces. Mr. William Greet's company, which plays the new piece, includes Miss Jenny Dawson, and her clever daughter, Miss Marie Dainton, who is one of the most beautiful and, happily, untheatrical-looking young girls on the English stage. Unlike a great many pretty actresses, Miss Dainton is distinctly clever, and ought soon to find her way to a London theatre.

It is rumoured that Mr. Charles Hawtreay and Miss Lottie Venne are to revive "Madame Angot."

Miss Dolores Drummond, the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," at the Lyceum, is a granddaughter of Samuel Drummond, A.R.A., and began life herself as an artist. She made her first appearance in 1858, in Melbourne, taking no less a part than that of Desdemona to G. V. Brooke's "Othello." It is one-and-twenty years ago since she returned to England, and since that time she has seen a great deal of service.

Stage life is certainly not all beer and skittles, and troubles never seem to come singly. Within a fortnight came the news of the attempted suicide of Mr. H. B. Conway; the suicide of Miss Daisy Melville, a member of "The Gaiety Girl" Company, now in South Africa; and the unhappy plight of Miss Rose Norreys, who has

become an inmate of Colney Hatch, to which she has gravitated after a series of melancholy experiences in the grip of poverty. Miss Norreys is an American by birth, although she has passed the whole of her life in England. Her real Christian name is Genie, but the name Rose got tacked on to her after a part she once played. She created the part of the lame girl in "The Dancing Girl," and was the original Sweet Lavender. A fund in aid of the poor lady is being got up by Mr. Edward Ledger of the *Era*, 49, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., who will gratefully acknowledge any subscriptions sent him.

Mr. E. D. Lyons, a member of Mr. Mansfield's Company, has been relating to an interviewer how Mr. Pinero made his *début* as an actor in London. It was in Wilkie Collins' "Armada," at the Globe Theatre, on April 17th, 1877. Mr. Leonard Boyne made his first metropolitan appearance at the same time. I remember a veteran critic in a provincial town once telling me that a prominent member of a company which Mr. Pinero was touring, declared, "The youngster, perhaps, is not a great actor; but, mark my words, he will do something yet." And that is many, many years ago.

The "Trilby" boom has burst over Italy. By the way, Mascagni estimates the number of libretti composed every year in Italy at 1,500, a seventh of which find their way to him.

Miss Florence Fordyce, who has now been for some time a member of Mr. Toole's Company, has been on the stage only for about five years. She began as an amateur,



MISS FLORENCE FORDYCE.
Of Toole's Theatre.
Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

toured as Mrs. Benjamin Goldfinch, understudied Miss Lottie Venne in "Godpapa" mounted "Plot and Passion" at a matinée at the Criterion, took second lead in "The Prodigal Daughter" at Drury Lane, and then joined Mr. Toole.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MME. ANTOINETTE STERLING.

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING is not only a great singer, one gifted with a power to move and sway thousands by the exercise of her marvellous gift; she is also one of those destined to leave an impress on her generation, for, as she hastened to assure a representative of *The Album*, to whom she had kindly granted an all-too-brief interview, she is a woman first, a singer afterwards.

Though an American by birth and education, Madame Antoinette Sterling loves her adopted country with all the strength of her large and generous heart; she is never so happy as when spending a few days of well-earned holiday in her pretty London home, or when visiting the land of cakes, for she is by descent a compatriot of Burns and Scott, and some of her greatest triumphs have been won when rendering Scotch ballad music.

"Yes, it is quite true that I come of a Quaker stock," she replied, in answer to a question, "and I am very proud of my descent from William Bradford, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, who came over in the *Mayflower* himself, the brother of John Bradford, the martyr. My father was descended from members of the Society of Friends. My family cherished the spirit of religion rather than the form, and although they did not call themselves 'religious' the whole house was animated with the spirit of God."

"When did I begin to sing?" she added, after a short pause. "As soon as I began to talk. I took my first piano lesson at five years old. By-the-way," and a bright, vivid smile flitted over the sensitive mobile face, "it has been often asserted, and is, I fancy, widely believed, that I never really studied music and singing. Before I came to Europe I studied with the famous Italian, Maestro Bassini, going from him to the still better known Spanish professor, Abella; and this, although I had no intention of taking up a professional career. When I came to Europe, I was with Manuel Garcia, the teacher of so many great singers, and then with Madame Viardot and Madame Marchesi. Signor Garcia is a splendid master. He used to make me practise almost always in the medium register, illustrating the necessity of this course by stretching an india-rubber band, saying, 'You see, when you stretch it, it gets thin in the middle: it is the same with the voice.'"

"Did you begin by making a speciality of ballad singing?"

"No, indeed. For years I sang only Italian. I sang in Henry Ward Beecher's Church in New York. He was a grand man, loving everybody, kind to everybody, with

simple manners, and living to make those around him good and happy. When I first came to England I sang German music almost exclusively. Then I found my audiences much preferred ballad music."

"And what is your own favourite song, Madame?"

"I have no favourite," she answered quickly, "I love all music, especially the Scotch national airs. I never," she continued thoughtfully, "sing sentimental pathetic ballads which appeal only to the emotions; I refused 'Daddy' because I considered that it belonged to this type. As to which songs have been the most popular, is by no means an easy question. But I may mention 'The Lost Chord,' 'Darby and Joan,' 'Home, Dearie Home,' etc." And I then remembered having heard that Gounod, on hearing Madame Sterling sing Cowen's beautiful ballad, "The Better Land," exclaimed, "I have heard every voice of note in the world, but yours is unique."

"And have you any views on the great encore question?"

"I like encores, and I do not believe there is a singer in the world who does not care to obtain this mark of her public's approval. I like to sing as an encore quite a different song. I never sing a ballad exactly the same way twice. After putting my whole heart in a song, I could not repeat it. I may add that I thoroughly enjoy singing humorous ballads."

"Do you practise very frequently?"

"No, I do not find it necessary to do so; but I always spend some time every day reading piano music."

"I believe, Madame Sterling, that you are a great advocate of temperance?"

"Yes, indeed, I am; and I have been a total abstainer nearly all my life. I used to substitute milk and cocoa for tea and coffee. From the purely health point of view, I consider total abstinence important to those who lead a professional life."

And then our talk drifted on to other things; but I found my hostess singularly modest, and unwilling to speak at any length of her triumphant professional career. Among her most valued possessions is the beautiful tea service given her by the Queen shortly after she sung before Her Majesty on the twenty-first birthday of the Duke of Albany; and her pretty rooms are full of tokens of the affection and goodwill in which she is held by her large and ever-increasing circle of friends.

No glimpse of Madame Antoinette Sterling would be in any way complete without a mention of her three charming children—two boys and a girl—who are now becoming their mother's most cherished companions and truest source of pride and joy.

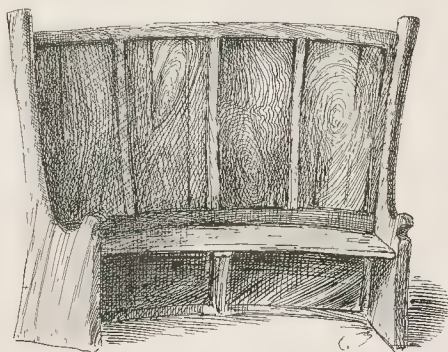
M. A. B.



MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.
PHOTO BY WALERY.



PERHAPS national character shows itself nowhere in more marked difference than the fact that there are no lodging-house keepers in France. Of course, you will not believe such a wide statement, but roughly speaking

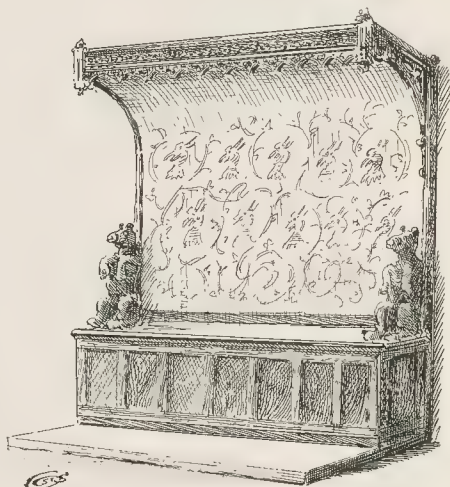


17TH CENTURY OAK SETTLE.

it is true. At Boulogne, Dieppe, and Paris, or any place much visited by the English, the creature can be found, but in unsophisticated France, you must have your own servants or divided share in one, or go to an hotel. The result of this is curious. Almost all Paris lives in flats, and nothing gives the travelling Frenchman such an exaggerated idea of our national wealth, as to find that most of us have both roof and basement to ourselves—live, in fact, in separate houses, or as he would say, “hôtels.” When the French *materfamilias* goes to the sea-side, she either takes a furnished house or apartments, and in either case, brings her own servants, or she goes to a hotel and her children, who feed like little pigs, are a nuisance. It is a strange fact that such a highly cultured race as the French, eat abominably. From top to bottom of the nation, the mode of getting food into the mouth of each class would horrify by its ugliness the corresponding class in England.

The result of the flat system in France and the absence of lodgings at the sea-side is the French mania for villas. All along the sea-coast of the North and North-West of France, villas are growing—villas from gorgeous palaces at Trouville to things like a workman's cottage, and the French come out strong in the way of fancy names. The Montpellier, Bellevue, and Acacia villa of the London suburb cannot bear up against the *Désiré*, *Mon Rêve*, *L'Oiseau Bleu*, *Bonbonnière*, that greet you on the French doorposts. I call it a mania because, unlike the Englishman, the Frenchman only goes to the seaside during

the summer. He has his villa, which costs him much to build and furnish, but it is closed from mid-September to July. Indeed, save at English-haunted places, the hotels are all closed on the sea-coast, except during the season, and no Parisian dreams of running down to his villa at Easter, Whitsuntide, or Christmas. Yet many of the villas are handsomely furnished. One that I visited was throughout *à la Chinoise*. Roughly speaking, from garret to kitchen everything was a skilful adaptation of the Chinese to the European, though strangely enough, a discord was created by the hanging of old Delft imitations of Nankin porcelain—perhaps they deceived the owner. In the drawing-room, panels of white satin, beautifully embroidered with birds and flowers, and framed in bamboo, enamelled white, made an effective background to the quaintly-shaped furniture, mounted in sealing-wax red bamboo. Another villa showed, in the dining-room, a heroic effort to carry out a fanciful scheme. The walls were hung with fishing-nets, the lamp was of ship-cabin pattern, the windows were huge portholes, the knocker an anchor, and a lifebelt that hung above the door bore the name *L'Espérance*. In fact, in idea it was not unlike the wonderful yacht-room that Mr. Wyndham has in

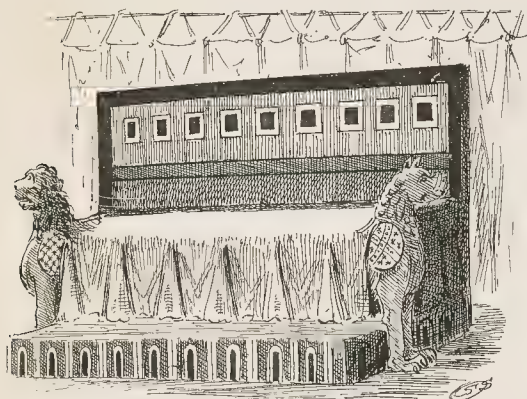


FRENCH CANOPY SEAT, 14TH CENTURY.

his offices at the Criterion, though the contrivance for imitation of the sound of the splash of the spray was omitted.

Unfortunately in many, the worst possible style was to be

found and pretty pretty floral wall papers, red reps, brass nails, pitch-pine panelling or match-board—*fish-pain* to pronounce it à la Française—sea shell ornaments, ormolu ungilt; clocks under glass cases, coarsely-cast brass swinging lamps, &c. Are the French ahead of us in taste?



A SAXON SEAT OF HONOUR.

Many people think so—to me it appears very hard to give an opinion. Many without hesitation would assert that the French is a nation of greater taste, and there is no little evidence in support of such contention. On the other hand, in many respects, we certainly are in front. English ideas as to wall-papers, English designs for curtains and hangings are better than those abroad: they do not offend by the paltry prettiness that rules in France. The effect of the curious, mad, nineteenth century English Renaissance—a Renaissance in which tares and corn were so fantastically mixed that some deny that it was more than a foolish revolt—is being felt in France and to-day, from the artistic home point of view, we are reigning. Our sway is by no means universal, indeed it is confined to the cultured class. It is only fair to say that in France in art matters, though the average standard of taste is not perhaps higher than here, there is a larger class of high culture. In England the market for the highest class of furniture and *biblots* is smaller than in France and the prices rule lower—Mr. Lichfield told me this. Moreover a larger proportion of the English buyers are collectors than of the French. The collector as a rule is rather a monomaniac than a man of taste and does not buy simply for the noble pleasure of living amongst beautiful things, consequently in Paris there are more houses that have real art treasures than in London, though in the “little village” we have more rooms beautifully decorated: in fact the case is finer with us, the contents with them. Yet at the moment, so far as concerns the manufacture of modern furniture, we more than hold our own as to boldness and originality of design.

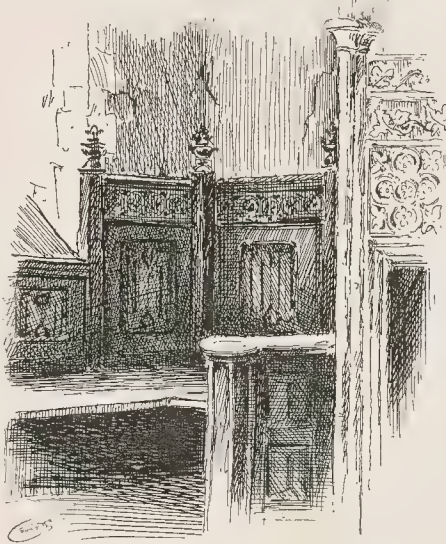
Moreover, in comfort, we reign supreme. For many years the phrase *le confort Anglais* has constantly been used and with sincerity, yet it is strange that the constant intercourse does not in matters of comfort bring the two nations closer together; that, for instance, the French have not learned by now that there is nothing hostile to dramatic art

in having a comfortable seat in a well-ventilated house and a readable programme; but the keynote of the French people in non-political matters is as remarkable as their daring in matters of national importance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I think “LADY JANE” is scarcely wise in her desire to modernise completely the old country house in which she is living. From her description, it must be a delightful place; and if the entrance hall looks so cold and bare, it is easy to make some additions that will not be out of character with the style of the house. The corner that has been sketched for “LADY JANE” will give her some idea how to treat the cheerless looking corner between the window and stairs. Of course, cushions can be placed on the seats. For the walls I should suggest hangings of tapestry. Waring’s, of Oxford Street, have copies of fine old stuffs that look exceedingly well, and are very inexpensive. The old copper bowls, and Delft plates and jars would show up well against the richly-coloured background. “LADY JANE” will find that aspidestrias will stand dust and draught better than most plants.

“NOEL” rather puzzles me by asking for hints and advice on the furniture and accessories to be used as background for tableaux vivants representing historical scenes. Little is known of Saxon furniture, but Sketch No. 2, that I have had made for “NOEL,” is a seat of honour of the 10th century, painted, carved and draped, which “NOEL’s” village carpenter could easily reproduce. It is accurate enough in style; in fact, it is adapted from one in the Cottonian MSS., to figure in the tableau representing the leave-taking of Harold and Edith. The Canopy seat, which is late 14th century, would make a picturesque background to the reception by Catherine of France of Henry V. The hangings should be of rich Genoa velvet, or of tapestry, not too subdued in tone, for a piece of faded antique stuff would not be in character with a 15th century tableau, though probably much more beautiful. In fact, I have a suspicion that some of the honestly-made English fabrics that, at present, are painfully glaring, will some day, when time has told its tale, be exhibited as



AN OAK CORNER FOR THE HALL.

examples of the delicacy and subtlety of tone employed by the late Victorian manufacturers, for time, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. For the Jacobean scene, the plain oak settle should be placed as background to the group of Puritan maidens.

GRACE.



I WONDER whether Mr. Frank Stockton, in turning his hand to an adventure story, chose this as a form of penance. In an earlier work, he treated the hair-breadth escape as a very rich joke. Two elderly women on a sinking ship, gravely dressing themselves in life-belts, as if preparing for church, and floating about with perfect self-possession till they reached an island, must have filled many a serious reader with horror. It was not far short of sacrilege to make these ladies no more discomposed than they might have been had a trivial accident deprived them of the customary cup of tea. On the island they found a house temporarily deserted, but full of comforts; and, instead of being alarmed by savages or wild beasts, they were preoccupied by the duty of paying for everything they ate, and putting the money on the mantelpiece. After such a burlesque of the traditions of adventure, Mr. Stockton may have had a pang of contrition; at all events, he has endeavoured to model the career of Captain Horn on the lines laid down by custom and propriety. There is an orthodox shipwreck, the discovery of treasure buried by the Incas in a cave on the coast of Peru, an alarm of pirates, the shipment of the treasure to Europe disguised as coffee, an encounter with more pirates on the coast of Patagonia. There is a decent amount of bloodshed, and the annihilation of a whole brood of marauders by a device, which will thrill the veins of every schoolboy. On all these points Mr. Stockton has made ample reparation to the offended spirit of adventure fiction. But there is a new set of difficulties; indeed, his book bristles with moral and religious problems, not to mention a very nice point of international law, enough to set Europe and America in a blaze.

Captain Horn is a very just man; but the sight of two hundred million dollars' worth of gold, hidden in a mound, turns him into a casuist. The treasure must be his because he found it; the Peruvian Government cannot claim it, for are they not the descendants of the cruel Spaniards, from whose rapacity the original owners concealed this wealth? True, the Incas did not leave any last will and testament, bequeathing it to Captain Horn; but how could they sleep in their tombs if he were to hand it over to the posterity of their oppressors? What guarantee could he get from the Peruvian authorities that they would spend the money on missions, schools, and other good works? These questions are debated by the American shipper with a gravity that does him credit; but the surpassing glory of his probity is that when the gold is safe at Marseilles, he takes counsel's opinion as to his rights, and is advised that, by the Roman law, he is justified in claiming a fifth part of the booty. What the Peruvian Government said to this proposition Mr. Stockton does not relate, for the book ends at the crisis most interesting to jurists. That the Peruvian Government had a perfect right to demand the restitution of every bar of gold stolen from Peruvian territory, that this view would

have commended itself both to the Government of France, where Horn had sought asylum, and to the Government of the United States, which claimed him as a subject; these are points which Mr. Stockton does not grapple with, though they may cause sleepless nights to the studious schoolboy. Has Mr. Stockton done this by pure inadvertence, or with the subtle malice of the professional jester? I cannot say; but it is quite clear that no juvenile reader, accustomed to swallow battle, murder, and sudden death, without a qualm, ought to have these new and indigestible morals thrust upon him in this fashion.

Then there is the trifling matter of a very informal marriage. Captain Horn and a young lady passenger are married by a negro, who says he used to perform religious rites somewhere in Africa. This quaint contract is entered into—I will not say solemnised, for that might smack of profanity—in order that the captain may will the gold to his potential widow. There is a certain American "cuteness" in this transaction; but what would the law or the church have said to the marriage certificate, and to the document in which the piratical skipper bequeathed two hundred million dollars, the property of the Peruvian Government, to a lady wedded to him by the broken English of a nigger servant who may have been a priest of Mumbo Jumbo? This is a pretty dilemma for the schoolboy to struggle with in the night watches, when he returns after the holidays to the dormitory where his young companions are rapt in untroubled slumber, while he lies awake, feverishly pondering the singular ethics of Captain Horn.

But there is balm for his vexed spirit in the story of the cave, and the wonderful lake which suddenly disappears when the captain accidentally touches a lever, and lets out the whole body of water to swoop down a ravine, and destroy the Rackbirds, a set of desperadoes. The Rackbirds are rather poor creatures, for when they have the chance of murdering the sleeping strangers, they postpone the entertainment and are drowned by the flood. But the water dammed up by the Incas to hide the precious mound is a notable invention. The troubles of the elderly lady who returns to her home in Maine, sworn to secrecy about the treasure until it can be ca-ried away, give Mr. Stockton an opportunity for humour which he turns to account with most diverting effect. But I am afraid it will intensify the serious schoolboy's suspicion of the writer's earnestness in other episodes. When your humorist tampers with piracy, who is to tell whether he be penitent or up to no good?

Mr. Hewitt's volume is very pleasant reading. Some of the sketches I have already noted here and there in the magazines, and I welcome them again for their freshness of humour and fancy.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"The Adventures of Captain Horn." By Frank R. Stockton. Cassell & Co.

"Knights of Cockayne." By Graily Hewitt. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.



LONG ago Mr. Herbert Spencer warned us against the professional bias. We must be especially on our guard against it in the theatre. There, despite the proverb, a little knowledge is not a dangerous thing. On the contrary, the only danger consists in knowing too much. In that fanciful world, the lawyer will do well to forget his law and to concede that wills may be executed without witnesses, that marriages are invalidated by a loss of the certificate, and that counsel are permitted by our courts to cross-examine the judge. So medical men must be willing to confuse the toxic effects of digitalis and prussic acid, and to persuade themselves that consumption may attack and slay its victim in a single night. The truth, of course, is that the dramatist who introduces details of law or medicine does not address himself to experts; he has only to consider the vague ignorance of an audience which, with regard to any profession you please, must of necessity be composed mainly of "laymen." I advise all civil servants who go to see *The Chili Widow* at the Royalty to bear this little truth in mind. Let them put away their special knowledge of the mode in which business is conducted and life is lived in our great departments of State; it will only be a stumbling-block to them and mar their pleasure in what, if they will only adopt the "layman's" point of view, cannot but prove for them a very amusing farce.

Messrs. Arthur Bouchier and Alfred Sutro have adapted *The Chili Widow* from a French original, *Monsieur le Directeur*, by MM. Alexandre Bisson and Fabrice Carré, and one of their difficulties, I am sure, has been that what in a stage-picture of a French public office is only a permissible exaggeration becomes, when the office is transferred to England, a wild impossibility. To give my reasons for this would involve me in a somewhat minute description of the difference in the systems, in the *personnel*, in the modes of recruiting, in the patronage, and other matters, which exists between the French and English Civil Services—and that way tediousness lies. I prefer to take the adaptors' view of our English Home Office, as it will be taken by the man in the pit, that is to say, quite naively and on trust. So taking it, I find it extremely diverting, and can only say, when my other (and, perhaps, professionally biased) self protests against its features as not to be squared with known facts, "why, so much the worse for the facts."

For the Home Office at the Royalty is a very lively and jocund resort for all sorts of pretty ladies and debonnaire gentlemen and quaint lunatics from Colney Hatch, who are facetiously described in the playbill as "clerks." One of the debonnaire gentlemen, Sir Reginald Delamere, appears to be a person in high authority—a Permanent Under-Secretary, I should say, from his haughty bearing to his

subordinates and his extensive patronage. His official duties are of the lightest, chiefly consisting, so far as I can make out, in reading the *Vie Parisienne*, toying with an eau-de-cologne bottle taken from a pigeon-hole labelled "Appointments," and opening billets-doux from ladies, marked "Private and Confidential." These dainty missives let the cat out of the bag. Sir Reginald is what is known in reporting English as a "Gay Lothario," and it is upon his foible for the fair sex that the whole plot of the farce revolves.

It appears that an Irish "Commissionership"—whatever that may be—is vacant, and the Irish Office—quite incapable of conducting its own business—assigns this little piece of patronage to the Home Secretary, who, in turn, hands it over to Sir Reginald. One of the quaint lunatics described as "clerks in the Home Office," would take the post, but will not ask for it, for he has conscientious scruples against solicitation, and his proud motto is "merit only." But he has reckoned without his sister-in-law, a fascinating widow who has heard of Sir Reginald's weakness and resolves, while taking good care of herself, to play upon it. She calls at the Home Office, where she is mistaken for the candidate's wife, and in that character exercises her wiles upon the susceptible Sir Reginald so effectually that her brother-in-law, to the universal surprise, gets the appointment. Then comes a merry game of cross-purposes. Sir Reginald, visiting the new Commissioner in his Irish quarters, and renewing flirtation with the supposed wife, is left gaping with astonishment, when, discovered by the Commissioner in the act of kissing the lady, he is cheerfully encouraged to proceed. But when the truth is at last revealed to him, and he finds that he has been compromising himself, not with a wife but with a widow, he accepts the situation—and the widow—with a good grace. And the Commissioner is allowed for ever to remain under the delusion that he has been promoted by "merit only."

The farce abounds in droll "business" and "character," as a good farce should. There is the incident of the electric bells, unintentionally set going by the widow, at the tenderest passage of her interview with Sir Reginald—which is consequently witnessed by the whole clerical staff of the Home Office. There is the Scotch office keeper, an austere man, who disapproves of Sir Reginald's "goings on," and, whenever he has to introduce a pretty lady into the room, carefully turns Britannia's face to the wall. There is the Home Office clerk, who devotes his leisure to amateur cookery. A strong company has been recruited for the Royalty, and all concerned, Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Welton Dale and Miss Sophie Larkin, Mr. Mark Kinghorne and Mr. Ernest Hendrie, rattle through this capital farce with great spirit.

A. B. WALKLEY.



“TWIXT CUP AND LIP.”
A DRAMATIC DUOLOGUE IN ONE SCENE.

SCENE: A drawing room of a London hotel.

TIME: About six o'clock in the evening.

[Room furnished in the ordinary hotel manner, but with remains of tea on side table, and several small tables with wedding-presents set out for show. On a sofa lie some dresses and hats and other articles of wearing apparel.]

[Curtain rises, discovers RUTH and MOLLY HOWARD, aged 25 and 20 respectively.]

Molly [who has just thrown herself into an arm-chair].—Oh, dear, how tired I am! Thank goodness they're all gone. Oh, Ruth, what an awful fag a wedding is! I am so sick of showing all my things, and telling people who gave me this, and who gave that.

Ruth [whose back is slightly turned as she arranges some things on the table, puts away jewellery in cases, etc.].—Yes, it is rather exhausting.

Molly.—How jealous Laura and Grace are of me, aren't they? Me, their despised little cousin, married first. I, who live in the country, have caught a husband before they have, with all their fine London chances.

Ruth [reproachfully].—Oh, Molly, “caught a husband,” how can you use such an expression. [Looks disgusted, and sighs heavily.]

Molly [pertly].—Well, didn't I catch Geoffrey Vansittart and carry him off from under the noses of all those match-making mamas in Dublin? You know half the girls in the country were dying of love for him—my handsome Geoffrey! It was a wonderful triumph.

Ruth [coming forward and looking straight before her].—That doesn't seem to me to be the kind of way to speak about one's marriage.

Molly [lightly].—Oh, Ruth, you are so sentimental, and have such grand ideas about marriage; you know quite well that I hate being poor, and father is old now, and gets more and more cantankerous every year.

Ruth [quickly].—Oh, Molly, hush!

Molly [petulantly].—I shall say it. Father is devoted to you, but he is very cross to me, and all this afternoon he has snapped at my guests and made me ever so thankful I am to leave him to-morrow. I suppose he's worrying poor

mother, now, though she told him she wanted to lie down and be quiet.

Ruth.—But, Molly, you do really love Geoffrey, don't you?

Molly.—Why, yes, I suppose I do—he's so awfully good-looking. [Ruth turns half round and bites her lip.] Don't be so solemn, Ruthie [jumps up]. Kiss me and look bright. Are you very tired, poor old Ruth?

Ruth [quietly, putting her hand on Molly's shoulder].—I am rather, dear Molly [stops and speaks earnestly]. Molly, have you ever thought of the responsibility of marrying a man—a man like Geoffrey, who is so loving, and sensitive, and—honourable?

Molly [half frightened].—What do you mean, Ruthie? You make me afraid.

Ruth.—No, no. I don't want to do that. I mean, dear, that if you don't love your husband with all your heart, won't it be rather a desolate sort of life for him?

Molly.—Oh, but of course I love Geoffrey; and he's ever so fond of me, and I suppose the billing and cooing stage doesn't last for more than a few months of any marriage, and then I imagine we shall settle down and be happy enough. Geoffrey has lots of money, so we need never get bored with each other, for we can always travel; and, besides, he plays the piano so beautifully, I could never really be bored with a man who did that.

Ruth [gives a kind of hopeless shrug, and turning away to the sofa picks up a jacket and folds it up].—No, it will be a long time before you get tired of Geoffrey's music, I should think—[pause, then in a different tone]. What did Laura and Grace say to your clothes, Molly? Aunt Bella kept me in such close attendance on her I couldn't hear any of the cousinly criticisms.

Molly [coming up to the sofa].—Oh, they were in a great fix, because, you see, as they go to Louise for their best gowns, they were bound to admire her handiwork, but they sniffed a little at the hats, and said they supposed I had chosen buttercups and daisies for this one [picking up a hat thus trimmed] because I lived among the fields. They really are too silly—they always pretend to think that Exeter is a tiny village, and that we run about without gloves or civilised clothes of any kind. But, I say Ruth, I do wish Louise would send my wedding-dress, don't you?



A SERGEANT-MAJOR IN THE
ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.
PHOTO BY GREGORY & CO.

Ruth.—Yes, indeed ; but I expect she will send it in good time.

Molly.—Yes, I suppose so ; and, oh Ruth, isn't it a blessed comfort to be so sure that the beautiful thing will fit one so perfectly. It is a positive joy to wear Louise's bodices ; they make one feel well-dressed at once. What fun always to wear lovely clothes and look nice, instead of dowdy and shabby like *this* [*pulls at her skirt and makes grimace*].

Ruth [*sighing and folding up another bodice*].—Oh, Molly dear, clothes aren't everything.

Molly [*gaily*].—Very nearly ! [*Dances about the room*]. Oh, I'm getting wildly excited about to-morrow. Fancy ! this time to-morrow I shall be *Mrs. Geoffrey*— (*Ruth gives a sharp exclamation*). What's the matter, Ruth ?

Ruth [*with a forced laugh*].—Nothing, nothing. I pricked my finger with one of these [*holds up buckle of bodice*] horrid things.

Molly.—Oh, I'm so sorry ; don't bother about folding up those things, Ruthie, leave them— [*ecstatically*].—Yes, I shall be *Mrs. Geoffrey Vansittart* and [*breaks off*]—which tea-gown do you think I'd better wear the first evening ?

Ruth [*hastily going across to the door*].—I heard a knock [*calls out*]. Come in.

[*The door opens and a servant brings in a dressmaker's box and a letter.*]

Servant.—From Madame Louise's, Miss—and this letter ; they're waiting for the box. Shall I leave it in here or take it to the bedroom ?

Molly [*rushes forward, seizes box and letter from servant*].—Oh, put it down here. Ruth, what excitement, my dress at last ! [*Ruth bends over and helps Molly lift dress out of box, and they peep at it between the folds of tissue paper, exclaim Oh ! and Ah ! and other delighted ejaculations.*]

[*Exit servant with box.*]

Ruth [*picks up letter which Molly has let fall while lifting dress*].—Here is a note from Louise, Molly ; better see what she says.

Molly [*takes it absently*].—Oh, probably only a reminder to hook the bodice on to the skirt ! She knows I always forget to do it.

Ruth [*carries dress over to the door, left back*].—I'll take this in to show mother ; shall I Molly ?

Molly [*reading and laughing*].—Oh, Molly, just listen, how absurd. Louise writes : "MADAM, we enclose a letter which we found in our dressing-room the day you and Miss Howard called last, and which we conclude belongs to you.—Yours obediently, LOUISE." One of Geoffrey's letters apparently [*turns over the enclosure and looks at signature*] ; and yet—how odd, it isn't— [*Ruth has turned and advances a step back into the room ; looks with anxiety at Molly*]. I don't remember having this letter. It can't be to anybody else. Absurd ! Of course not ; it begins "My darling," Geoffrey always begins "Dearest little girl" [*gives a kind of scream and goes towards Ruth, who hurriedly puts dress down on sofa and comes nearer*]. Ruth ! what does it mean ? [*Puts her hand to her head*]. I feel as if I were going mad. Geoffrey writing to another woman like *this*, oh, what can it mean ? But Louise says she found it after we were there. It must belong to me, mustn't it, Ruthie ? [*Ruth tries to speak, but cannot*]. Oh, do help me to think—who else goes to Louise, that we know ? It can't be Laura or Grace, because they don't know Geoffrey. It

must be some other hateful woman that he knew before, that he loves still. Oh Ruth, Ruth, what shall I do ! What shall I do !

Ruth [*in a breathless tone*].—Give me the letter, Molly.

Molly.—No, no ; I haven't read it yet. I want to see what he says.

Ruth [*eagerly*].—But it isn't yours, Molly ; you know it doesn't belong to you.

Molly.—It isn't written to me, but it has come into my hands quite fairly, and I mean to know who the woman is and all about it. Hateful creature ! Oh, isn't it cruel of Fate to let this happen just to-day of all days !

Ruth [*in a low voice*].—Perhaps it is best you should find out—before—it is too late.

Molly [*vehemently*].—Oh, no, no ! it wouldn't have mattered after we were married. Then the shame would have been hers for loving my husband ; but now—oh, who is she, I wonder.— [*scornfully*]—his "Darling" ?

Ruth.—Oh, Molly, don't read that letter [*lays her hand over it*] ; don't, it will only make you more unhappy, probably—and, and— [*stammers*], perhaps that—other woman couldn't help loving him. You don't know—some things are stronger than one's self, you know.

Molly.—Oh, why should you make excuses for her—or for him, Ruth ? Why [*stops and looks sharply at Ruth*]—why, Ruthie, how white you look ! What's the matter ? [*catches hold eagerly of her arm*]. Speak—quick—tell me.

Ruth turns sharply round and hides her face. *Molly* lays her hand still and turns her forcibly towards her. *Ruth* ! this letter isn't written to you. Oh— [*a pause, in which Ruth struggles for composure, and Molly looks at her breathless and with eager eyes*].

Ruth [*brokenly*].—Molly, darling, forgive me. I never meant you to know. I—

Molly [*in a low voice*].—You and Geoffrey are in love with one another ?

Ruth.—Yes [*hastily throwing her arms round Molly and drawing her to a chair*]. Come and let me tell you the whole story, and then you'll see how hard it has been to know what was right to do. Come [*Ruth places Molly in armchair, draws footstool close to her, and sits on it herself, with her hands clasped in Molly's lap*].

Molly [*dejectedly*].—Come quickly to the point, Ruth. Don't make a long story of it. Just tell me—how long this [*bitterly*] deception has been going on.

Ruth [*winces at the word deception*].—Ah, Molly, my darling little Molly, don't be too hard on me. You have no idea how utterly miserable I've been all this time. I longed to tell you, and yet—how could I when you seemed so intensely happy ?

Molly [*impatiently*].—Oh, but tell me how long you have cared for Geoffrey—and why did he pretend to love me when it was you he wanted ? Go on—tell me everything, nothing matters now.

Ruth.—Well, you see it was like this. You know I went to Dublin in the spring to stay with the O'Neills, and Geoffrey was there. He and I saw a great deal of one another—naturally, as he played the piano and I sing, we were thrown very much together. I was tremendously attracted by him, and I never stopped to think where we were drifting to till the last day of my visit, when he and I were out riding early in the morning ; my horse shied violently at a man on a bicycle and I was thrown, and for a few moments I was unconscious. Geoffrey carried me to a

cottage close by, and as he bent over to pick me up he touched my forehead gently with his lips and said, "Thank God, my darling is not dead." He didn't know I was conscious, and I was too faint to let him know, and when they had given me some water and I was myself again, somehow I felt unaccountably shy, and as if I had heard something I wasn't meant to hear.

Molly.—But why?

Ruth.—Well, I don't know; you see Geoffrey had never attempted to make love to me before, and afterwards, when I was able to mount again and ride home, he didn't say a word of love to me nor seem to recollect his ejaculation. And all that day—I didn't leave till the evening—he seemed to avoid me, and my pride was hurt, and when he asked if he might come to the station I snubbed him.

Molly.—But you did love him, even then?

Ruth [*slowly*].—I suppose I did.

Molly.—Why didn't he write to you, or try and see you after that, though?

Ruth.—Ah! [*sighs*]. He is so sensitive, as you know; and he fancied I guessed he was in love with me and wanted to avoid giving him the pain of a refusal. It was very stupid, of course, and I was miserable over it; and then—

Molly.—Then I suppose I went to Dublin and met him, and—

Ruth.—Yes, yes; and you saved his life in that splendidly plucky way.

Molly.—Pooh! It was nothing; the lamp fell over on his side of the table and his coat caught fire. I only threw the rug over him, that was all.

Ruth.—But your hands were badly burnt, you know; and Geoffrey never forgot it.

Molly.—And so he thought he would reward me by marrying me when he did love you!

Ruth.—Oh, not that, Molly; really, he was very fond of you; you did fascinate him very much, and you see he never thought I cared about him, and—well, you know, darling, you mustn't mind my saying that you did show him very plainly that you liked him; and so he thought he wasn't doing any wrong in marrying you.

Molly.—I suppose he thought he could have grand opportunities then for seeing you, too!

Ruth [*indignantly*].—Oh, Molly, no! You wrong us both there. On my honour you do. I never meant him to know that I had cared for him, and he never meant to tell me either; but you remember the time he came to stay at Exeter, when you were laid up with influenza? I can't tell you exactly how it happened; but directly we did find out that we still cared, we were determined not to spoil your life, and we agreed never to see each other or anything.

Molly.—Only write, I suppose?

Ruth.—No, no, Molly. Geoffrey only wrote me that one wretched letter just after he went away from Exeter; you will see it is dated three months ago. It was horribly careless of me to leave it, as I must have done, in the pocket of

that dress that Louise was doing up; but I thought I had locked it up. I have never had another line or word from him since, and you know ever since we came up to London I have never once had the opportunity. I have got father to promise to let me go in for hospital-nursing, so you see, Molly darling, I shall be out of the way, and there really isn't anything to be jealous of now.

Molly [*getting up and walking about excitedly*].—Oh, be quiet, Ruth—don't talk nonsense; as if I could keep Geoffrey now, after knowing that he loves you best.

Ruth.—Oh, Molly, you can't break it off now; why, your wedding is to-morrow.

Molly.—If it had been an hour hence, I should break it off; why of course, Ruth, you must marry Geoffrey now.

Ruth [*rising and following Molly, detains her*].—No, Molly; Geoffrey would not accept his release, I know; he is really fond of you, and he is far too honourable to break his word.

Molly.—But I won't marry him, then! It is much more honourable to face a mistake than to deceive anyone. [*Breaks down and hides her face on Ruth's shoulder*]. Oh, Ruthie! Ruthie! why did you meet him first? [*looks up and her eye falls on her wedding dress*]. There's that horrible dress! I shall be an old maid now; it's dreadfully unlucky to have a wedding dress made and not wear it.

Ruth [*half laughing, half sad*].—You shall wear it, darling, to-morrow. You must forget all that I've told you. I feel ever so much happier now that you know, and I have made up my mind so completely to a life of hospital-nursing that I really don't want to marry Geoffrey.

Molly [*shakes her head*].—If he were here you would not say so.

Ruth.—Yes, I should.

[*Enter Waiter, door right, lag*].—Captain Vansittart, miss.

Molly and Ruth [*together*].—"Oh!"

Waiter [*to Molly*].—Shall I show him up, miss? He's in the hall, he said he wouldn't detain you a minute if you wasn't too tired to see him.

Molly [*hurriedly, to Waiter*]. Show him up. [*Exit Waiter*]. Now, Ruth.

Ruth [*eagerly*].—No, Molly; nothing will induce me—

Molly [*firmly taking Ruth's hands*].—Ruth, you annoy me; if you throw away your happiness a second time, I shall think you the biggest idiot I ever knew. There, darling [*kisses her*], you'll suit him ever so much better than I should [*turns away and escapes towards door left back, looks over her shoulder, and says lightly*]. Good luck, Ruthie [*as she passes the sofa where her dress lies, she pats it lovingly*]. You dear, lovely thing! it is a shame, isn't it? [*Gives a sort of groan and goes out*].

[*Ruth stands bewildered in the middle of the room, as door shuts behind Molly: Waiter throws open door right, announces, "Captain Vansittart."*

Ruth turns sharply towards the door.

CURTAIN.



OUR VINES AND VINEYARDS.

IT has been told how an ardent admirer of that laurel-crowned bard who, since his departure, has had no official successor, being one evening next to him at a dinner-party, longingly listened for a shower of phraseological pearls and diamonds. But the precious moments sped with never an articulate sound, until at length the great rhythm writer spoke as follows:—"I like my mutton cut in wedges."

If even the elect of poets may on occasions stoop to the discussion of kitchen produce, and consider the cookery, rather than the lilies, why should our floriculturists so persistently shrink from admitting the fruits of the earth to a fellowship with the more ornamental denizens of the garden whose mission is to fill the air with picture poems?

No doubt it is mainly due to sentiment that fruit trees are thus banished from the flower garden, a sentiment largely attributable to the accidents of language; for as Mr. Ruskin writes "we still stand absolutely in want of a word to express the more or less firm *substance* of fruit . . . No other name has been yet used than the entirely false and ugly one of 'Flesh.'" Small wonder after all that those who regard flowers almost as spiritual children of the sun hesitate to associate them with products having such a meat-like designation. And Mr. Ruskin somewhat happily suggested that "since under the housewifery of Proserpina we are to call the juice (of fruit) Nectar, its substance will be as naturally and easily called Ambrosia."

Were this done there would, I think, remain small objection to cherry, peach, and apricot serving a double duty of delighting the eye and also the palate, while mingling with the favourites of the mixed border. Still more welcome should the vine be.

It is almost scandalous—for in our days conservation of old, bad ways is nothing less—that tens of thousands of walls are monopolised by worthless ivy, by coarse Virginian creeper, or by other rampant reprobates only fit for forest wild, while there are procurable many kinds of luscious fruited grape vines, which will not only festoon and drape our houses with exquisitely modelled leaves and graceful tendrils, but will, somewhere once in three years, give us bounteous store of ripe, full-flavoured berries. At the same time, it is for its picturesqueness that I advocate the indiscriminate planting of vines on outside walls. Even Gerard in the long ago—before the cult of Nature or of aesthetics was dreamt of—tells us that

"The Wilde Vine with her branches few and clusters thin,
Adornes our Country Bowre, a seemly thing I winne."

But neither the wild nor the cultivated fruiting vine can approach some of the newly-introduced Japanese varieties

in decorative quality, such as *Vitis Coignetia*. Who, having seen the large ornate leaves of this vine, or watched the splendour of its autumnal colours, will doubt me? For general culture, however, whether indoor or out, there is probably no greater favourite than Foster's seedling, the fruit of which Mr. Robert Frost has so graphically pictured.

Those whose craving for crops is greater than their admiration of the beauties of foliage, will no doubt be glad to hear that grapes may be regularly ripened without the need of a vinery. The method is described by Mr. Samuel Wood in his book, "The Forcing Garden," wherein he tells how by the use of "peach protectors," which cover a twelve-foot wall, and cost, home-made, but five shillings per foot-run, "grapes can be produced nearly as early as they can in a late vinery," which is hardly surprising when we remember that Mr. Pettigrew, under the direction of Lord Bute, has for nearly twenty years cultivated a vineyard at Cardiff Castle, during which period he has secured several vintages, resulting in wine of considerable quality and character; notably so in the jubilee year, and emphatically in 1893, when the produce consisted of not less than forty hogsheds.

It is to me—and I venture to think to others—somewhat wonderful that raisers have not yet evolved a specially precocious grape-vine, which would ripen as surely as the Kentish hops, for it is to be remembered as the Ely archives show—that so long ago as the reign of the fourth Edward, the convent attached to the above ecclesiastical district regularly cultivated a vineyard.

Coming to much nearer times. Did not, in the last century, the Hon. Charles Hamilton succeed, at Pains Hill vineyard, in making his grapes pay? Anyhow, we have it under his own hand that within three years of first planting, "to my amazement, my wine had a finer flavour than the best champagne. The surest proofs I can give of its excellence is that I sold it to wine merchants for fifty guineas a hoghead." One of these latter admitted getting 10s. 6d. per bottle for some of the above. Well might Mr. Hamilton write "one good year balances many disappointments." Enough on this score, except that those who would wish to learn more about our old English vineyards, should read William Speechly's Treatise, published *circa* 1790, at York. Some years since I saw at Shalfleet, Isle of Wight, a vine ambling over richly ruddy tiles. It was heavily-laden with ripe bunches, due, no doubt, to the high average of sunshine and temperature such a position ensures.

HECTOR MACLEAN.



"FOSTER'S SEEDLING."
PHOTO BY ROBERT FROST,
LOUGHBOROUGH.



THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE.

WHETHER the presence of the child be something better or something worse than it appears in minor literature, it is, at any rate, different. To begin at the beginning, the infant of the authors "wails," and wails "feebly," with the unanimity of a thing unproved and taken for granted. Nothing, nevertheless, could be more unlike a wail than this most distinctive cry, with which the child of man receives the first breath and the first sight. It is a quick, hasty, and emphatic call, rather deep than shrill in tone. With all deference to old moralities, man does not weep at beginning the world; he simply lifts up his voice much as do some of the birds in the Zoological Gardens, and with much the same tone.

Nor does he weep for months yet to come. His cry gradually becomes the human cry which is better known than loved, but tears belong to a different time of life. Yet, if the infant of days does not weep nor wail, the infant of months is still too young to be gay. Whatever gaiety the poets celebrate in him is of their own feigning. His mirth, when it does begin, is mysterious and unaccountable, and it is for some time very reserved. The first smile (for the slightly convulsive movement in sleep that is popularly adorned by the name is not in question) is an uncertain sketch of a smile, unpractised but unmistakable. It is accompanied by a single sound—a sound that would be a monosyllable if it were articulate—of quiet and almost secret jollity. From the end of the first fortnight of life, when the smile and the sound appear for the first time, and, as it were, flickeringly, they begin to grow more definite, and, gradually, more frequent.

By very slow degrees, the secrecy passes away, and the rather dry humour is altered. The child now smiles more

openly, but he is still very unlike the laughing creature of so much prose and verse. His laughter takes indeed a considerable time to form. The little monosyllable grows louder, and then comes to be repeated with little catches of the breath. The humour which strikes him most when he is learning to laugh is that of something that approaches him quickly and then withdraws. That is the first joke of jesting man.

An infant does not meet your eyes. He evidently does not remark the features of the faces near him; whether from the greater conspicuousness in his eyes of dark hair or dark hat, he addresses his looks, his laughs, and, apparently, his criticism, to the heads, not the faces, of his friends. These are the ways alike of all infants, various in character, parentage, race, and colour. They do the same things. There are turns in a kitten's play—arched jumps and s delong jumps, graceful rearings, and grotesque dances—which the kittens of all nations perform precisely alike. It is a complete rehearsal by every kitten having the privilege of life; and it is not to be doubted that the sacred kittens of the Egyptians played with the same tactics in their own time. But not more alike are these mimics and repetitions than the impulses of young children beginning to laugh.

In regard to the child of a later growth, we are told much about his effect upon the world; not much of the effect of the world upon him. Yet he is compelled to bear the reflex results, at least, of everything that pleases, distresses, or oppresses the world. That he should be obliged to endure the moods of men is a more important matter than that man should be amused by his moods. If he is saddened, that is certainly much more than that his elders should be gladdened.

It is hardly possible that children should go altogether free of mere human affairs. They should, in mere justice, be spared the burden, which they bear so ignorantly when it is laid upon them, of the confidence of any events that trouble our peace. But they cannot easily be spared the hearing of a troubled voice, or the sight of an altered face. Alas, they are made to feel money-matters, and even this is not the worst. There are unconfessed worldliness, piques,



LISE.—ALBERT EDELFELDT.

On view in the "Fair-Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

Lent by Mrs. Leopold Kahn.

and rivalries of which they do not know the names, but which change the faces where they look for smiles.

To such alteration children are sensitive even when they seem least exact in noticing the commands, the warnings,



ALICE AND THE CATERPILLAR.
A Scene from "Alice in Wonderland."
Photo by Soane, Oxford.

the threats, or the counsels of their elders. Of these they may be 'gaily independent, and yet may droop when their unheeded tyrants are dejected.

For though the natural spirit of children is happy, the happiness is a new impulse, and is easily disconcerted. They are gay without knowing of any very sufficient reason for being so, and when sadness is, as it were, presented to them, things fall away from under their feet and they find no stay. For this reason the merriest of all children are those, much pitied, who are brought up, not in a family and not in a public home by paid officials, but in a place of charity, rightly named, where impartial, unalterable, and impersonal devotion has them in hand. They lose much, it is true, but they gain in perpetual gaiety; they live in an unchanging temperature. This may seem a strange thing to assert. The separate nest is the best, obviously, but it is much to be desired that it were less subject to moods. The nurse has her private business, and when it does not prosper, and when the remote home affairs of the governess go wrong, the child receives the ultimate vibration of the mishap. Nor are parents altogether without blame. "The child will grow up to be a comfort to you," is a very frequent form of gossip. Well and good, but the parents, too, should be comfortable. They are subject to discomfort.

In this matter children vary. The uniformity of early infancy passes away long before the age when children have this indefinite suffering inflicted upon them. By that time they are infinitely various, and they feel the consequence of the cares of their elders in unnumbered degrees. The most charming children feel them the most—and not with resentment but

with sympathy. It is assuredly in the absence of resentment that consists the virtue of childhood. What other thing is it that we are to learn from them? Not simplicity; for they are intricate enough within the limits of their powers. Not gratitude; for their sincere thanklessness makes half the pleasure of doing them good. Not obedience; for the child is born with the love of liberty. And as for humility, the boast of childhood is the frankest thing in the world. A child's natural vanity is not merely the delight in his own possessions, but the triumph over others less fortunate. If this emotion were not so young it would be exceedingly unamiable. He very quickly learns the value of proportion and comparison, and rejoices in red shoes with an instantaneous reference to the fact that his red shoes are more brilliant than those of a brother. If that brother showed any distress he would probably make haste to offer an exchange; but the impulse of his joy is candidly egoistic.

But the exquisite, sweet, and entire forgiveness of children, who come to confide their sorrows to those who have inflicted them, and who cannot perceive that they are wronged, who never dream that they are forgiving, and who make no bargain for apologies—this must be the temper and this the act that men and women have to imitate from a child. Graces more confessedly child-like they may make shift to teach themselves.

ALICE MEYNELL.



CICELY, DAUGHTER OF E. WORMALD, ESQ.—W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.
On view in the "Fairy Children" Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.
Lent by E. Wormald, Esq.



THE LUCKNOW RESIDENCY.

AT Cawnpore most of the sites and actual surroundings in which Nana Sahib played out the awful tragedy of the opening days of the Mutiny, have been transformed beyond the possibility of forming any idea of what they were like some thirty-eight years ago. Only at the Massacre Ghat remains Hurdeen's Temple, wickedly defaced by the British travelling vandal, who has scrawled his unimportant name all over its walls; but the bare position alone of the Bibi Ghas, in which the English women and children endured the prolonged agony of their imprisonment, is indicated by a square of black marble. Over the well where, as the late Lord Elgin's inscription words it, "were cast the dying with the dead," stands Marochetti's beautiful Angel of the Resurrection, and for thirty acres around has been laid out a fair garden into which, save under the most exceptional conditions, no native may enter.

But at Lucknow all is different. The Residency—the scene of that magnificent defence commanded by Sir

Henry Lawrence till his death, and afterwards by Brigadier Inglis—stands even as it was left when Havelock and Outram, on the 25th of September, 1857, brought relief to its sorely pressed garrison. A few iron girders have been introduced here and there to support the crumbling walls; unobtrusive tablets have been affixed to the entrances to some of the most notable apartments, such as those used as the Hospital in Dr. Fayer's house, or the spot on which Lawrence received his fatal wound, but the whole, admirably kept as it is by the Indian Government, remains with its shot-riddled walls the most convincing proof of the severity of the protracted siege. Only, before the Baillie Guard gate, there is now a broad sweep of open approach in place of the closely packed native houses, which gave such valuable cover to the mutineers.

Here, however, we wait a moment for a memorial, erected by Lord Northbrook to our faithful Sikh and Ghorka allies, stands just without the gate, with an inscription repeated in several tongues. A little series of pillars marks the quarters occupied by the various garrisons, guards



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

and batteries, but it is to the Residency itself, wreathed with creepers, that every sightseer first wends way. The steps of the tower are worn and rough, and it is not good to think of the anxious feet that trod it during those perilous days during which the flag had never for a single hour been removed. From it one gains a commanding out-look over the whole city, spreading yellow and brown between oneself and the low-lying gardens fringing the torpid Goomtee river; while nearer, on an artificial elevation, is seen the massive white cross which is the monument collectively to those who fell during the defence.

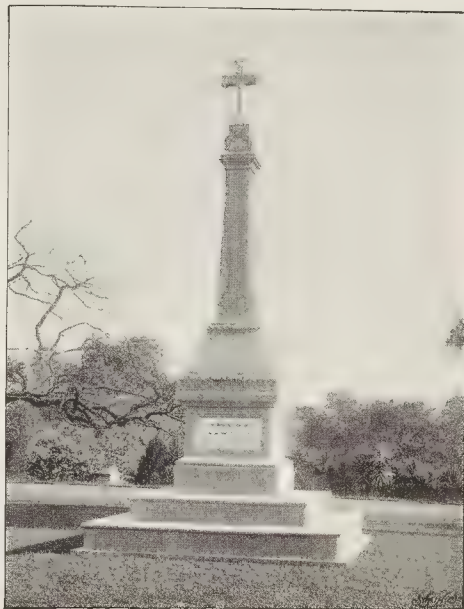
Next, perhaps, in the pilgrimage it is the cemetery, whose mournful associations claim one's notice. Shaded by fine trees and flowering shrubs it is as lovely and peaceful a spot as could be found, while roses and oleanders between the separate tombs fill the air with perfume and colours. The *Mali*, knowing the English passion for carrying away something tangible, brings with all salaams a tiny nosegay; but almost instinctively one goes first to the flat, simple stone to "Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul," as he himself dictated, and there, amid the grey-blue plumbago flowers which have fallen upon it, one reverently casts the little bouquet in respect for a brave and noble Englishman.

Officers, private soldiers, and civilians, lie there side by side with courageous women who bore their hardships uncomplainingly, and did all they could to cheer and to nurse the wounded, until the hardships and privations proved too much; but saddest perhaps of all are the little graves of the "Siege babies," some of whom were born during the long days of anxiety, while others succumbed to the want of milk and fresh air.

Within the last few weeks a notable, if tardy, addition to the memorials already there, has been made in a very handsome column, erected by subscription to Sir John Inglis, Lawrence's successor in command. On the one side is

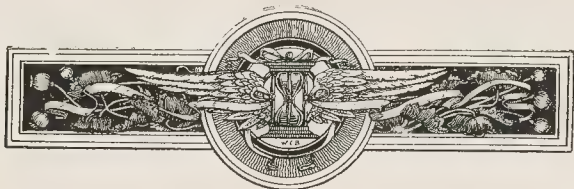
recorded the date of his birth and death (in 1862): on the other is this inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Major-General Sir John Inglis, K.C.B., Colonel of H.M.'s 32nd Regiment, who with a handful of devoted men defended the Residency of Lucknow from the 3rd of July, 1857, to the 27th of September, against an overwhelming force of the enemy."

It is not long since the publication of the diary of Lady Inglis—who shared at her husband's side the anxiety of those days—showed how fully he deserved Outram's enthusiastic tribute to his heroism in the despatches; and it is surely right that he should be commemorated with those with whom he was associated, "with undeviating success and untarnished honours."



MEMORIAL TO SIR JOHN INGLIS AT LUCKNOW.

But the Residency is not all that one must visit at Lucknow. There is the Alam Bagh, where Havelock is buried, and there is the Dil' Khusha or "Heart's Delight," a retreat built by one of the kings of Oude for a favourite lady of the harem, to which Sir Colin Campbell ordered the women and children to be taken when the siege was at an end. For less gloomy remembrances one goes to see the Great Imambarah, very big and rather tawdry, and a smaller one built in the year of the Queen's accession, with a curious jumble of silver divans, and most vulgar of Bohemian glass chandeliers for contents. And for souvenirs one carries away boxes of the exquisitely modelled figures in terra cotta representative of native types, or a trifle or two in silver filigree, though this is an art that is becoming degraded throughout India under the evil influence of Birmingham models. M. F. BILLINGTON.





PICTURE MAKING—BEHIND THE SCENES.

SUPPOSE you wish to become a "big" golfer, and to that end set yourself to master the theory of the game as expounded by Mr. Horace Hutchinson. When you have learned, with mathematical accuracy, exactly how to stand, and how to swing, and the distance your left foot should be from the ball, and just how much licence the shoulders may be allowed, when, in a word, you think you have mastered the theory of the game, and the slightest deviation must be fatal to your excellence, you are brought up suddenly short, and in this way. For you read that the champion whom above all others you admire and in whose footsteps you long to tread attends to none of these rules, but plays according to rules of his own making, and yet plays what golfers call a very, very "big" game. He plays by intuition you are told, and intuition sometimes transcends rules.

Similarly in painting pictures; fresh from your seven years of training, and the various stages that go to the painting of a picture, from the choice of canvas to the choice of a frame arranged step by step in your mind, you stand one day, awe-struck in your master's studio and watch a picture grow under his hands in a slap-dash, go-as-you-please way that laughs at laws.

What kind of academic rules do you suppose went to the making of Mr. Sargent's portrait of "La Carmencita" that faces this page? Alive, passionate, slumbrous, you see her stepping out of the canvas in the very act to dance. None of the hard-and-fast rules that the schools teach us govern portraiture can be traced in her swift realisation. She was not: she was seen by the artist: he did a little work, and there she is as alive as when she pirouetted down the Empire stage. Nobody else can play with paint quite in the way that Mr. Sargent plays with his pigments. Look closely at Carmencita's dress. It is a blurred mass of colour laid on, apparently, higgledy-piggledy with the palette knife; walk away to the proper distance and the blurs and blots and splashes resolve themselves into a brilliant generalisation of that wonderful dress of so many colours. It is somewhat risky to say absolutely how a man paints his pictures, but it is near enough the truth to state that it is Mr. Sargent's ambition to paint his portraits straight through at a sitting, and that he generally succeeds, although, of course, he is rarely content with the first attempt. Seven, eight, nine, ten shots he will make on as many days, and only the tenth will satisfy. "La Carmencita" was not even hung on the line at the Royal Academy, and the Trustees of the Chantry Bequest did not buy it. But when she fled to the Salon, the French jury at once purchased the portrait, and she hangs now, as she will hang for all time, in the Luxembourg Gallery.

So many painters, so many ways of painting pictures. A's way is not B's way, and B's way is not C's way. Some

men make careful studies, others see the picture complete in the mind's eye first and then work straight away till the whole conception is upon the canvas. In this way Mr. Orchardson works. When once a subject has touched his fancy he paces up and down his studio till he has imagined every detail, then seizes his brushes and works away till the thing is finished. So "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon" was painted. Sir Frederick Leighton, on the other hand, makes many studies—studies of draperies, studies of limbs, studies of reflections, and from these he builds up his compositions. It is even said that he produces a finished nude drawing of many of his figures, and then proceeds to clothe them garment by garment. His studies are familiar enough to the public from the guides to the Royal Academy that appear in the merry month of May, although quite what they represent it is sometimes difficult for the hasty-eyed amateur to decide.

As there is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, so do the studies artists make for their pictures differ in glory. Some year or two ago the proprietor of a Bond Street Gallery, in love with the idea of holding an exhibition of studies for pictures, sent round a circular to some hundreds of artists asking them to contribute. He was somewhat surprised to gather from the replies that but a very small percentage of popular painters make studies at all; or, if they do make them, the studies are too imperfect and slight for publication. This, of course, refers to figure painters. Landscapists are always making notes of colour and studies of effects, which they carry back with them to London studios, and there proceed to build up a "The Moon is Up and yet it is not Night," or a "Ruth Stood Among the Alien Corn" from them. These "notes" are almost always more characteristic and more beautiful than the finished picture. The landscapist knows this, and that is why he sells the finished picture to a rich jolly-looking merchant for hundreds of pounds, and gives the sketch for nix to a brother artist who can appreciate the value of first impressions. In spite of the *plein air* school very few landscapes are painted out of doors, although one still hears stories of venerable Scotch academicians benighted upon baby mountains with a bad cold upon the chest and a huge canvas upon the back. Our climate is much too treacherous for such efforts, and he who wants his days to be long in the land, builds a little glass house on the edge of his lawn, keeps on his carpet slippers, and hires gentle lambs to gambol before him.

Most painters, in the matter of studies, strike the mean between Mr. Sargent and Sir Frederick Leighton. They make occasional studies, and, in inspired moments, paint pet passages swiftly, laboriously building up the parts that do not inspire, and trying to hide the labour and tears spent upon them, just as we do in writing.

L. H.



"LA CARMENCITA."
FROM THE PICTURE IN
THE LUXEMBOURG GAL-
LERY, BY J. S. SARGENT,
A.R.A.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



"LEND me your eyes," as Cleopatra might have observed, had she known her duty to her fellow-women, and become, as she was so well able to become, the apostle of costume in her age. Lend me your eyes, again I say, and read these lines and learn just a few of the laws of autumnal fashion for 1895. These, let me tell you, will absorb a great deal of pocket-money, for the popularity of the full skirt wanes not at all, while the silken lining remains a *sine quâ non*, and bodices are to be embellished with embroideries, jet, sequins, coloured silk or lace, or what you will. Ribbed and shaded velvets traced with jet form lovely bodices to plain cloth skirts of elaborate simplicity, and the simple tweed gown looks its best when in the lightest of colours, lined with moiré. As I have previously observed, and I always take the liberty of emulating the example of history in repeating myself, black hats and black feathers are to be the only wear. The feathers are to be numerous, and of the very finest quality; the hats—whether this shape suit you or not is minor matter: you must still adopt it—are to have wide brims set full on the forehead and turned up at the back. They

may be decorated with a group of feathers or a very large bow, or a monster bird, if you will.

As a model of a pleasing tea-gown may be taken that one sketched here, which is made in thick-corded silk, with a front and undersleeves of finely-kilted net, the various

trimmings which do decorate it, epaulette-fashion, and form a girdle, and outline the *décolletage*, being formed of lawn, elaborately traced with coloured silks and iridescent sequins. Lawn, traced with jet and decked with an *appliqué* of lace, is a very popular trimming for a black dress, but, to my

mind, this is scarcely fitted for the autumn frock. However, it obtains, so I have chronicled its existence, if not with admiration, at least with respect.

I wish I could seriously settle down to the consideration of fashions, but alas! I continue to idle away my time in the country; where I am a fractious guest with a pleasant hostess, whose only drawback to her charms is the possession of a large family, the various members of which will walk in and out of my room to fetch things that they have forgotten, and apologise for intruding. Under such circumstances continuous thought becomes impossible and to devote as much attention as they deserve to the new chiffons is without the pale of my possibility. I am continually welcoming these interruptions with sunny smiles and gentle deprecatory airs of "It doesn't matter at all, pray come in," the while I am inwardly deploring the fate which renders

solitude and deep surrounding shades so impracticable. Far away through the open window I can hear the other guests discussing the rival merits of their bicycles, and but just now in order to add to my peace of mind they were trying the tones of their different bells. The remedy for all



A TEA-GOWN.

these trials unquestionably lies in the next train back to London, where I may hope to seek the peace of my own writing-table and my own room with never a sound to



A CLOAK WITH BOX-PLEATED CAFF.

interrupt me save and except—there is always an exception to every rule of comfort—that detestable telephone bell. However, I can unhook its receiver, and thus prevent it being actively vexatious. What a comfort it would be if we could similarly treat all our friends and relations, calmly detach them when we do not want to hear what they have to say. But this is merely irrelevant, let me keep to my clothes; though, by-the-way, I find on careful consideration of my wardrobe that I have not any which would induce a self-respecting woman to be faithful to them. Happily I shall return to the Metropolis without a dress to wear, surely the *Ultima Thule* of the woman with her quarter's allowance unspent and a proper sense of her responsibility.

That is a very nice serge dress sketched on this page in the form of Eton jacket trimmed with innumerable little buttons, an inner vest of white cloth edged with gimp and showing a soft shirt of tucked muslin. At the neck is a bow of white silk, and, by the way, bows, instead of being tied at the back round our necks, are now to be tied at the front; in such subtle distinctions do we seek that novelty which, alas! is a phantom for ever pursued and never retained. However, just to detail these bows which are made in one with a stiff collarband: this is merely supplied with long ends which cross at the back and tie in the front, either in a large bow or a small one, according to individual

fancy. They are made either in cotton or in silk, piqué and moiré, perhaps, being the favourite fabrics, and they undoubtedly look their best in white, when they are by no means economical, especially if the moiré be chosen instead of the piqué. And, indeed, it is only on the cotton shirt that the cotton tie will look well. I feel convinced that there is a future for these neck arrangements—a future as, indeed, there has been a past; for again I repeat myself—these are but a new edition of the old stocks of our ancestors, only we make them so much better nowadays; they, indeed, may be counted amongst the many things which we can, were it not disrespectful, teach our grandfathers. And, talking of my grandfather, reminds me once again of the persistent disregard we are evincing for the modish needs of the old—not, indeed, only of the old, but of the middle-aged. You will observe by the mantle sketched on this page that I, at least, reserve a measure of my consideration for the matron. It is a pretty little cloak, I think, and would look well either in black or biscuit-coloured cloth, braided in black, with the short cape round the shoulders set in box pleats. To put young



A SERGE DRESS

capas on old shoulders is a solecism which should not be permitted; and with these final words will I once more transcribe myself,

PAULINA PRY.



IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

While evening waits and hearkens,
While yet the song-bird calls,
Before the last night darkens,
Before the last leaf falls,
Once more with reverent feeling
His haunted shrine I seek—
By silent awe revealing
The thought I cannot speak.—WILLIAM WINTER.

THE appreciation of Shakespeare, and of our grand Shakespeare country, is one of the points on which our American cousins put us to shame. True, in too many cases they take Stratford-on-Avon and Warwick and Kenilworth as mere incidents in "the grand tour," and rush the Post's home-town, which ought to fill at least a week, into the time between an arrival at 11 a.m., and a departure at 3.40 p.m. of the same day. But the Americans *do* visit Stratford, and look forward to the visit over half a life time as the bright central spot in that trip to "our old home" which they plan with conscientious care. And some of them, when once they have felt the magnetic charm of the place, return again and again, despite the ocean barrier.

The Editor asks for "about nine hundred words on Shakespeare's country," and I feel as if asked personally to conduct a party round the whole district in the time usually given to it by the rushing American tourist. If it were possible I would like to take every reader to that beautiful country, for in all this beautiful England of ours I know no place to compete with this section of woody Warwickshire in variety of charm for the cultivated mind.

Access to the Shakespeare country is very easy. From London the Great Western Railway runs a fine service of trains, and the North-Western and Midland give good facilities and cheap fares from all places served by their systems. There is ample and good accommodation for visitors of all tastes and purses, in Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, and Leamington. It has been fashionable to stay in Leamington and "work" Stratford from there, under the notion that this method was economical; but whatever may have been the case years ago, it is now quite unnecessary to stay outside Stratford itself, for the accommodation is as good and as economical as at any other place worth visiting. Mr. Justin, at the "Shakespeare," or Mr. Colbourn, at the Red Horse (where Washington Irving found such comfort), will welcome those who require first-

class hotel service. The Red Lion, the Unicorn, and one or two other houses are excellent types of the fine old English hostel; and temperance people can be well accommodated at the Fountain. There are lodgings in plenty, and charming cottages to be rented for a month or for the summer.

Go to Stratford, by all means. Take as much time as possible. Strike up an acquaintance with some of the natives, who will add greatly to the interest of the visit. Then follow out the Shakespeare life. First visit the Arden house at Wilmcote, the home of the poet's mother, close to the "Wincot" green, where drunken Kit Sly provides an induction to "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Richard Lane, farmer, preserves the Arden house, and will allow you to ramble over it for sixpence. Snitterfield, the birthplace of the poet's father, contains no relics save the church where he was baptised. Then to Stratford again, to Henley Street, to the house where the poet himself saw light, and where the Misses Hancock, custodians, and Mr. Richard Savage, secretary of the Birth Place Trust, will courteously guide you. King Edward's Grammar School and the Guild Hall and Chapel form the next link; and may be best inspected when the scholars are not at work. Then across the fields to Shottery where Shakespeare went a-courting, and where Mrs. Baker, a descendant of the Hathaway family, has charge.

The New Place Museum and Gardens fill in for us the happy, busy time when the great poet was prospering in London, but found his chief delight in his rural home. Trinity Church, where his remains are laid beside the soft-flowing Avon, is full of interest, and the Memorial Library and Theatre are well worth a visit for the sake of the relics and works of art they contain. The Library has just suffered an irreparable loss by the retirement of the gifted Shakespearian scholar, Mr. A. H. Wall, from the post of librarian, but the outside world has gained by his establishment of "The Shakespearian" the only Shakespearian magazine in England.

The country round—Warwick, full of historic interest, and possibly the place where the poet's father learned the glover's trade; Kenilworth, where Leicester entertained Queen Bess, and where Will Shakespeare is supposed to have had his first glimpse of Court life; Rowington, with the old Shakespeare Hall; the Forest of Arden, and a hundred other charming spots—how can such a neighbourhood be at all worthily described in "about nine hundred words?"

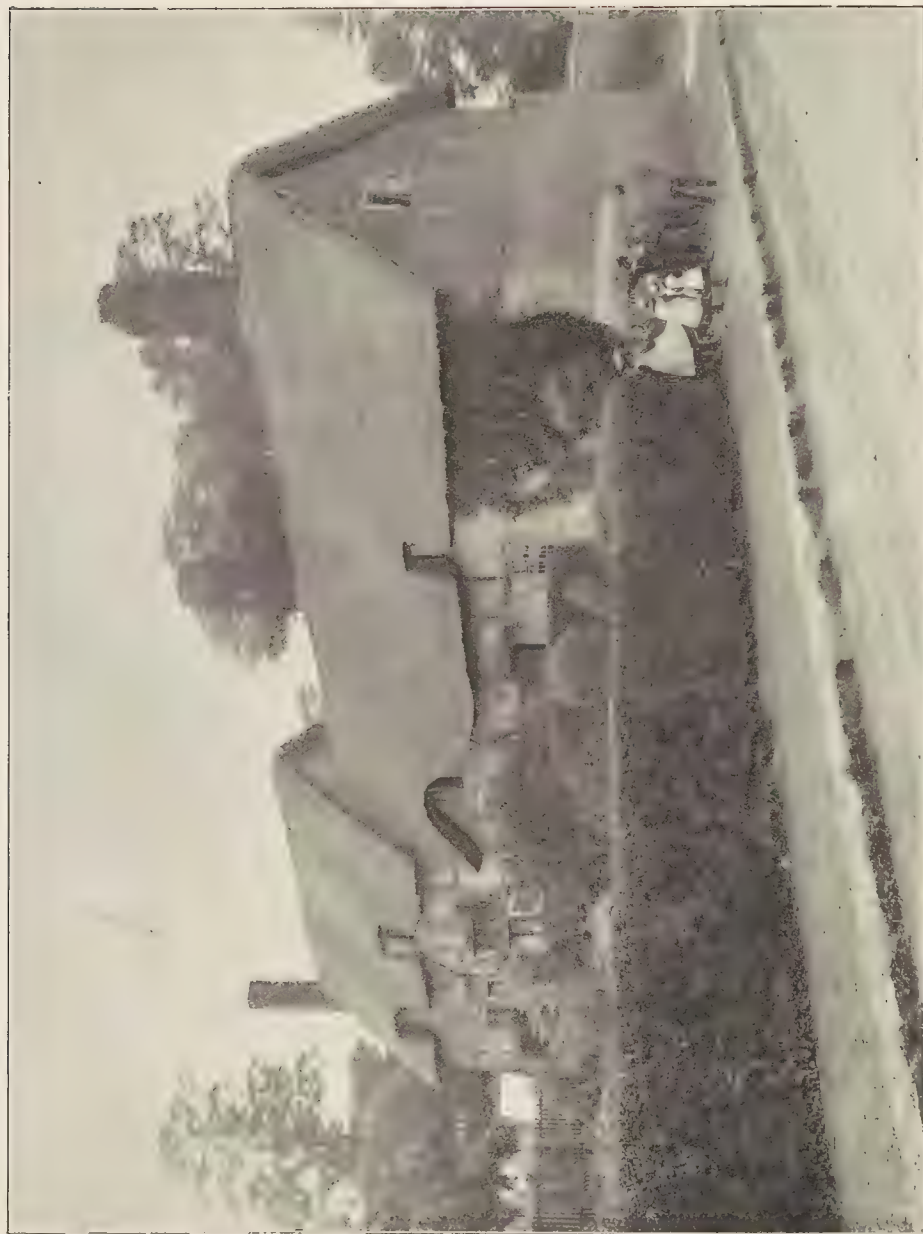
F. SNOWDEN WARD.

In Shakespeare's Country.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LASCELLES & CO.



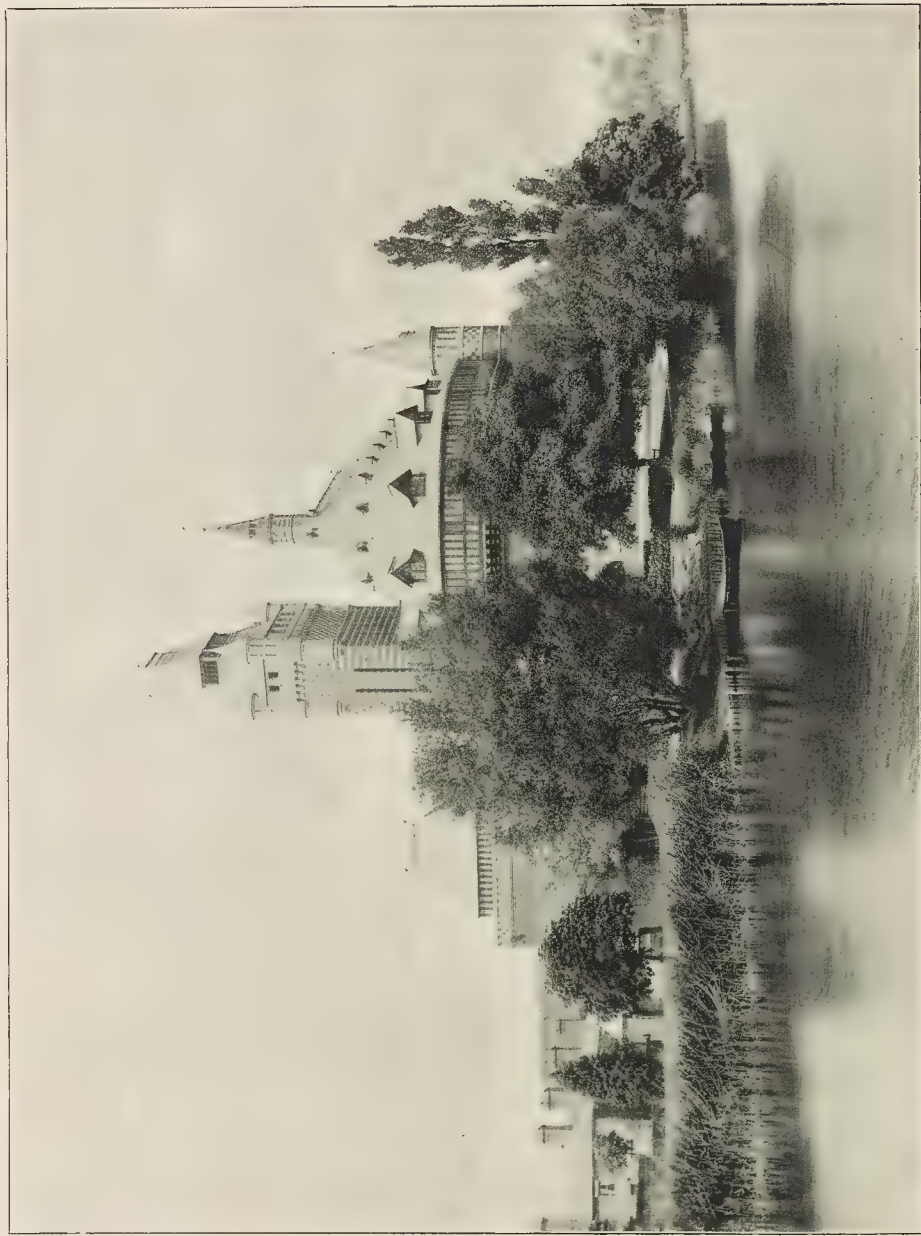
THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON—SHAKESPEARE'S
BURIAL-PLACE.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE,
STRAFORD-ON-AVON.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



KING EDWARD VI.'S GRAMMAR
SCHOOL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON,



WARWICK CASTLE.



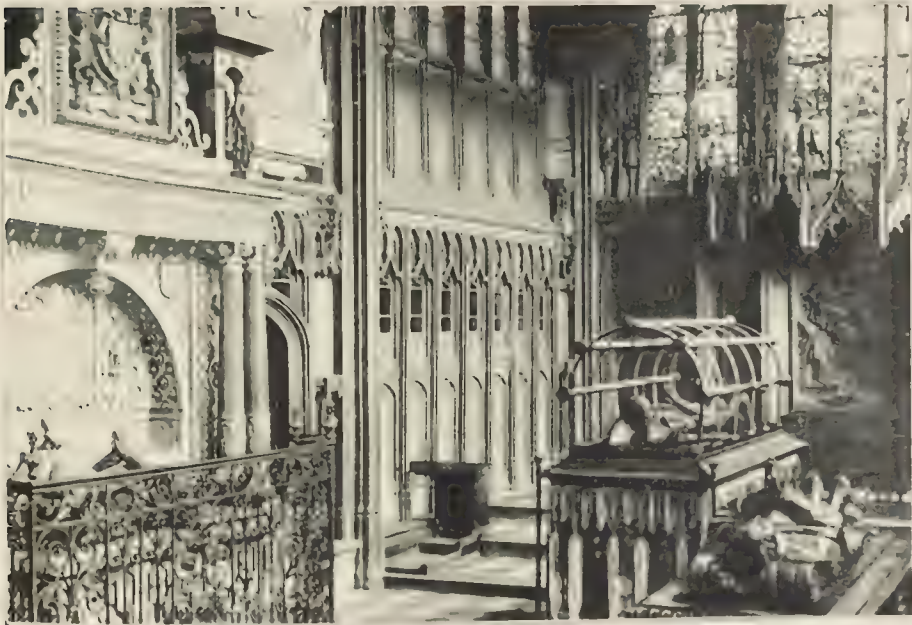
THE BANQUETING HALL,
WARWICK CASTLE.



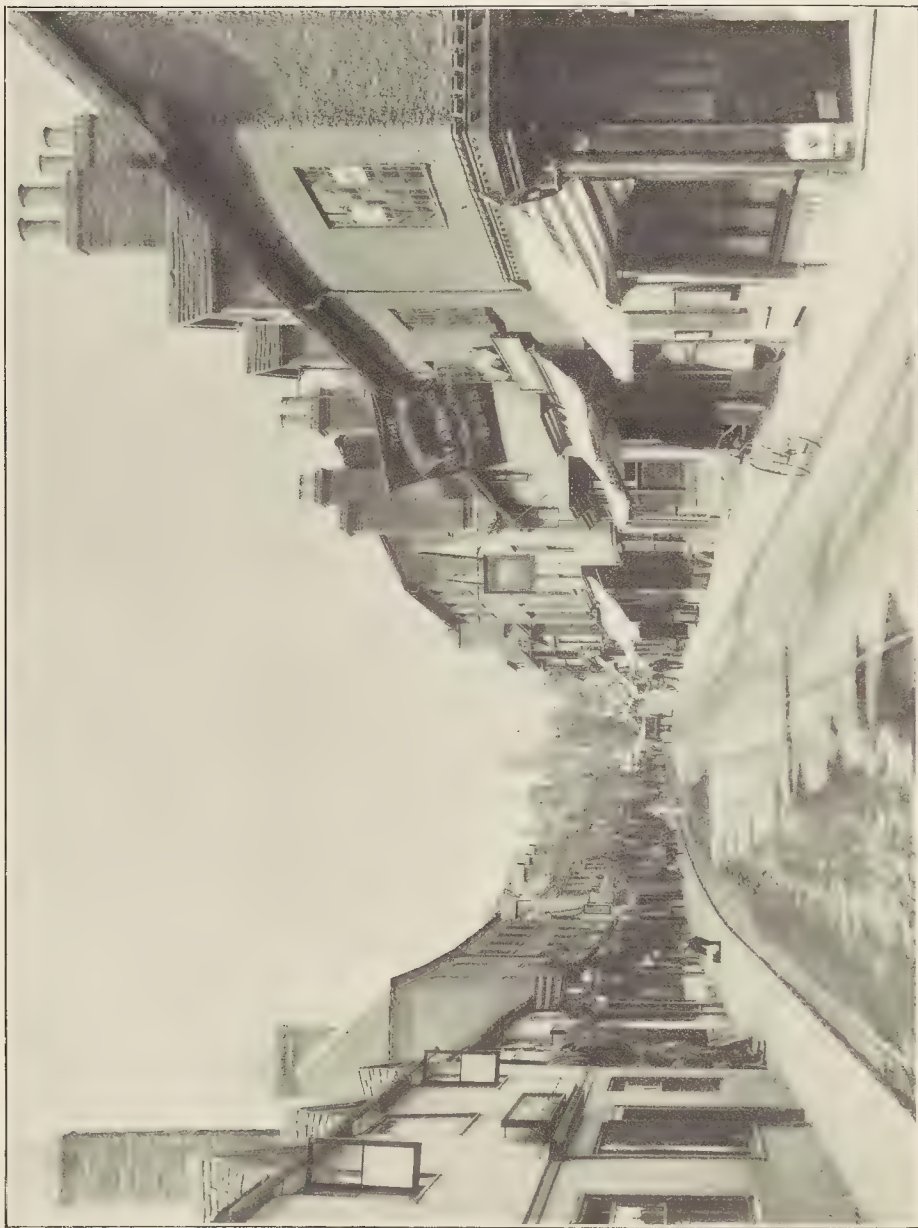
VIEW OF WARWICK FROM ST. MARY'S
CHURCH TOWER.



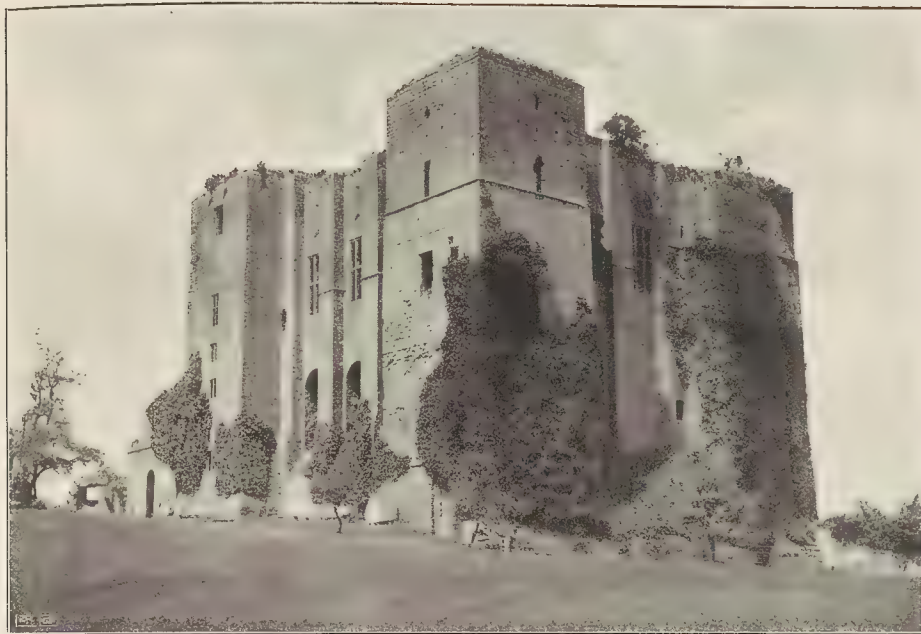
WARWICK CASTLE.



THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, WARWICK.



SMITH STREET, WARWICK.



CÆSAR'S TOWER, KENILWORTH.



THE BANQUETING HALL,
KENILWORTH CASTLE.



OLD TOLL GATE, WARWICK.



ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, WARWICK.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

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SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



"Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS "TRILBY."
PHOTO BY ALFRED ELLIS.



LADY WEST RIDGEWAY, the wife of the Governor-elect of Ceylon, is a very charming lady, who is certain to make many friends amid "the spicy breezes." She rides fearlessly and well, as do most Yorkshire



LADY WEST RIDGEWAY.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

women, and this is one of her chief recreations. She married Sir Joseph in 1881. Both will be sincerely missed in the Isle-of-Man, but their friends are sure that in their new sphere Sir Joseph and Lady West Ridgeway will acquit themselves with distinction.

There is a noticeable brilliancy about the social life of Southern countries which seems in appropriate keeping with the fuller measure of warmth and sunshine such happy people are allotted. At San Sebastian, for example, where the "best people" have been industriously amusing themselves of late, particular accounts of fresh gaieties reaching me almost daily from a lucky correspondent who basks at the moment in Spanish smiles and hospitality. The Duke and Duchess de Mandas have been at pains to show their guests, Signor and Mdme. Canovas, how an Ambassador to France can entertain; and the dinner given in their honour last week was an especially magnificent affair. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff took the Duchess in to dinner, and Lady Drummond Wolff was on the Duke's right hand, amongst other guests being the well-known London journalist, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and that brilliant conversationalist, the Marquis de Iglesias, who owns, by the way, a foremost Conservative paper. The

banqueting hall made a gorgeous scene on this evening, festoons and trails of crimson roses showing up a splendid service of gold plate by contrast of brilliant colour. Saturday was the occasion of a family birthday dinner at Miramar, and the little Princess Maria Teresa was heroine of a very pleasant gathering. For a birthday gift the little King gave his sister a tale book of military life, in which heroic literature the young Princess delights. The Queen's present to her daughter took the more costly form of four unmounted diamonds of great value, of which the Queen has, it is said, an immense collection.

One may be quite sure that Miss Trilby O'Ferrall, had she lived in the present day, would have joined the army of lady cyclists. Her representative, Miss Dorothea Baird, rides very gracefully. She is not over-anxious as to making an effect with her attire. When asked what hat she wore when cycling, she replied, "Oh, anything that comes to hand and will stick on." It is when our hats blow off that they fail to come to hand!

Paris is not much affected by us in October; that month is often perfectly delightful with its leaf-strewn boulevards, and the early appearance of the cheerful chesnut-seller of "*les hirondelles d'hiver*" as Parisians prettily call them. To a girl with mind intent on trousseau and the coming mode, Paris is always a deep fount of rapture, and most ravishing indications of winter fashions are vouchsafed me by one of this cheerful order. Sleeves still grow with merciless and material-consuming inflation.



THE LATE LORD BEAUMONT.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

The late Lord Beaumont was only forty-five years of age, when the gun accident terminated his life the other day. The incident was all the sadder because Lady Beaumont was ill at the time, and could scarcely believe that her husband had died.

What a sweet painter was Jean Baptiste Greuze, and how incomparable he was when he painted portraits of children. The sternness and the faithful power of his contemporaries were not needed when children's portraits were concerned, and although at times we long for greater breadth of treatment, more fidelity and less sentiment and idealization in some of his pictures, yet with children all his native sweetness, piquancy and daintiness were justified. Dare we compare his children with some of the drawings of Bernardino Linni, and yet how absolutely different were the two men. The portrait we give is an exquisite example of Greuze at his best, the half-startled timid look of the child being most gracefully delineated. The original is at Buckingham Palace, and is one of those pictures that the Queen has graciously permitted Mr. Hanfstaengl, of Pall Mall East, to copy in permanent photography. He has done his work well, and the result is a very pleasing brown carbon print, as dainty as the original, faithful and clear, and is but one more of this photographer's excellent results, by which the public gain great advantage and delight.

The Duke of Norfolk, during his riding tour in the West, encountered a poster with the alarming line, "Fire at Arundel Castle." Happily the contents of the papers themselves were more cheerful than their bill. Only some workman's apparatus, outside the Castle, had been burnt. But it would be a curious fate if ever the day came when the constant alterations and renovations at the Castle were the means of its utter destruction by fire.

The revenues of the riverside property in the Strand were left to the Howards to be spent on repairs at Arundel. Those rents were then reckoned by shillings where they are now reckoned by tens of thousands of pounds. To spend such an enormous income on repairs at the Castle would be out of the question. Still, the Duke, as a man of conscience, makes as much work about the place as is possible. He changes and improves wherever and whenever he can. If, as a direct effect of this enforced activity, the Castle perished by fire, that would only cap the preposterousness of the present position.

What has happened to the art editor of the *Century* magazine? Heretofore he has shown himself determined

not to admit careless work into the pages of his magazine. But since that brilliant young American Parisian, Mr. C. D. Gibson, joined the staff, the art editor has certainly nodded. If you want confirmation of this statement, just look at Mr. Gibson's illustration to "The Princess Sonia," September issue, facing page 777. He has not even taken the trouble to draw the right hand of the smaller girl, and the draughtsmanship of the arm and the other hand are about as careless as they can be. Mr. Gibson has shown that he can draw as well as anybody, which is all the more reason that he should never fall below his best.

Compare with Mr. Abbey's illustrations to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in *Harper's*. What could be daintier, or more pleasing and decorative, than his drawing of Titania, facing page 328, of the August number. If ever pen and ink work suggested colour, this butterfly page does. Mr. Abbey's work will be remembered and admired when many of the reputations that to-day loom much larger and more magnificent than his are wholly forgotten. I have always regretted that the public had not a better opportunity of seeing his Arthurian pictures destined for the Public Library at Boston, U.S.A. They were only shown for a couple of days in a small gallery off Bond Street last spring, but they were a deal more suggestive and more beautiful than the bulk of the work at the Royal Academy.

So Peter McEwan is dead! Among many fine professional golfers he held a good place, and he died on the

Jinks at Portrush, whither he had gone to play in a championship. If one could choose one's life, and if one were all muscle and no temperament, and not troubled with a conscience or with questions about the destiny of the soul, the life of a professional golfer could be made a very happy life as lives go. He lives in the open air; he is respected by all manner of middle-aged wealthy golfers who are quite arrogant with their own families, and everybody else: and he pockets a handful of shillings a day for merely doing eighteen holes with a duffer—a privilege that most of us are only too glad to pay a handful of shillings for, and to undergo a long train ride into the bargain. But the heart of the professional golfer knoweth its own bitterness. Whisky and rheumatism mean more to him than they mean to us.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL. BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE.
IN THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE COLLECTION.
Typographeur by F. Hanfstaengl, Pall Mall East.

Everyone who is anyone knows M. De Blowitz, who has long represented the *Times* in Paris. He is a great personality and makes it his business to be acquainted with



M. DE BLOWITZ.—A STUDY.

all sorts and conditions of men, from Emperors downwards. Not many, perhaps, are aware that his brilliant contributions to the Foreign Intelligence page of the *Times* are written originally in French, and are translated in Printing House Square. M. De Blowitz has a charming seaside villa, where he has entertained celebrities innumerable. Occasionally I have seen him walking slowly along the streets of London. Few incidents of importance escape his keen outlook. A bright American journalist has lately assisted him in his telegrams to the *Times*, which are probably more carefully read in the palaces of Europe than any other portion of the great newspaper.

Very few in this practical age realise that up to the present those thousands of trained nurses annually entering hospitals and homes have actually received no special training beyond what the ordinary course of experience and routine impose. So that probationers have been so far at a distinct disadvantage, and their patients very often in a strictly experimental predicament did they only know it. A departure due to the activity and sound sense of the matron of the London Hospital promises to do away with this inchoate state of things shortly, however, as a large house has been taken near the Hospital where candidates for admission to the number of twenty will be received, and taught every branch of this most needful and womanly occupation. The course of six weeks' instruction planned with greatest care, includes a system of instruction in sick-room cookery. Should the experiment, as it cannot fail to do, turn out satisfactorily, the good example of the "London" will no doubt be duly followed by other hospitals, and training houses in connection

with each started to keep up the supply of that most indispensable evolution of modern manners, the Lady Nurse.

The delights of a well-arranged country house-party, which most of us are probably sharing at the moment, contrast curiously with the lively rural routine of a French chateau, than which no more piquant manner of disposing of the early autumn weeks is possible to socially secure mankind. At numerous historic country seats, fair châtelaines dispense at the moment an airy hospitality with infinite enjoyment to themselves and their guests, while the occasion of such merry gatherings is more than ever employed by dainty Frenchwomen, in the display of ravishing millinery with which to utterly confound susceptible victims.

A portrait of Milton accompanies a very early edition of "Paradise Lost"; indeed, his face is more than familiar to us. Perhaps most people's conception of the great poet is derived from the well-known picture—by Ward, I think—of Cromwell dictating to his secretary. According to Professor Masson, there is as little evidence that Milton ever spoke to Cromwell in his life as that many clerks in the Foreign Office have ever spoken to Lord Salisbury. Some of us think of Milton as represented in the fine lines of Tennyson in "The Palace of Art":—

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare, bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasped his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled,

Mr. Tussaud, of the well-known Exhibition, has constructed



JOHN MILTON.—à la MR. TUSSAUD.

from the various material, a figure of Milton, of which a photograph is presented here. This conception has a certain actuality which makes it very attractive.



MISS MADDER.
PHOTO BY WALERY.

Eastbourne still continues its career of distracting gaiety. Not content with a record of carnivals, flower battles, and minor matters galore, it now also has just passed through the fevered crisis of a tennis tournament week, in which such well-known champions of the game as Mrs. Hillyard, the Misses Wilson, Mr. Ernest Renshaw, and the brothers Allen and Baddeley have contended with other mighty spirits before large and very smart audiences. Really beautiful weather favoured the occasion, and gowns of extremest allurements appeared on all sides. It did seem carrying fashion a trifle far when two sisters in white satin, under clear muslin and old Valenciennes, appeared in the Devonshire Park one day. But then, as an uncharitable and doubtless envious onlooker remarked, the satin may have once served at evening parties and imitation Valenciennes is now-

you find at Trouville or Etretat. I only met one resident who objected. He was the proprietor of the bathing machines.

A prolonged acquaintance proved the system of bathing at Felixstowe to be even more comprehensive than I at first imagined. I have already spoken of the little wooden huts that line the shore from end to end, whence during the warm autumn mornings, figures clad in bright garments run dry and laughing down to the sea, and, after a while, run wet and screaming back. Many of these huts are fitted up in quite the best Tottenham Court Road style, and in the afternoon, when bathing is finished and done with, kettles and brown bread-and-butter and indigestible cakes are carried down to certain of the quiet little huts where



"MY FOOT IS ON MY NATIVE HEATH."

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.

a-day's practically indistinguishable! Which indeed may have been so!

The right way to enjoy a shore bathe has been solved at Felixstowe, and in this respect that little east coast watering-place is unique. Along the shore from end to end are little wooden huts, the size of small summer-houses. The rent of them is about half-a-guinea a week, and every family that visits Felixstowe hires a hut, and sometimes two huts. The morning is given over to bathing. Old and young—godly matrons, saintly maidens, widows, too, and uncles and fathers and brothers without end, disrobe in their huts and walk down the shingle to the sea. And a very enjoyable, and natural, and economical custom it is, too. There is less formality about the Felixstowe bathing hour than

miniature afternoon receptions are held. By the merest chance Felixstowe seems to have hit on the pleasantest way of enjoying seaside life, and long may she be free from niggers, and bands, and piers, and the folk who hold up their hands in horror at the idea of adults paddling in the shallow waters.

Those who sail have one great interest at Felixstowe, and it is an interest that combines pleasure with philanthropy. Anchored three miles out at sea, is a lightship that rides on a dangerous sand-bank, and it is the custom to collect as many newspapers as possible in the town, sail out to the lightship, and toss the papers on board. This throwing of newspapers across an angry sea makes an excellent trial of skill and patience.



"AN EGYPTIAN GARDEN." BY W. S. COLEMAN. BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. B. BROOKS & SONS, 171, STRAND, OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT.

"One of the most charming men in Europe," would be the verdict passed on the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava by those best qualified to judge our graceful and eloquent Ambassador in Paris. His speeches always contain happy phrases worth remembering, and what Diplomacy has gained, Literature has lost. About twenty years ago we were praising and enjoying his book, "In Higher Latitudes," but since then Lord Dufferin has had little time left for wielding his pen, except in despatches which are models of concise language. If, as rumour persistently asserts, Lord Dufferin will shortly resign his post as British Ambassador to France, the nation will lose one of its ablest representatives abroad.

It used to be proudly boasted for Homburg that people never "stared" in that paradise of the social elect. Since our enquiring Transatlantic cousins have made this haunt of Royalty their own especial happy hunting-ground, however, I question if the vaunted claim would stand. Never, surely, did people stare and gape with such a will as on the Kurhaus Terrace some evenings lately shortly before the Prince of Wales' departure, when H.R.H. and King Leopold strolled about to hear the band and enjoy the delicious evening air in the open.

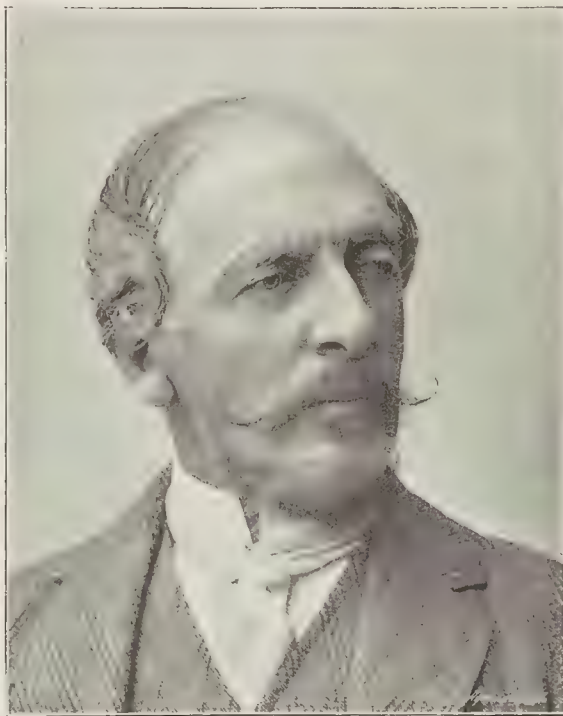
Lady Anna Chandos Pole, always a notable figure of the Homburg season, entertained largely this year, her last dinner to the Prince two days before H.R.H. left, being a particularly interesting one, Sir Edward and Lady Erymtrude Malet, Lord Granville, Captain Holford, the owner of Dorchester House, being amongst those asked to meet the Prince.

Mr. Claud Lowther has figured amongst the golden youth of Homburg this season. I saw him at a luncheon party given by the Russian Grand Dukes last week. Princess Orbeliany, one of the leaders in St. Petersburg society, appears in the most alluring costumes; and notwithstanding the Prince of Wales' departure a fresh influx of smart folk, principally English and Russian, has set in for the past week. It has in fact been an unusually late season in the Taunus Valley. Nor is it any wonder that people should prolong the enchantments of

a tramp abroad when the horrid rumour of a "first fog" already reaches one's unwilling ears from town.

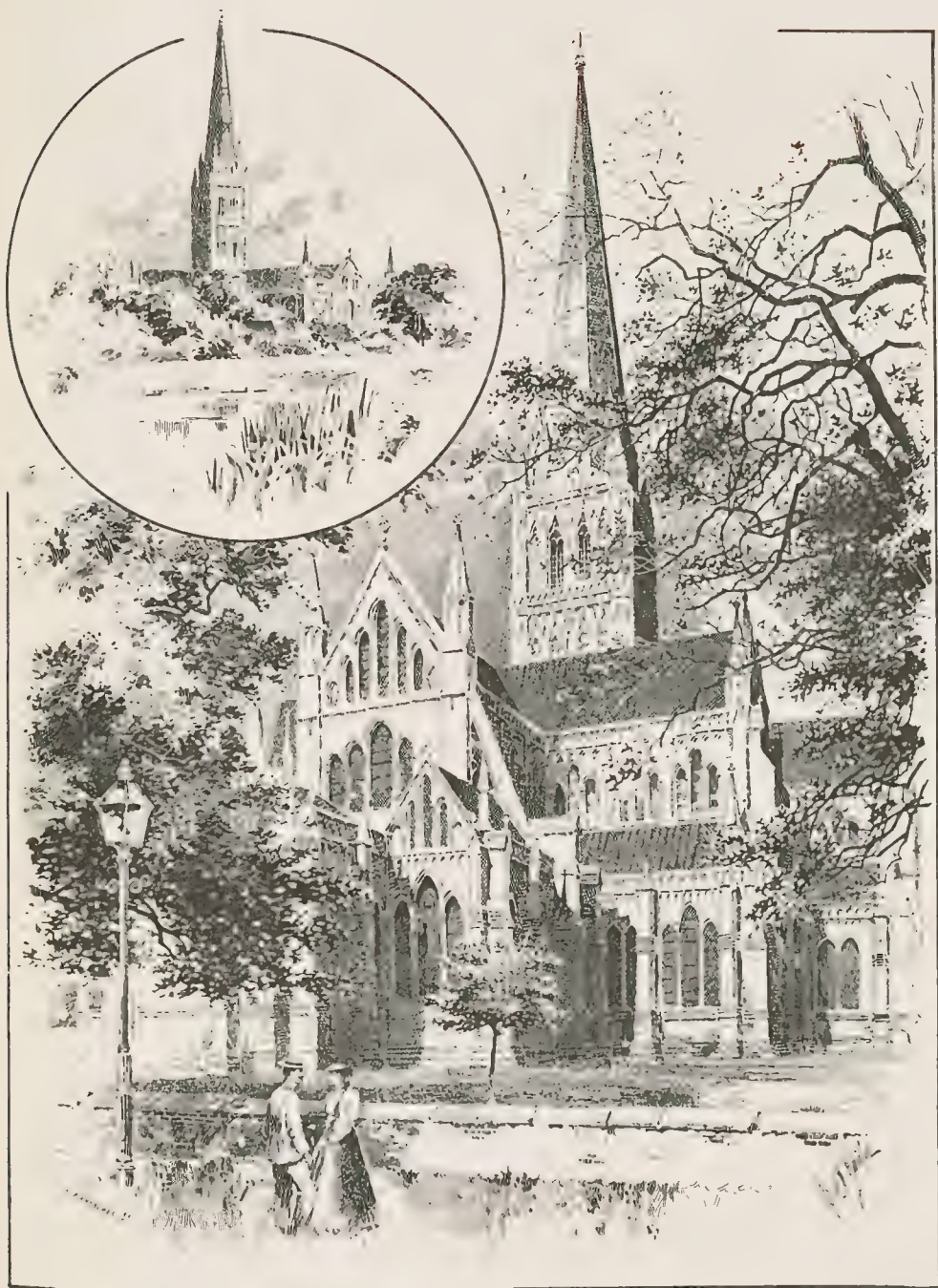
The season still swings merrily abroad in many places, notably at Dinard, where it has been said that English linger longer and put off the home-coming to a later time than at any other favourite holiday haunt. Mrs. Hughes Hallett's hospitality continues to entertain, her last musical being a very much-attended affair. The American contingent lean towards picnic giving, that of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden's this week being particularly pleasant. Of course, the decent weather which still obtains keeps people from turning their faces homeward until the last possible day. Mr. and Mrs.

Hoare, of Lowndes Square, arrived in their fine yacht last week, and have given several big dinner-parties. A dance at the Club was another much-enjoyed function on Wednesday. The Misses Thorndyke, Arbuthnot, Hamilton, Farquharson, and other pretty girls were in evidence. Mr. Barlow's cheerful presence was missed, but dancing-men in abundance were in vigorous evidence, notably Vicomte d'Andigné, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Gilbert-Smith, Baron Weisweiler, Mr. Fisher, and so on indefinitely. Dinard is, in fact, a charming nook in which to spend a really pleasant month. The air so fresh, the scenery so delightful, and the people—"ah! the people"—as Edgar Allan Poe, of tragic memory, might well have said of Dinard.



MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.
Photo by Kilpatrick, Br. fast.

A friend who is now enjoying the large hospitalities of Chateau de Rochecotte, writes me that Comtesse de Castellane, *née* Anna Gould, has as usual made a sensation with the *chic* contents of her travelling boxes. A *bal champêtre* being organized for the first evening of the Comte and Comtesse Castellane's visit, the smart young American appeared in a "simple" muslin gown, extensively trimmed with Mechlin, which excited the wonder and anguish of many fair onlookers by its exquisite art. Madame des Couturès drives a four-in-hand along the country roads, which lie about her beautiful Chateau de Chaulnes, of which it is told that Louis XIV. once said "if you throw a stick at Chaulnes, corn will spring," the surrounding country being so fertile. Many of the smart folk also amuse themselves by using their trained voices in the village choirs on Sundays, a praiseworthy means of giving pleasure



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.
By WILL B. ROBINSON.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

ANNIE S. SWAN.

IT would be difficult to over-estimate the power wielded for good and evil by those who are fortunate enough to possess the art of story-telling. "Let me write the people's songs, I care not who makes their laws," might well be paraphrased by any popular author, especially if his or her work be of a kind appealing essentially to a national spirit.

No story-writer of modern days possesses a greater grip on the hearts of her own folk than does Mrs. Burnett-Smith, better known to her wide constituency of Scotch readers all over the world by her maiden name of Annie S. Swan.

"Dr. and Mrs. Burnett-Smith," writes a representative of *The Album*, "have set up their household gods in a quiet countryfied-looking North London square; and it was there, in a charming sunlit sitting-room, lined with some fine views of Scotch scenery, that my hostess kindly consented to tell me something of her life and work." "I sometimes think," she observed, "that my career should prove an encouragement to those who are apt to believe that success in literature is due to influence or outside assistance. I suppose no girl was ever born and brought up in a more unliterary atmosphere than myself. My early life was severely simple, and spent at my father's farm of Mountskip, Gorebridge, some twelve miles from Edinburgh, a homestead described by me as Lintlaw in my story 'Cowlowrie.' My father believed that practical hard work was a very good thing for young people, and my first literary efforts met with scant encouragement. We, that is, my three sisters and I, did most of the house-work, and every Sunday, wet or fine, winter or summer, we drove five miles to church at Dalkeith. I may add, however, I was fortunate in my parents, for they were both upright and clever people; I have tried to portray my father in 'Maitland of Laurieston;' as for my mother words cannot describe what she was to me. It has sometimes been said that my best pieces of work have been those in which I have described the relations existing between a mother and her child: that this is so must be due to the fact that I cherish the memory of my own as of a perfect mother."

"Is it true that your first published story was a great success?"

"No, for I cannot remember a time when I did not write. I once won a three-guinea prize for a story in *The People's Journal*, but, like most of my fellow-novelists, I can look back to a hard and long apprenticeship. I am sometimes asked," she continued after a pause, "as to the best way to get a manuscript placed. There is but one answer,

and but one piece of advice I would tender to literary beginners: that is, 'Persevere and ever persevere.' My manuscripts were often returned to me five, six, and even ten times, but I never gave up heart. My first volume story, 'Aldersyde', was published when I was eighteen, and was very successful; the scene was laid at Ettrich and Yarrow, at the beginning of the present century."

"And have you any special methods of compositions or theories as to the relative value of realism and idealism in fiction?" I asked.

"No," she answered, simply. "I write according to no set plan or theory; but I believe that a novelist should, on the whole, confine herself to describing what she knows and understands. 'Sheila,' which has surpassed in popularity all my other stories, deals with the hardships and trials of the Crofters, a subject with which I am familiar; still, I consider 'A Lost Ideal,' a much better book."

"And have you done much short-story work?"

"I never wrote any short stories till I began to publish a series of sketches entitled 'Elizabeth Glen, M.D.,' in the *Woman at Home*, and to my surprise I found that I quite enjoyed this, to me, novel form of composition."

"Do you enjoy your work, or is composition as great a labour to you as it seems to be to many novelists?"

"I have always enjoyed writing, and I believe a steady systematic method the best means of accomplishing sound work. I rarely write more than two hours a day, and get through all my work in the morning immediately after breakfast."

"And you do not find that your household duties and those inseparably connected with the life led by a successful doctor's wife interfere with your work?"

"No," she answered smiling, "I do not think that the fact that she is a wife and mother need interfere with a woman doing her appointed work in the world. I need hardly say that I do not think anything should be allowed to interfere with one's home pleasures and duties."

"Then the New Woman cannot claim you as one of her disciples?"

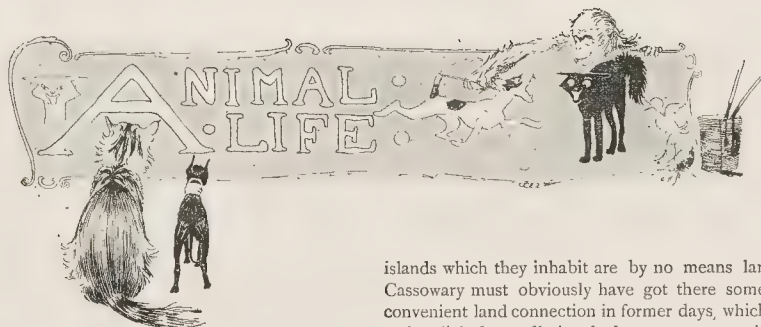
"Certainly not, if by that phrase you are thinking of the bogie of whom we have all heard, but whom none of us have ever met in the flesh; still, I should like to see women householders possessed of the Suffrage, and I am heartily glad that my sex is now represented on Parochial and School Boards."

And then I had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. and Mrs. Burnett-Smith's sturdy baby—a true Scotch lassie who has already, during the course of her short life, received numberless tokens of goodwill from many of the unknown friends to whom her mother's name has become a household word.

M. A. B.



ANNIE S. SWAN [MRS. BURNETT-SMITH].
PHOTO BY MENDELSSOHN.



THE CASSOWARY.

THERE are some well-known verses—it is unnecessary to quote them—which, though they give an inaccurate habitat to the Cassowary, correctly emphasise its omnivorous habit of life. For some reason or other the African ostrich has got the monopoly of the reputation for an indiscriminating palate, which is really shared to the full by its relative of Australia. The curiosities which have been found to lurk in the stomach of an ostrich are often not unrepresented in the stomach of the Cassowary; the explanation being in both cases that the birds, like all other birds with a gizzard, need hard bits to help them to triturate their vegetable food; and in such situations as the Zoological Gardens foreign bodies are occasionally to be found among the legitimate gravel of the enclosures. But the Cassowary, if some stories are to be believed, is omnivorous in a much more genuine sense; we apply the term omnivorous to a creature that alternates between a vegetable and an animal diet.

A sportsman in Australia was once upon a time tracking a Cassowary from the point of view of sport; while cautiously creeping up to the bird he noticed an unintelligible action on its part, which at once converted him from a sportsman into a naturalist. The bird was at the moment on the bank of a creek, into which it gingerly descended, and proceeded to squat down in the water. After a short rest in a position, and in an element, apparently so inconvenient to a long-legged terrestrial bird, it arose with alacrity and hastily hopped on to the bank, shaking its small wings as it did so. From beneath the feathers there fell out a multitude of small fishes, which the Cassowary immediately proceeded to devour. It seems that the Cassowary allowed its wings to float about with the stream, and the long and soft feathers thus swaying about deluded the small and inexperienced fishes into the belief that they were dealing with ordinary water weeds, among which they hastened to creep for shelter. The fact that a Cassowary will take to the water (it has been known to do so for other purposes than for those of dining), shed a welcome light upon some of the mysteries which surround the life of this antipodean bird. There are twelve or thirteen species of Cassowary which live not only in Australia but in New Guinea, and in some of the adjacent islands. Some of the

islands which they inhabit are by no means large, and the Cassowary must obviously have got there somehow. The convenient land connection in former days, which is so often and so light-heartedly invoked to get over an inconvenient fact, may be, perhaps, here replaced by the suggestion that the Cassowary has taken to the water and has simply swum over the intervening sea.

With a gloomy black plumage which hardly varies in the depth of its hue except in quite young birds, the Cassowary is adorned on the neck with extraordinarily brilliant hues which even approach those of birds that are especially singled out for the gaudiness of their colours. These colours are chiefly of the primary blue, red, and yellow, and have in many species—for example, in the one figured here—overflowed on to wattles and appendages of the skin. In addition to these brilliant necks, many Cassowaries have a high casque upon the head. The usual view of the matter is that in the first place the ornaments in question were confined to the male sex, and were produced in reply to the demand by the female for a smartly dressed husband, and that later on they became, as it were, permanently fixed in the system of the creature, and were as a consequence inherited by both sexes equally; so that preference degenerated into mutual admiration. At the side of the bird's body four long stiff spines may be seen to protrude from the place where the wing ought to be; the wing, as a matter of fact, though it is not apparent in the drawing, is there, but it is so rudimentary that it is not clearly visible when the bird is at rest and not moving it. The stiff spines are the rudimentary large feathers of the wing, which in flying birds are attached to the margin, and are the most important features in flying, beating the air as oars do the water, hence they have been termed "remiges." But they are feathers of which nothing but the stem has been left; nature, who is so economical of useless structures, has trimmed their edges of the superfluous "barbs," and left merely a spine which may possibly be an organ of offence. The Cassowary has, however, other organs which must be more useful from that point of view, namely, its legs; these serve a double purpose; should it think discretion the better part of valour, the legs are stout enough to bear it off at a pace that cannot be equalled by any adversary that it is likely to meet with in its native islands; if, on the other hand, the bird determine to show fight, its muscular legs, with their long and sharpish claws, can do considerable damage when used for kicking purposes. There are always a fair number of Cassowaries on view at the Zoological Gardens, and very often more than a single species may be seen together.

F. E. BEDDARD.



THE CASSOWARY.
PHOTO BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.



THE REVOLT OF CHILDREN.

THIS is a revolution, let us hasten to say, that has never taken place in fact; all the serious revolting that has been done on the part of children has been the work of their advocates and champions in the literature of fiction. The children of real life have their insurrections, it is true, but they are tumults in which no principle is at stake, and in which there is not the slightest idea of corporate action, or even of corporate feeling; no general grievance, no class complaint, and no "movement." The individual has rebelled, briefly, and with some foresight of his own full repentance, merely upon the matter in question, and not at all upon the larger issues.

Where there has been a kind of public protest is in the pages, for example, of "Jane Eyre." The heroine writes of her heroine's childhood with a definite intention of protesting against the tyranny of age. "For example" is not the right phrase, for this declared insurrection is almost unique. The little Jane Eyre accuses guardians, aunts, relations generally, schoolmasters, teachers, and nurses of being quite unfit to have the possession of young children and the control of their destinies.

This is a strange protest on the part of a writer who was not a child-lover. Charlotte Brontë had suffered all that a dutiful and conscientious, but somewhat unsympathetic, governess can suffer at the hands of children; and her preoccupied and troubled spirits were precisely those which have the most to endure from the gaiety of children, and the most to inflict in return. Whence, then, her exceedingly grave championship and her charge against the school and the home, the drawing-room authorities, the nursery authorities, and the clergy? And why is the child vindicated by her against a world too ill-tempered, bigoted, vulgar, harsh, hasty, hypocritical, and unimaginative to be entrusted with little girls?—for of boys she says, and knows, little or nothing; a child in "The Professor" is of that sex, but he is said to "contract a partiality" for one of his toys, and gives no sign of life.

The children whom Charlotte Brontë passionately defended, backed, and stimulated to insurrection, are girls—girls who were or who represented herself and her sisters. They were the indignant subjects of a Church, a school-system, a family-system, and a civilization generally, that were cruel to them. A little girl of thirteen makes a foil to the stupidity of an ecclesiastic; a child of ten defies the head of a house. The teacher is nowhere.

All this would be inexplicable if these children were children indeed. But the idea of Charlotte Brontë's championship is somewhat marred by the adult character which she attributes to her revolutionary children. They seem to be children in revolt, but they are little schoolgirls no more than Mr. Bultitude is a boy.

When Mr. Anstey conceived the idea of making his father and schoolboy change places, he rejected the satire and morality that might possibly have been got out of the situation of "Vice Versâ," and chose to make his book turn upon an excellent piece of farce. To this day the public thinks he chose the morality, and the book is curiously alluded to as a lesson to fathers.

It would have been a lesson to fathers if Mr. Bultitude had been changed into a real schoolboy, simply so that he might have a fresher memory of the life to which he gives so much commonplace praise; but there cannot possibly be a lesson to fathers in the placing of a middle aged city man in the conditions of a schoolboy; and obviously Mr. Anstey's delightful book is not marred by any kind of responsibility. When a father tells his son that he would be only too happy if he might change places with him, he means—as far as he can be said to have any meaning, and none but an inexorable fairy would tax him for a meaning—that he would be happy to change ages. Otherwise the saying would be even more futile and imbecile than is permitted to people who "talk down" to their children. But the trick of fairies is to catch a man who talks foolishly in the letter of his words, and this, too, has a certain wild justice. "Vice Versâ" is not a lesson to fathers; it is not even a warning against platitudes, for its threat cannot, unfortunately, be commonly fulfilled.

What Mr. Anstey did, in gaiety of heart, and was called a champion of schoolboys for doing, Charlotte Brontë did in her gravity. The little Jane Eyre is a fiery woman forced into childish conditions and a childish frame. Her author is the champion of the revolutionary child, perhaps, but her revolutionary child is not so much a revolutionary as an impossible creature.

Shelley, too, did not err on the side of levity, and the Spirit of Liberty shall not be outraged by any further allusions to Mr. Bultitude. Shelley had very serious views in regard to ladies' schools. The monstrous tyranny of the fathers of sons he had denounced and defied long before he found in the suburbs a victim to the tyranny of the fathers of daughters. She was sixteen, and she did not like being at school. It was too solemn. The situation could not be suffered.

Meanwhile the real child of insurrection—the living child—is happily not public-spirited. He gives himself and his contemporaries away—generously. He has no principles in his revolt. You may hear him from the place whither he has been carried for a brief imprisonment. He lets drive with both heels at the locked door, with the roar, "I am sorry! I am good now!" marking the time of each intensely energetic kick. Soon there will be a re-action of pathetic penitence, but even now, while there is something brilliant in his shouts and tears of defiance, his words are not the words of the child in revolt.

ALICE MEYNELL.



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THROUGH
NORTH WALES.
First Series.

OF all parts and places in our much-travelled United Kingdom, one may safely adventure that North Wales is the most affected by tourists, supplying as it does all the wants together of an ordinary holiday, being picturesque, get-at-able, and at the same time quite apart from one's familiar environment.

Few peoples, too, have continued more persistently individual in manners, speech and custom, which no doubt accounts for something in the attractiveness, generally speaking, of gallant little Wales. Its language, which one by no means unfrequently hears in country parts, is a never-ending astonishment to strangers' ears, upon which, simple items of information like "What time is it?" for instance, breaks into a weird native equivalent of consonants to such tune as "Pa faint o'r dydd ydyw," or other unpronounceable equivalent.

The classic dress of Wales is still to be encountered in many places, but however intrinsically interesting from its national costume aspect, the Welsh caps and conical hat are quite the most beauty-killing inventions ever applied to feminine charms. Mediæval witches seem to have invariably borrowed a Cambrian make-up, and it seems the only rôle to which such mercilessly ugly garments could appropriately lend themselves.

Perhaps picturesque Chester is the most convenient entrance amongst several from the English side, and though not strictly within Welsh borderland, a start from this quaintly-streeted city where, as Christopher Tadpole remarks, "the passenger's footway lies right through the first-floor fronts of the houses," will mightily repay the sightseer. Holywell is one of the notable spots at which he will inevitably cry halt, with its pilgrims, quaint old church, and adjacent famous ruins of Basingwerk Abbey. Downing Hall, about three miles from Holywell, should be included. It is a beautiful old mansion in the form of a Roman H., and is Lord Denbigh's family seat. Bathing is the principal relaxation to be indulged in by the summer visitor at Rhyl, which is, however, within easy distance of many picturesque points, for which it makes a very comfortable and convenient starting place.

To fresh breezes of the Irish Sea and long stretches of golden sand, as one gets them at Llandudno, thousands of holiday folk tend annually; Great Orme's Head, with its rugged cliffs and seagull-haunted caverns, offering, too, many delightful views, both inland, to Conway, or along a wild and surf-worn coast-line. The town of Conway is a curious relic of many pasts. Shaped like a Welsh harp, and enclosed by battlemented walls, many periods in architecture stand shoulder to shoulder in its somewhat ragged streets. The Castle is

quite beautiful in decay, seen from the river, standing stately on its precipitous rock now, as when its great halls echoed to the Christmas merry-makings of Edward and Eleanor in the good old days.

Every stone and step of the way from here to Bangor is associated with stirring events of dead and gone centuries, while the scenery is both wild and grandly picturesque to the last degree. That romantic valley in which ancient Bangor is set down makes the happy halting-place of many an artist, and lovely Penrhyn, with its vast Norman castle and gigantic adjacent slate quarries, will equally appeal to the aesthetically souled as to the practical appraiser of property from its money value aspect. Many interesting remains of Druidical times are still seen in various parts of North Wales, those two large Cromlechs, near Beaumaris, being of unusual size and importance.

A pleasant excursion may be made from the last-named place to a little oval-shaped puffin island, where the stormy petrel and the curlew are found in summer time in swarms, not to mention the nimble rabbit, which abounds here; and a yet more notable visitor, the puffin auk, which literally covers the island from April to August. Anglesea has been prettily called "Mona, the Nursing Mother of Wales," because of its fertility, which probably caused the Druids—traces of whom are seen throughout the entire island—to foregather there so greatly.

Though it may be said, again, by the casually-minded, that Wales is "all a mountain and a torrent," it is no less true that many smiling valleys and picturesque morsels of pastoral scenery constantly recur on the way of those who make their tour in more leisurely fashion than the average sightseer, hurrying from one show place to another.

The bicyclist, or he who takes the road by that best of all possible methods, the stage coach, generally gets the most out of his holiday, and though Wales does not over-much lend itself to driving tours, there are parts, like Bettws-y-Coed, where endless idyllic journeys can be accomplished in such fashion. Here, indeed, are ivy-covered bridges, foaming currents, verdant glades, and all the summer charm of greenery, Welsh nature in its most romantic and sylvan aspect,—not the least charming manner of negotiating which, it may be added, is by way of the sturdy ponies which can be hired at all points and whose sure footed contempt of steep ascents have never failed to charm my own lazy manner of investigation.

Colwyn Bay has vested interests in both summer and winter by reason of the extreme mildness of climate, which attracts so many health-seekers at all seasons to this favoured spot. The bay seems almost land-locked at first glance, which accounts for its sheltering warmth. In summer its yellow sands and sparkling sea, with background of broom-covered hill-sides, attract many tourists to a passing stay before attacking the more notorious lions which lie awaiting exploration farther on.



IN the endless stories of Japanese women, no Occidental husband, so far as I remember, has described the adventures of his *mousmé* in European society. Pierre Loti left Madame Chrysanthème in Japan, when he was ordered home. The one disappointment I had in Mr. Douglas Sladen's picturesque novel, "A Japanese Marriage," was that the hero did not marry a Japanese woman and bring her to London. Mr. Clive Holland weds his *mousmé* and starts for Europe. "With every throb of the engines, every heave of the huge vessel to the ocean's swell, we are carried further and further into the—for her—unknown. And it is only the unknown which is terrible." No doubt; but why does Mr. Holland write "Finis" at the most interesting moment? When he carries his Japanese wife across the sea, why does he not tell us what happened to her in her new home; how she was received by his mother and his maiden aunts; what society in Market Pewbury thought of this Eastern flower? Here is a comedy or tragedy waiting to be written. I am tired of Japanese tea-houses, and the very small talk which passes the time in Japanese households. Japan has been overdone. Even Pierre Loti palls upon me in this atmosphere, and Mr. Holland—I hope I may say without offence—is not Loti. The Frenchman's prose is one of the possessions of modern literature. He makes a corporeal presence of the pulsating air. His Chrysanthème is the perfection of daintiness. Even the sordid transaction by which she enters his *ménage* is redeemed by his incomparable touch; and when he leaves her in tears, and returns for a moment to find her calmly biting the coins he has given her, this proof of her business-like aptitude does not break the spell of the exquisite narration.

It is no blame to Mr. Holland that he cannot write like Loti; nobody can. His misfortune is that he should tread, unwittingly it may be, in the path which a master has strewn with the blossoms of literature. Mr. Holland pursues a straightforward British way, quite destitute of garlands. He tells us a number of things about Japan which we already know perfectly well. Like every Japanese girl, his *mousmé* is a dear, irresponsible creature, full of little love-songs, and kitten-like endearments. I am told that Englishmen go to Japan, and settle down contentedly to a life of sweetmeats and toy-women. It may be seductive, but the descriptions of this existence are not alluring. Possibly Japan will be our refuge some day when the New Woman is too much for us, when she takes complete charge of our administrative affairs as well as our domestic relations. Then we may slip away quietly to Yokohama, and look for *mousmés* who do not want to rule creation. In that event, the New Woman will probably fit out an expedition for the conquest of Japan, and we shall be brought back in chains by our triumphant Amazons.

At present, my impression of a *mousmé* is that she is a tiresome little person, though I should like to see her "promenading in England in all the glory of a canary-coloured *obi*, plum-coloured gowns embroidered in gold thread, and a bifurcated garment of ivory satin." But this is just the entertainment which Mr. Holland denies me. The bifurcated garment is left trembling on the heavy swell of the ocean, when it ought to be navigating a bicycle in Piccadilly. If some enterprising writer will come along with the story of a *mousmé's* initiation into the rites and ceremonies of London fashion, he shall have my respectful consideration.

It is a curious thing that no one has yet written a really momentous story about the Commune. Apparently the subject has not entered Zola's tremendous scheme of epic fiction, save in the closing scenes of "La Débâcle," though he, of all men, is best fitted to deal with it. English story-tellers nibble at the theme now and then. Mrs. Lynn Linton made it the background of "Joshua Davidson," that powerful, if wrong-headed, indictment of modern religion. Mr. Francis Gribble handles it in a perfunctory way which does no manner of justice to Mr. Gribble's considerable talent. There is nothing spontaneous in this tale of Ernest Durand's struggle between his devotion to the Commune and his love for Elise, the pretty shop-girl. He is the visionary Communist with an ideal that is outraged by pillage, incendiarism, and murder. When Delescluze gives the order for the destruction of the city, Durand exclaims, "This is no longer any place for me. I do not choose to dishonour the Commune; I prefer to die for it." That is an impressive resolve, but Mr. Gribble can make nothing of it. His idealist is a mere lay figure. Durand is wounded, and when tended by Elise, hears of the murder of the hostages. This, too, is an excellent situation which leaves you quite unmoved. When the last stand of the Communists is made at Père la Chaise, Durand appears with a noble sentiment. "It is because I love the Commune that I would not see it stained with crime. But also because I love the Commune, I am coming now with you to offer my life for it at Père la Chaise." Here my pulse ought to beat treble quick time, but it doesn't. I don't care what happens to the chivalrous apostle, and I am sure Mr. Gribble does not care. The catastrophe is as mechanical as the rest of the hundred and seventy pages. Shadowy history and tepid heroism will not do, especially at a time when the historical romance is in the flower of its renaissance.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"My Japanese Wife." By Clive Holland. Archibald Constable and Co.

"The Red Spell." By Francis Gribble. Archibald Constable and Co.



MISS CALHOUN gets a better chance in the new piece at Drury Lane than she has had since she returned to the English stage after her four years' probation in Paris under M. Coquelin. She is probably the only English-speaking actress who has ever played at the Odéon, the only other foreigner sharing the honour having been a Russian girl. She played Katherine to Coquelin's Petruchio. From "Andromaque," in which she played Hermione, to "Cheer Boys, Cheer!" is a big jump, but then Miss Calhoun knows very well that no experience is lost time.

If poor Wilson only knew the posthumous glory that is his, he would be astonished. From the quiet unromantic bank-clerkship which he occupied in far-away Aberdeen to the position which led to his becoming the martyr of Matabeleland, is an enormous step that has fallen to few men to take.

Mr. Charles Dalton plays the part of a solicitor at the Lane. I remember him well touring with Miss Lingard, when he used to be encored for his delivery of the magnificent Queen Mab speech in "Romeo and Juliet." Since he came to London, he has had no chance of showing what he can do in high-class work.

"Miss Brown" will continue the story of her strange adventures at Terry's Theatre, to which the piece will be transferred on Monday. On the following Wednesday, Mr. Weedon Grossmith will return to the Vaudeville to produce his new comedy.

"Gentleman Joe" has driven his hansom over two hundred times. Mr. Roberts has elaborated his part, and the hansom now goes at a rattling pace. I think the first act of the farce is one of the most neatly constructed I have ever seen in this class of dramatic fare.

Mr. James Welch, who is appearing at the Strand in "In a Locket," lives in Gray's Inn. On the doorpost you may read the legend "Mr. James Welch" and beneath it "S. Welch." Mrs. Welch, as everybody knows, is a sister of

Mr. Le Gallienne. I love to wander round the old town and read the names on the doors. I have often wondered whether Mr. Pinero got the name of Tanqueray from the address of a solicitor who holds out at Raymond's Buildings, or whether it was from the firm of wine merchants in Waterloo Place.

"Trilby" is to be produced at the Haymarket on October 30th. That Mr. George du Maurier, the novelist's son, should be in Mr. Tree's cast, lends an air of novelty to the performance which the enthusiastic Yankee has just missed.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Edmund Payne, when he returns to the Gaiety, will be able to dance again. But Mr. Payne is an excellent all-round comedian. Few expert dancers have such a sense of humour as he, and if he can no longer trip it as of



MISS ROSE NORREYS
Photo by Menzies & Co.

old, he will always be able to make his audience laugh.

Mr. Penley is said to have become a capitalist in houseboats on the Thames.

The strolling player is rarely, as of old, his own troubadour. Mr. Robert George Legge, who has been playing Cayley Drummle on tour for some time, is an exception. He is the second son of the Hon. and Rev. George Barrington Legge, who is an uncle of the present Earl of Dartmouth, and was formerly a captain in the Rifle

Brigade. Mr. Legge has published at least two volumes of jaunty jingle. The first was called, "Songs of a Strolling Player," and contained some capital verses. One set,



MR. HARRY PAULTON AS MIDDLETON SIMPKIN, IN
"IN A LOCKET."

Photo by Hana, Strand.

describing a company setting out on tour, was full of life:—

Oh, the smoke is put behind
With the agents out of mind,
And the managers who promise and forget;
And the shows that we have seen,
And the great what-might-have-been,
And the pals that think on us and we regret.
But the country work's begun,
And there's study to be done,
And rehearsals for a week or so are owed,—
Yet it still must be allowed,
If you're with a jolly crowd,
That it's none so bad being out upon the road.

The other month he published a second volume, "Plays and Poems." He is rather apt to keep up the mystery with which the man in the street invests the actor, a mystery that after all won't bear very close inspection, from the simple fact that it is mostly imaginary. Mr. Legge's elder brother, Arthur, has just issued a volume of more ambitious verses, entitled "Sunshine and Smoke," which is full of good stuff. There is a dreamer in the book who had an ideal woman in his mind's eye, and came across a very imperfect realisation of her. "Put out the sun and give me back the night," he exclaims—which is just a little too reminiscent of the "Silver King's" melodramatic moan, "O God, roll back thy universe and give me yesterday!"

Mr. Bouchier, whose birth and breeding resemble those of Mr. Legge, has struck oil in "The Chili Widow," for he is to send out two companies in the spring, and he intends to go on tour himself next autumn for a couple of months. He has quite eclipsed himself in the Home Office man.

Ibsen has invaded the sphere of opera, for his "Banquet at Solhag" has been set to music by a Berlin composer, Herr Pfitzner, and produced at Ole Bulls theatre at Bergen. Grieg's incidental music to "Peer Gyat" is already well known.

The appeal which Mr. Ledger made for funds to give Miss Rose Norreys a good chance of recovery when she comes out of Colney Hatch, resulted in £100 being subscribed within a few days—an excellent beginning.

Few things are so amusing as the advertisements in a theatrical organ. There is such a frank spirit of boasting about them, that nothing is too grotesque, especially for a music hall artiste, to tack on to his or her name. It is curious how an epithet will stick to an artiste. Thus, in the first five "cards" advertised in one column of the *Era* the other day, I find a quintet of ladies from the halls describing themselves respectively as follows:—"The Vital Spark," "The Gem of Comedy," "The Droll," "Queen of the Wooden Shoe," "England's leading serio-comic Lady." More amusing are the advertisements of "Wants." For example:—"Wanted, an emotional lady"; "wanted, a tall



MISS CALHOUN AS HERMIONE, IN "ANDROMAQUE."

Photo by Mendelssohn.

responsible gentleman"; "wanted, first-class heavy man." Of course to the profession all this is quite natural, to the man in the street it is bewildering.



THE GREAT BRAMBLETON HALL ROBBERY.

BY GEORGE F. WHITE.

THE environments of the above memorable case may be said to have commenced with the late defeat of the Government in the matter of reserve ammunition, and with the advent of joyful July—joyful to me because, as a Member of Parliament, I suddenly found myself about to shake the figurative dust of Westminster from my feet, and to collect some real dust upon a pair of thick-soled boots, in again tramping the green fields and leafy woods surrounding my place in the country, Brambledon Hall. In happy mood then I, Sir Charles Weardale, was doing a little farewell shopping in Bond Street, with that (as will be seen) cleverest of women my wife, when we came upon her half-brother, Herbert Easeley, a young man of twenty-two or thereabouts, and presumably reading hard in view of being called to the Bar.

"Why, Herbert dear, how pale you look!" was my wife's exclamation, with some alarm in her voice. "Whatever is the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing particular," drawled Herbert in an off-hand way. "I don't feel quite up to myself this morning. That is all—the heat, I suppose."

"Well, he must come with us to Brambledon to-morrow. Mustn't he? Won't you? We go down by the last train," ran ahead my wife. Herbert accepting, I, as usual where my spouse strikes out with a fly away idea of her own, found myself perforce a consenting party. Not that I had the smallest objection to showing any hospitality I could to young Easeley, but I more than guessed him to be a somewhat idle apprentice to his chosen calling; so, when we had parted from him, after arranging to travel all together to Brambledon next day, I pointed out to her ladyship the mistake she had made in taking her brother away from his studies, to waste a week or more in the country.

"He wants a complete change, and at once," she urged, almost imperatively.

As I had seen the young man upon each of the race-courses where I by chance had found myself this season, also at Hurlingham and Lords, it struck me that he had

probably been having quite as much change as could be of advantage either to himself or his pocket: to which matters of fact I quietly drew my better-half's attention as we got into our carriage to drive home.

"I can see at half a glance what is the matter with him. He wants a quiet rest and country air," was all the satisfaction I obtained.

Sufficient of our conversation the above, and introduced chiefly to draw attention to the perfect application of the word "helpmate," as exhibited to the world in the person of my dear Lady Weardale. Next evening we—including Herbert, who certainly seemed a shade troubled and out of sorts—went down to Brambledon, and on the following day, at all events, we had one diversion which might afford some amusement to our guest; for, some weeks ago, in answer to a letter from my agent, I had given permission to the Brambledon Branch of the Independent Order of Free Fellows that my grounds should be "thrown open as usual" to them for a day's outing.

"Open," indeed; and with an easier and more accommodating interpretation of that word year upon year, as was very evident when I took my morning stroll about the park, where already a party of gipsies had arrived with carts and caravans, around which some of them were junketing, while the rest were putting together a row of swings and a merry-go-round. There, too, in course of erection, a couple of long canvas screens, revealing to me, in connection with some half-opened bags of cocoa nuts, the highly intellectual way in which the members of the I.O.F.F. would shortly be amusing themselves. Here, in short, all the delights of Epsom Downs and Hampstead Heath, without the trouble of going a hundred yards from one's own door to have the fullest enjoyment of them. Who wouldn't be an M.P.?

Other advantages of my exalted position I came across as I continued my walk. The lodge gates, as well as the lodge itself and the overhanging trees, had been gaily festooned, altogether free of expense to myself, with the tricolor of France, America's stars and stripes, and a superabundance of other buntings and hangings of the brightest hues. This was nothing compared with what met my proud eye on gaining the high road which runs outside my boundary wall. Here, upon huge posters, Brambledon Hall was vaunted, in

red letters half a foot long, as "this ancient and historic demesne," while I, the happy owner, my position as M.P. for the county and my "well-known liberality" were, in equally prominent large type, brought to the notice of every casual passer-by—a delicate and unmerited personal attention, which at once dispelled any arising reflections as to how I might have found myself alluded to, or how many votes I might lose at the drawing-near election, had I declined a day's fellowship with this free and independent order.

Non the bulk of the I.O.F.F. arrived, as a procession, headed by the Brambledon village brass band, to which I (yet another privilege of being one of the chosen of the people) subscribed annually a five-pound note, though on many an occasion I would most willingly have given a much larger sum towards its instant suppression, or at all events to have had ousted from it the big drum and the cymbals. Banners, mottoes, and devices were conspicuous and instructive objects in this procession; though I regret to have to record that a young villager, holding high in the air a streamer upon which was emblazoned the celestial organisation of an honest working man, was still so worldly-minded as to have visited at least one public-house that morning. This, however, quite the exception, for when these free fellows began strolling about my grounds with their wives, baskets, children, sweethearts, or other belongings, they were as orderly and respectable a set as need be—which fact may account for the presence of no less than four policemen.

And here, with the mention of these guardians of the law, I proceed to the much more serious matter which the reader will be prepared for from the heading to this brief narrative. There had lately been, in our neighbourhood, a series of burglaries, the investigation of which disclosed that the thieves had, in each case, commenced operations by an artful bestowal of small presents and honeyed words upon female domestics, and so became familiar with all the ways and doings of the household. This a very old trick, as we have often enough read, and carefully pointed out to all our servants to-day, as a free right of way was established almost over our own hall steps.

"All the same, I would give a good deal to have a London detective here this afternoon," I was saying to my wife about the time the crowd was at its thickest. "I have half a mind to telegraph for one even now, late as it is."

"Why? Whatever for?" she asked in as blank amazement as if I had proposed to set Brambledon Hall in a blaze.

"Well, if any of that gang of thieves mean to try their game on here, I haven't the smallest faith in Mr. Hecks," I replied, referring to our own private and particular village policeman, No. 101, Robert Hecks, just then close at hand.

"You don't think Hecks smart and sharp! Now I do, and I've just been saying as much to him, and wondering why he hasn't been promoted for it."

Had her ladyship been pleased to be sarcastic, she couldn't well have said anything much more withering, for Hecks was just as thick-headed as he was honest and well meaning, and the first-named shortcoming I knew it to be that had left him to vegetate in charge of the quiet village of Brambledon, undecorated by any silver chevrons of rank. For the sake of quietude I merely replied, "He's a good, useful hand at running in a drunken man, when he can find one."

"Charles, you are absolutely without *any* insight into character," retorted my wife. "Why, look at the man! See how beautifully clean and white his gloves are!" And I grant that if Mr. Hecks' wits had in any measure approached his resplendent coat buttons in brightness, I should have felt easier. She, however, conceded, "Perhaps, all the same, just a little talking to and advice from you would do no harm. Call him over to us."

"Quite so," I agreed. "Hecks, a quiet word with you."

Somebody else had the word, at all events the first word, and it could scarcely be termed a quiet one, as her ladyship led off, in a voice audible to anyone within ten yards of us, "Well, Mr. Hecks, do you think there are any suspicious characters about this afternoon?"

"I won't say there are not," replied Hecks thoughtfully, though I believe that, up to this moment, such mind as he possessed had been entirely absorbed in the various noisy shows and other novel sights in my park. He added cautiously, "On the other hand, my leddy, I won't say that there are any what I *would* call suspicious ones."

"Ah, that's right; I am glad to see you have been keeping a sharp look out," from Lady Weardale.

"Trust me for having an eye on them."

"Recollect that, in the other cases, they found out everything through the maidservants."

"I'll have an eye on them too," reassured Mr. Hecks, overflowing with easy self-confidence.

Here the Brambledon brass band, or perhaps more correctly a duet of big drum and cymbals, with a faint accompaniment from some of the other instruments, struck up a polka, which quickly put half the park on the hop, including three out of the four policemen, the machiavelian Hecks very properly holding aloof from such frivolity, and so keeping his all-penetrating eye ready to light upon suspicious characters. And now the deep design of robbing Brambledon Hall did show signs of developing itself, for one of our visitor policemen hurriedly, with a flushed face, came up and began to whisper in the ear of Hecks, still standing near us.

"I have my eye on that gentleman," we heard Hecks say.

"Have you found out anything?" asked my wife, but with a voice scarcely modulated to the detective business.

"Yes, my leddy," whispered Hecks, holding the back of his hand to his mouth. "See that flash gent, making himself so all-round agreeable," stealthily drawing my wife's attention to what I can best briefly describe as a smart-looking dapper sort of man, seemingly too a bit of a ladies' man.

"Good gracious," exclaimed my wife, "he is going to dance with Ellen," the latter being her new maid, a local acquisition, and a very pretty girl to boot. Here a thickening of the plot indeed. The gay stranger was just the man to impose on a young country girl. His dancing alone was sufficient to do it; the agile way in which he flicked his legs, pointed his toes, reversed, and went lightly hopping around, quite enough to turn the least susceptible of female hearts. Plainly enough also Ellen was delighted with her partner, as banged away the big drum and clashed the cymbals louder than ever; nor was the situation less pleasing, we saw, when the music stopped and he raised his hat with a forefinger and thumb, bowed most politely, offered the girl his arm, and conducted her to a seat beneath one of my most umbrageous oaks.

"I have my eye on him," volunteered Hecks; so had we all, of course; but the question was what should be done; nor did I see my way more clearly when my wife asked, with the same disregard as before concerning being overheard, "Couldn't you, as a magistrate, have him locked up on suspicion?"

Even Hecks saw certain difficulties in the way of carrying out this masterly idea; but, replete as ever with resource, he imparted in an undertone, "We'll just keep our eyes on him the while we give him a bit line;" a scheme he was so impressed with that he repeated, "Give him a bit line, I say—a bit line."

"Now, if you succeed in contriving a clever capture, Mr. Hecks," instigated Lady Weardale, encouragingly, "it will be the making of you. I'll take care that you are put right about your promotion, and become a sergeant."

A modest, if conscious, sense of merit it was no doubt that prevented our private preserver of the peace from responding; and so gave me an opportunity of suggesting, "The sooner we get Ellen here, and ask her what has actually taken place, the better." This was done quickly enough, and we began to question the girl.

"I didn't tell him much," she said, "though he was very keen on knowing."

"Did he ask where my jewels were kept?" from Lady Weardale, came out simultaneously with "Did he ask how the doors was barred?" from Hecks.

"He wanted to know what time the family went to bed, for one thing."

"Ah!" from each of us, I think; my wife continuing, "What answer did you give?"

"I just told him sometimes at one time of night, sometimes at another," replied Ellen, rather pleased with herself. "And he was anxious to know, as well, what time the house was astir in the morning."

"Ah!" as before, followed by the question from Mr. Hecks, "Did he make no inquiry as to what police was in the neighbourhood?"

"No; he didn't. But he asked who was staying in the house, and I told him only a gentleman as come along with you from London last night; then he asked what his name was, but I couldn't call it to mind."

"Mr. Easeley is his name—Mr. Herbert Easeley," I said. "Here he is, by the way," as Herbert strolled up with a novel under his arm, and at little pains to conceal the fact that my independent order of guests were boring him a good deal.

"The gentleman wants me to let him have another dance, my lady; am I to give him one?" asked Ellen.

After a hurried consultation, we decided that the girl had better appear to be quite open with the stranger, in view of possibly luring him into a trap, while we took extra precautions at once for the security of our plate and other valuables. Every door and window I would look to myself at nightfall, and further arranged that Hecks should have a bed in the house. Anon a master of the dancing ceremonies announced a gallop as next on the programme; my friends the performers on the big drum and cymbals seemingly entered into a competition as to who could first smash his instrument; up came our suspected Claude Duval, and off he went tripping it fantastically with Ellen.

At the end of a round or two he came to a stop almost in the midst of us. Then he quietly placed one hand upon Herbert's shoulder, while in the other he displayed what was unmistakably a legal document of some sort. Instead of being a swell mobsman, or even a petty pilferer, our supposed burglar, on the contrary, was there representing the majesty and inviolability of the law of England. The paper which he exposed I noticed to be headed by a prominent V.R. Then came a large WHEREAS; and at the foot stood forth plainly enough an official seal. The man, in a sentence, was a Court Bailiff, and the document a Warrant of Committal.

Herbert was in debt, not seriously involved, but, as a certain tradesman had some time back written, intimating "unless I receive some satisfactory settlement of my account I shall be under the painful necessity of county-courting you," and as Herbert had treated this missive with just as much consideration as is usually bestowed upon a handbill offered for acceptance in the streets, the tradesman in question had "county-courted" him. The summonses which followed having been treated with a like airy indifference to consequences, here was, as stated, a Warrant of Committal, setting forth that "the Defendant, Herbert Easeley, should stand committed to prison for contempt of this Court," and further enjoining, "these are therefore to require you forthwith to arrest and apprehend the Defendant, Herbert Easeley, and him safely convey and deliver," etc., etc.

Appalling as this may appear at a first glance, I am glad to be able to inform the unversed in such matters that, after certain formalities had been gone through, including the writing of a cheque by myself, Mr. Herbert Easeley was relieved from a compulsory introduction to "the said Governor or Keeper of Belloway prison." In return for this trifling obligation on my part, may I hope that the reader, whether Liberal or Conservative, Unionist or Home-Ruler, Radical, Democrat, or Socialist, will be no less glad to hear that, not long afterwards, the returning officer of my division of the county was announcing me as Heading the Poll.





ZERMATT.

Photographs by W. HOWARD HAZELL.

IN all the "playground of Europe," as Switzerland is often called, there is no more romantic or beautiful spot than the Zermatt valley. Whether it is the ardent Alpine club man, intent on climbing some inaccessible



PROCESSION OF THE FÊTE DE DIEU AT ZERMATT.

peak, or the "Cookite" personally conducted to all that is interesting, or the American "doing" Switzerland in a shorter time than usual, one and all will find something to charm and interest them in Zermatt and its surroundings. No carriage has ever reached Zermatt from the Rhone Valley, some twenty-five miles distant; and until three years ago the only means of communication with the outer world was by the steep and stony mule path, up which passed a procession of ponies, mules, *chaises à porteurs*, and dusty tourists. Now a railway has been built that crosses ravines and creeps along the face of precipices, without—to use a police-court expression—any visible means of support. To the nervous the journey is divided between delight at the scenery and amazement at the chasms over which the fussy little engine drags the train. At last, after climbing and crawling up the narrow gorge for a couple of hours, at times close to the noisy, ice-cold Visp, and at others hundreds of

feet above it, the valley broadens out into luxuriant pastures, and the bold, precipitous outline of the Matterhorn towers above the cluster of chalets and hotels of Zermatt.

The sun-burnt chalets, lying close to the white, green-shuttered hotels, look strangely incongruous, but the charm of the village lies largely in the peasant life that can be seen from the terrace of the hotels. The low wall in front of the Monte Rosa is the guides' favourite and never-vacant seat; in fact, the Zermatt folk do not seem to sleep at all. However early one starts for a mountain excursion, there are sure to be some guides smoking and talking on their usual seat, and in the evening, as the cool night air drives the visitors into the hotel, the groups are still there.

The services at the little Roman Catholic church are as frequent as they are well attended, and many a rudely-awakened visitor has wished that the bells were less vehement in their early morning summons. At evensong the church is crowded, and on saints' days and Sundays the bells never seem to rest. The *fête de Dieu* is one of the grandest celebrations in the year at Zermatt, and then the bell-ringing and gun-firing begin at daybreak. The whole village is present at the procession, and the guides decline to go out, however tempting the weather, until after it is over. A band and military escort lead the way, and then follow a group of men dressed in white gowns and caps, their sunburnt faces and hands in striking contrast to their costume. Next comes a procession of children all in white carrying the statue of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the village, and many other banners and pictures decorated with gaudy ribbons. A group of women, also in white, walk in front of the priest, who follows beneath a gilded



THE MATTERHORN, FROM ZERMATT.

canopy. The procession slowly winds down the street, and after one or two short services it returns to the church, and Zermatt resumes its usual placid appearance. The rude



THE STREET IN ZERMATT.

small boy of London has his counterpart in Zermatt, and I noticed several urchins on the church roof throwing pebbles at the procession as it formed. The moral should be that they fell down and severely hurt themselves, but recovered and lived to see the error of their ways; but being Zermatt boys they did nothing of the sort, and when the fun was over, and before the priest could see them, they scrambled down through the belfry.

The guides are all duly qualified for their responsible duties, and the examination is as serious a matter to them as the army or Indian civil to an English cadet. They must be over twenty-one years old, and have completed their military service before they are eligible. They must also have climbed a certain number of difficult peaks, which resembles the advice of never bathing till one can swim. In these trial ascents, however, they serve as porters instead of guides, and act the part of sure-footed beasts of burden, no easy task on steep ice-covered slopes. When all the qualifications

are filled, the would-be guides have a course of instruction on some glacier, where they must show their skill in snow-craft, and the hundred-and-one points that go to make a good guide. Although the guides meet all sorts and conditions of people, they have not, as a rule, travelled beyond their own valley and the various climbing centres in the neighbourhood, and, consequently, their ideas are rather primitive. A friend told me that when climbing the Rimpfischhorn with one of the best-known Zermatt guides, he explained to him the life a city man leads. The idea of a train journey daily and an indoor life was quite new to him, and he pondered for some time, and then asked, "And does your mother keep cows?" To him cows and wealth were synonymous, and in his world every woman of position did keep cows.

Possibly many people would define mountaineering somewhat as follows:—A form of madness which attacks people, generally in the summer months, and incites them to climb impossible mountains at the risk of their lives. There may seem some reason in such a sweeping condemnation of this fascinating sport, for to the uninitiated what more foolish pastime could be imagined than to climb lofty and dangerous mountains with the apparent object of merely coming down again? But once the exhilarating air from the glacier is breathed, and a peak has been climbed, a longing arises to vanquish some more difficult mountain, and another enthusiast is added to the number of those who annually rush to the playground. The reverse of the shield is to be seen in the little Roman Catholic churchyard, and in the row of tombstones that face the Matterhorn at the English Church. Michel Croz, the famous guide, lies beneath a rudely-carved block of granite, and not far off are the graves of those who fell with him in the accident that marred the first ascent of the Matterhorn. On the other tombs, "Killed by an avalanche," "Fell from the Lyskamm," and a few such simple sentences record the sudden death which always awaits the careless, and often the most skilful climber.

W. HOWARD HAZELL.



THE BREITHORN. FROM THE GORNERGRAT



EVERYBODY knows the famous phrase that "the cradle is the centre of civilised life." But, in my opinion, for the word cradle should be substituted dinner-table. There is painful truth in the cynic's remark



TABLE USED BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AS AN ALTAR.

that "man differs from the animals"—or the other animals—according to your views on Darwin-Wallace-Lamarck theories, "in being the most highly-organised stomach in the universe!" It is round the "mahogany" that friendships are formed and hostilities bred, and one can but regret that unimaginative people have taken advantage of the accidental cheapness of salt to render the breaking of Hovis in one's house but a flimsy link between host and guest.

I had it in my mind to give some practical hints as to the dinner-table and as to the form of the gradually-developed oaken chest upon which we set the dishes that are the joy of the civilised and the despair of the vegetarian followers of Nebuchadnezzar. However, I find that the simple word "table" brings into my mind so many cognate trains of thought, that in this article I can hardly pretend to be practical. Who can think seriously upon the question which of the current modes of lengthening a dining-table is the most convenient, if in her mind is the fact that at one time people took their early dinner sitting on one side only of a kind of trestle bench, with their swords across their knees, leaving the opposite side empty, for fear lest some enemy should strike a traitor's blow? Nowadays the only traitor that we fear at the feast is the economical hostess who gives doctored gooseberry for champagne, uses gelatine for calf's-foot, sheep skin for gelatine, whites of eggs instead of cream, corn-flour instead of whites of eggs, potato-flour instead of corn-flour, and produces a set of indigestible dishes, each one of which bears a pretentious title in ill-spelt French, that fraudulently attempts to create delusive ideas as to its actual nature.

There are tables for a hundred purposes, from those which as *Petits Chevaux*, *Chemin de Fer*, *Jardinier*, *Roulette*, *Rouge et Noir*, *Villes d'Europe*, &c., defraud hotel-keepers of their guests' money, to the fantastic jim-crack drawing-room

tripods, whose object in life is to make the circumnavigation of the drawing-room as terrible to the timid visitor, as a South Pole essay to a nervous sailor.

Of all tables, possibly the dinner-table of the present day is the most pleasing for its exquisite arrangement of flowers; silver and glass are an unfailing delight to the eye. I am told that there will soon be a revival of a last-century custom—the withdrawal of the white table-cloth and the placing on the highly-polished mahogany or oak of the table, of fruit, glass, and silver. The revival, I think, will scarcely be a happy one, nor will it be an improvement on the glossy damask linen table cloths, many of which are now woven principally by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, in designs of great charm. Some embroidered by the Irish peasantry are so beautiful that personally I much prefer them to the strip of gaudily-coloured cotton-back satin that is so often used to decorate the centre of the dinner-table. By-the-bye, a pretty device for lighting the table consists in electric light shaded by the petals of flowers. The wire should be passed under the table and through the cloth into the stems of bell-like flowers planted in a plateau of moss. Arum lilies, tulips, and iris make lovely cells in which to imprison the tiny electric lamps. Of course it has been the fashion for some time past in England to build up flower decorations for the table in flat, moss-covered tins, or slabs. No doubt the effect is good when the flowers are arranged by skilful fingers, but in the amateur's hands these miniature flower gardens often assume a very woe-begone droop. In France, a *surtout de table* is included in most *ménages*—in fact it is generally a

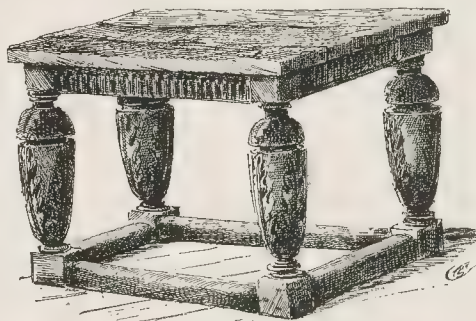
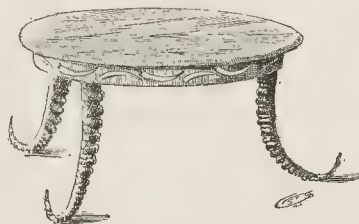


TABLE IN THE HALL OF THE MERCHANT ADVENTURERS' COMPANY.

wedding present—and many of them are exquisite reproductions of the work of last century's silversmiths, and lend themselves admirably to the grouping of a few delicate ferns or flowers that can be kept growing in them for weeks.

I wonder that these graceful, low-lying *jardinières* are not more general in England where the *luxe de table* is the rule, and not the exception.

For here I may note a vital difference between the character of the English and their neighbours across the



FOR A SMOKING-ROOM.

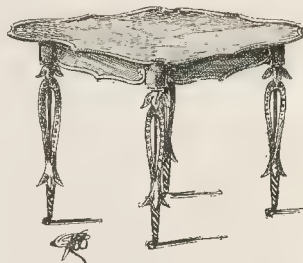
uncharitable Channel. In this country, alas, it is not rare to find an execrable dinner in an exquisite setting—to discover a meal which not only is bad in cooking—for that may be beyond the control of the host, but parsimonious, whilst the table “will groan,” if the penny-aliner has a chance of recording it, under splendid silver and beautiful cut glass. Indeed, ere now, I have been asked to lunch, and upon a table covered with plate and china, that made my mouth water, have been offered a meal of burnt chops and rice pudding, that certainly did not. In France, on the other hand, the food is considered of greater importance than the *Vaisselle*. I have had a *vol au vent toulousainne* that would have delighted a Brillat Savarin, served up on a kitchen plate, with forks that had already played the game with *Ris-de-veau sautés maréchale*, and lead-bladed knives which falsely pretended to “come from Sheffield.” “Better a good *plat* on an earthenware dish than stoggy *soles au gratin* on porcelain,” is a French maxim with which I heartily agree. And here let me sing the praises of Sheffield. Certainly, there was one thing which even brother Gregory Goldfinch could hardly sneer at on account of its birth, and that is Sheffield plate. In the happy days, before electricity had become an intolerable nuisance, and ruined the peace of mind of wives at the humble rate of sixpence, and bred a light that is horribly unbecoming, and has no merit save that it gives occasional glimpses of refreshing darkness, the abominable, economical process of electro depositing fortunately was unknown. Then, gold or silver had to be applied mechanically or chemically to articles that were intended to be covered, and the processes in use were too clumsy to allow a pin-head of precious metal to cover a square mile of surface. In those days, what in our time is mere electro plate, had to be silver plate, with a heavy covering of the almost dethroned Diana metal. Consequently, when people had to use substantial quantities of a metal then more than twice its present value, they took pains that the body was substantial and the workmanship good, and Sheffield became famous.

If you cannot afford silver—at auctions it some times may be bought at ridiculous rates, seeing that the foreign hall-marks, such as the microscopic head of the republic of France, elephant for India, etc., are not commonly known to be adequate warranty—you will find that for your table, at about the price you would have to pay for new electro, you can get *entrée* dishes, dish-covers,

wine-coolers, etc., with a heavy coat of silver on an honest copper ground, with handles and mountings of the virgin metal, that have centuries of service in them, and a depth and placid beauty against which solid silver hardly holds its own. What does it matter if it has somebody else's coat-of-arms—which may be effaced easily—provided that the thing itself is worthy to be armiger.

Our ancestors, in some respects, were barbarous, but at least they understood that dishes, unless intended to be cold, should be “hot i' the mouth,” and you may find in the old Sheffield plate, massive *entrée* dishes, the bottom of which is a hot-water compartment, whilst above, including a cover with detachable handle, are three dishes that can be kept at something like boiling point. Unfortunately, Sheffield plate, after for many years being humbly rated, has attracted attention, and no longer can be picked up for a mere song; indeed, its rise and the fall of silver have brought them strangely close together, yet even now you can buy in shops, where a bargain is as improbable as fish in a hired salmon river, admirable pieces of the old work at a price absolutely low and relatively small in comparison with modern workmanship.

On the subject of tables, I have secured illustrations of some curious ones. No. 1 is very ancient—I know of none older. It is kept—I cannot say preserved—in Carlisle Castle, and was used when Mary, Queen of Scots, was a captive, as an altar—due licence being obtained. In the Vatican is a document referring to it. Five pieces of consecrated stone were sent from Rome to be let into the table, and to be returned to Rome when no longer used. The marks of these pieces are still apparent on the centre plank. The five pieces of stone were marked with a cross on each, and thus, according to Roman Ritual, this table became a consecrated altar. No. 2 is from a table in the Hall of the Merchant Adventurers' Company, York. This company, originally a trade guild, is perhaps the most ancient institute of the sort in the kingdom. No. 3



MODERN OCCASIONAL TABLE, WITH ROSEWOOD PIERCED LEGS.

is an idea for a table for a smoking room. It is mounted on Ibex horns that are used for the legs, and round the table is a border formed of boar's tusks. The horns of African antelopes could be similarly treated.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

“A HOMELESS OLD MAID” objects to the usual lodging-house atrocities in the way of sofas and is anxious to get a cosy lounge, but finds that as a rule they are not only expensive, but heavy and cumbersome to move from place to place. I can suggest a cane lounge similar to a very comfortable one on which I found an invalid friend resting last week. Leveson's, of 92, Oxford Street, had just sent it home. It can be pulled out to one's full length to rest weary limbs, or else in a minute shortened to the size of an ordinary arm-chair, with a reading-desk attached to the arm; and “A HOMELESS OLD MAID” would find it a most luxurious, though inexpensive, addition to her comfort.

GRACE.



MISS KATE CUTLER.
NOW APPEARING IN "ALL
ABROAD," AT THE CRITERION
THEATRE. PHOTO BY A.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



I HAVE done my duty. I have left the joys of rural existence, and journeyed up to London town, and wandered in search of a fashion, even as did Japhet in

the story wander in search of a father, and I have discovered that the tone of fashion at its best will re-sound with the note of Louis XVI. This admits, Providence be praised, of a rather wide interpretation very wide about the skirt, in fact. Skirts, though not so stiff as they were, are to be as wide as ever, and will graciously separate in the front to display a petticoat of some rich and rare brocade or velvet. Velvet is to be a tremendous favourite amongst us. Those who can afford it—and from the state of the South African market their name should certainly be legion—will wear gowns entirely made of velvet, with bodices formed of an *appliqué* of dark velvet upon light velvet, traced with sequins and with jet beads and coloured silks. Oh! the embroideries this year are perfectly wonderful! There is no extravagant device not resorted to in order to enhance their charms, and lace and

ribbon have alike caught the infection. These now glitter with a thousand colours, more or less, and twinkling sequins or iridescent beads. There are some lovely Indian-tinted rib-

bons, traced with sequins; the latest novelties in *chiné* ribbons, though, remain simple, while the Pompadour ribbons, with their garlands of flowers on cream grounds, show the festoon design of sequins.

The coats of the Louis XVI. period lend themselves to elaborate decoration, and even the plainest of jackets may be made glorious by the most prodigal of waistcoats. It is as well to observe, though, that these coats are not universally becoming, and a style which, almost without exception, has this virtue, is the overhanging bodice with which we have been delighting ourselves during the last six months. Therefore, to cast this into oblivion and to exalt on high a style less attractive, is not alone

ungrateful on our part, but foolish, and, in spite of the cry of the authorities that these coats shall obtain recognition, I consider it my duty, and the duty of all my fellow-sisters, to continue to



THAT RENOVATED DRESS.

regard the charms of their favourite poncho. The embroideries ally themselves, happily, to the blouse form of bodice, and nothing could have looked better than a gown I met yesterday of tan-coloured cloth, with this kind



A CLOTH GOWN.

of bodice made of an *appliqué* of brown velvet and jet on cream-coloured cloth, showing an inner vest of cream-coloured corded silk. Unless, indeed, it was a frock I found in its company, which was of black cheviot, with a bodice of green velvet embroidered in Indian-tinted silks and small gold beads.

Amongst the new stuffs I have found some with small checks in dark-green and blue, and these look very well when trimmed with black braid and astrachan. Braid is trying to push its way into our favour again, but it is such a useful-looking trimming I fear we shall disregard it in favour of its more gaudily attractive rivals. The coats on all the autumn dresses worthy of the name are still short. That is a very good jacket sketched on the costume which appears on this page. It has a box pleat over the shoulder seam, and another hanging on either side of the front, while little gold buttons fasten these together at the top, and decorate the cuffs. The shirt front is made of plaid silk, which also forms the frills setting out either side of the collar-band, and the waistcoat is of white cloth, and the dress itself would look well in plum-colour or green, blue or brown. But of all the dark colours the most becoming really is blue. However, the summer having demanded of

most of us the purchase of a blue serge, no doubt we shall, with that fickleness so carefully monopolised by women—according to her many detractors—be induced to choose some other shade.

An economical friend of mine has been renovating an early season evening dress into a semblance of beauty, so that it shall do immediate duty at the theatre, and that economical friend of mine, being of an amiable disposition, has sent me a sketch of the result. I am not quite certain whether it was amiability or vanity that prompted the act, but we will let that pass while we let the picture stand—to be explained. The skirt and bodice are white, and in former days it was decked with masses of white chiffon and pink roses. Now, under its more sober aspect, it appears with sleeves, bodice drapery and frills of white net spotted with jet beads. Round the waist is a girdle of jet, and over the shoulders are strings of jet beads caught with jet clasps and fringed. The same idea could be adopted, of course, with the old black gown; the basque round the hips can be put on separately, and these basques are extremely becoming when well cut. How to cut them well is a mystery known only to the initiated, but there is a wonderful difference in the effect when they are attempted by the expert and the amateur. That jacket sketched here might almost be allowed the privilege of describing itself. The tabs on the cape suggest the Tudor period, and



THE VELVET JACKET.

so, too, do the loose outlines. In black velvet with the embroidery in jet, it would be quite an acquisition to any autumn wardrobe, and a lining of white satin would certainly add to its charms and its cost.

PAULINA PRY.



OUR leading actor-managers have, no doubt, their own excellent reasons for going on a provincial tour at this time of the year. They not only recuperate their energies and renew their old successes before country audiences, but, I daresay, pocket a good deal of hard cash into the bargain. Meanwhile, their absence from town is of advantage to others than themselves. On the stages they have vacated *la jeune troupe*, as M. Sarcey would say, or in our own vernacular, the second eleven gets a chance of showing what it can do when not overshadowed by the acknowledged chiefs of the profession. Thus, Mr. Alexander having temporarily left the St. James's, a young actor, Mr. William Elliott, steps in to try his hand at management, and another young actor, Mr. H. V. Esmond, finds the opportunity of producing a play of his own and, naturally enough, of taking the principal share in playing it.

It is the plain—and the pleasant—duty of criticism to deal very indulgently with these performances of the younger hands. Talent, while it is yet in the making and, as it were, feeling its way, is easily discouraged by captious and churlish comment; and its mistakes, if it makes them, are entitled to the indulgence of the "First Offenders" clause. For my part, I would rather come down "like a hundred of bricks" upon any fault I think I can detect in Sir Henry Irving—whose position is strong enough to withstand any amount of censure—than dwell upon the shortcomings of subaltern players, whose good intentions and youthful promise are in need of all the encouragement they can get. Here, for instance, is Mr. Esmond, a young actor of ambition, earnestness, and already proved capacity, writing a play in which, from a rigorous standpoint, it would be easy enough to pick all sorts of holes. But I prefer not to pick them. Nor is there any hypocrisy in my attitude. For *Bogey* interested and amused me on its merits.

A first play, it has, I cannot deny, many of the usual weaknesses of first plays; the author does not always "jine his flats"; he introduces this or that motive or incident without sufficient "preparation"; he does not give his ideas their full and logical development. But ideas, developed or not, he has, and that is a good point. For development, preparation, construction, and other tricks of stage technique can be acquired by practice; but ideas cannot. Poverty of ideas is the besetting sin of our stage. I could (but will not) mention more than one of our first theatrical craftsmen who are absolutely innocent of ideas. They have certain dramatic situations, certain effective scenes in their mind's eye, but cannot invent the ideas which shall serve as a pretext for these situations and scenes; either they crib somebody else's ideas or present a play which is, like the young ladies with whom Dr. Johnson declined on a famous

occasion to take tea, "unidea'd." Not so Mr. Esmond. That he has invented the idea of *Bogey* I do not assert. Indeed, it is sufficiently obvious that he has not.

The doctrine of the transmigration of souls is one of the oldest ideas in this world, older than the Pyramids, "older than any history that is written in any book," as Mr. William Morris's Jenny says. But there is freshness and ingenuity in Mr. Esmond's application of it. The statement, made in so many quarters, that *Bogey* is largely a reminiscence of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, strikes me as rather unfair. Stevenson's story is that of the tragic struggle between the good and bad elements in a man's nature, when the two become more sharply differentiated than they are in actual life. "Dr. Jekyll" and "Mr. Hyde" are only two sides of one and the same man; the moral constituents in him have "precipitated," so to speak, so as to be recognisable apart. There is no such splitting up of parts, no such fissiparous tendency, as the geologists would say, in the character imagined by Mr. Esmond, Uncle Archie Buttanshaw. Uncle Archie is simply a body which is tenanted *pro tem.* by a soul that does not belong to it. While "disembodied Bates," the dead drunkard and forger, is inhabiting that body, the real Uncle Archie is, as it were, in abeyance; for the time being he ceases to exist, and the man we see is, to all intents and purposes, Bates himself. The drawback is that we don't know enough about Bates. We ought to have been familiarised with Bates, induced to take an interest in him and his character before he was—what shall I say?—"projected" into Archie Buttanshaw. As it is, when we see the genial, benevolent, simple-minded Buttanshaw suddenly become morose, malevolent, cunning, we are a little bewildered; we do not recognise that this is really Bates—for, as I say, we do not know Bates well enough. But let that pass. The idea is a good one in itself, suggestive of all sorts of quaint metaphysical puzzles and moral problems; and it is also a good one histrionically, for the opportunity it gives a clever young actor of showing his versatility, his "quick-change" talent, his power of passing in a trice from one sort of character to the very opposite.

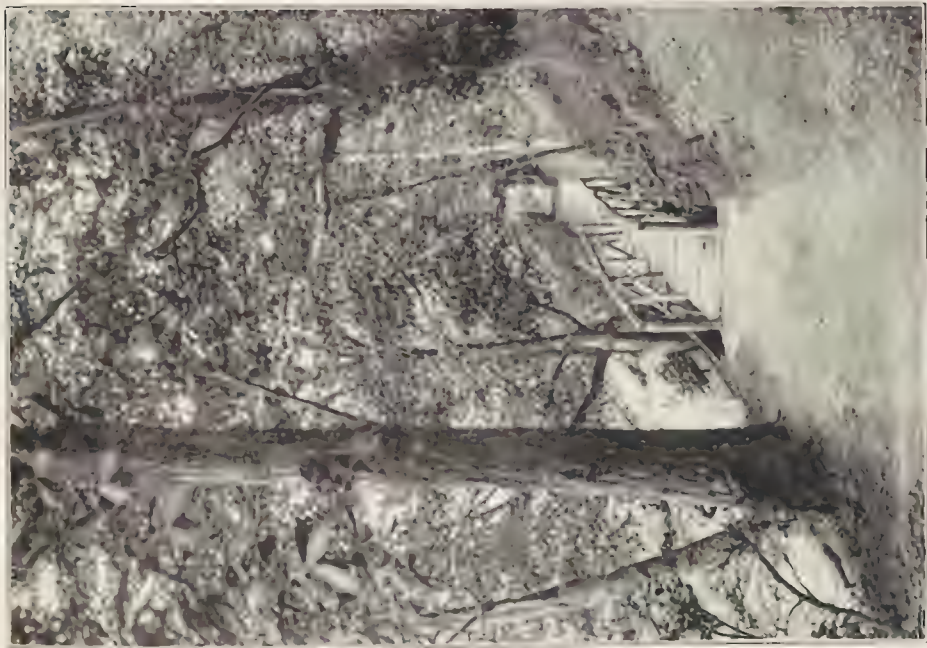
Nor are the minor ideas of the play to be despised—the idea of the old business man played by Mr. Everitt, who punctually on the stroke of ten casts off his commercial guile and brims over with the milk of human kindness; the idea of the raw Scot, played by Mr. Elliott, who dominates his companions by the sheer brute force of selfishness. All the parts are neatly and conscientiously played; while Miss Eva Moore, as a Miss in her teens, whose heart "has not yet spoken," and Miss Pattie Bell, as an elderly Miss whose heart is yet young enough to speak, do full justice—which is saying a good deal—to the author's tender and graceful fancy.

A. B. WALKLEY,



SWALLOW FALLS,
BETTWS-Y-COED.





PWLL-Y-CROCHAN WOODS,
COLWYN.



AN OLD MILL AT
COLWYN.



THE FAIRY GLEN AT
BELLWIS-Y-COED.



COLWYN BAY.



LLEDR BRIDGE,
BETTWS-Y-COED.





RHYL ESPLANADE.



RHYL.



The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

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OCTOBER 7, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



PRINCE ERNEST OF HOHENLOHE-
LANGENBURG AND PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA OF SAXE-COBURG-
GOTHA. PHOTO BY UHLENHUTH, COBURG.



BY the death of M. Louis Pasteur the world has lost not merely the most brilliant of contemporary scientists, but also one of the truest benefactors of humanity that history can show. To the many his name is associated chiefly with the question of the prevention of hydrophobia and that of vivisection, which his experiments made necessary. It was this branch of his work which first took the general public by storm, raising for him at once a following and a virulent opposition, but years before he had earned an imperishable name in the realm of Science by his studies in the properties of crystals, by which he reached the great law of symmetry in the natural world. As long ago as 1856 our Royal Society gave him the Rumford Medal in recognition of his discoveries concerning the Polarisation of light.

Pasteur was born in 1822 in the Jura, being the son of a tanner. He was educated at the Communal College at Arbois, and, later, at Besançon. In 1843 he entered the École Normale at Paris, where he pursued his chemical studies under Dumas. After taking his degree of doctor, he became Professor of Physics at Strasburg University, and subsequently Dean of the Faculty of Science at Lille. In 1857 he returned to Paris as Scientific Director of the École Normale, and ten years later became Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne. Such is a brief outline of the more strictly academic portion of his career.

Allusion has already been made to the "Studies" which first placed him in the forefront of scientists. Between these and the period of his hydrophobia discoveries, stretched a series of researches which conferred lasting benefit on the social condition of France, and, ultimately, of the world at large. His investigation of the manufacture of alcohol at Lille, and his attendant researches into the wide subject of fermentation, eventually created a new industry for France, and benefitted the brewing trade of all countries. Pasteur's discovery that all forms of fermentation arose from the action of living organisms, was little short of a revolution in science. A legion of hitherto obscure phenomena were explained, diseases were tracked to their source, and the sum total of the world's suffering was sensibly decreased. The employment of the bacillus for its own defeat by inoculation, was now extended far beyond the sphere of small-pox, in which it had already been found satisfactory.

But Pasteur never rested on his oars, and from these discoveries he was soon progressing towards his antidote for hydrophobia, which set the coping-stone to his fame. His theories on this subject would probably have been given to the world somewhat earlier, but for the fact that his attention was diverted awhile to the disease amongst silkworms, which was then threatening one of the chief industries of France. Here also his science has conferred a gain on the silk manufacture of the world by tracing the evil to its source.

Of late years honours of all kinds were showered upon this benefactor of his race, both at home and abroad; but the greatest tribute to his services was the building in Paris, of the Pasteur Institute, which has since its completion been largely maintained by public contribution. Here Pasteur's fight with hydrophobia and the other deadly ills which flesh is heir to will long be carried on, and the simple, modest, French scientist who remained to the last almost unaware of his own greatness, though dead will yet be speaking.



THE LATE M. LOUIS PASTEUR.

If Queen Elizabeth, of frisky memory, could have revisited the glimpses of Sandwich harbour some days since, she might have bethought her that the familiar forms of amusement to which her loyal subjects so often treated their very virgin queen, had never been exchanged in all the past generations for other forms of frivolous. Sandwich Regatta, was, in fact, this year an admirably arranged facsimile of the sixteenth century frolics, with which the excellent Queen Bess had been regaled on her visit to the old Cinque Port in 1592. After the various aquatic gymnastics, a great effect was obtained by a huge torchlight and trades procession, which followed on ringing of the curfew bell, the whole population turning out to see the spectacle. Lord Dufferin took an interest in the Regatta which materially assisted its most picturesque progress.

One might easily have shut one's eyes to the calendar and imagined the Newmarket Meeting to be Midsummer day. The weather was simply perfect on all four days, and naturally attracted added crowds to an always popular gathering. Muslin frocks and light-hued silks banished all semblance of autumn, and each day the gay crowd came in gayer war-paint to this phenomenal October Meeting. Lord and Lady Ilchester were amongst the number, Lord Ellesmere, General Owen Williams, Sir Blundell and Miss Maple, Lord Hindlip, and the rest of the racing contingent. Prince Soltykoff's victory with La Toison d'Or was quite unexpected, and many rueful faces were "discovered" after the Buckingham Stakes were run. Of course, it is very wicked to keep a little gold-bound betting-book, but then it gives *such* a fillip to the fun.

Deepdene, the country seat of the Duchess of Marlborough (Lady Wm. Beresford) and Lord William Beresford, V.C., lies a little way outside the charming Surrey town of Dorking. The house is large, picturesque, and

feminine habit of wearing low frocks in the evening. It is almost impossible to go out night after night in our inclement autumn, winter, and spring, without sooner or later being laid low with chest or throat troubles of some sort. There is a way out, however, for the girl who will get her maid to rub her neck, arms, and shoulders with alcohol before dressing, or failing that indispensable functionary, who will do it for herself. The custom is an absolute preventive of colds, and if it were more generally known and followed we should have fewer cases of pulmonary and influenza troubles amongst girls in Society.

The pranks of the country-house party are various, and many are the devices resorted to by host and hostess to soothe the unquiet temper of a dozen or more frivolously-inclined guests. After half-an-hour's desultory drawing-room conversation, someone proposed a kangaroo dance at a house where I was staying some days

since. It proved a most successful diversion,³ for in executing a ten-foot leap one of our party, unannexed and with a distinctly desirable rent-roll, managed to twist his ankle. For days afterwards the girls took it in turn to massage his lily-white member, and rude bets even arose in the smoke-room as to which one would gain the victory. I regret to say this unimpressible youth was sufficiently



DEEPDENE, SURREY THE SOUTH FRONT.
The Country Seat of the Duchess of Marlborough and Lord William Beresford.

white; around it is a fine mass of foliage, and some grand trees rear their lofty heads on the estate. When Deepdene was inhabited by the Hopes, in the early part of the Queen's reign, there were guests representing every side of society as constant visitors. The great, the clever, and the good, used to spend their Sundays loitering in the charming woods around the house or gazing at the treasures inside the mansion. When Lord Francis Hope left Dorking, the widowed Duchess of Marlborough became the tenant of Deepdene, and she has laid out a good deal of money on improvements. She is very popular with the neighbours, just as she was at Woodstock, and her gallant husband, Lord William Beresford, has rapidly won like favour. The Prince of Wales was expected to be a guest at Deepdene, to spend Sunday in its picturesque surroundings, after his visit to Leeds. Our illustrations are from prints showing the place as it was some years ago.

As we once more approach the inevitable winter season of home-coming, ball-giving, and inevitable coughs and colds to follow, I would like to impart to my women readers an invaluable recipe for defying the weather which breaks such havoc on the feminine constitution, for the



DEEPDENE, SURREY.

recovered to limp away free and unimpeded the next Monday, however; the expression of his gratitude taking no more permanent form than a brace of partridges by following posts to his fair Samaritans.

Two questions that have occupied the gossips lately are—i. "Who was the Cabinet Minister?"—ii. "Who is the author of 'the pleasant book of poems?'" The latter question refers to a little bit of personal history, with which the Archbishop of Canterbury has obliged the world. He has confessed that he always keeps a "pleasant book of poems" open on his study table, and he finds that the reading of a few lines from this "pleasant book of poems" always allays irritation or gloom. Who is the poet of the "pleasant book of poems." Perhaps one of Dr. Benson's wide awake sons, and the Archbishop's confession may only have been a paternal advertisement—subtle and kindly.

"Who was the Cabinet Minister?" is a question not so easy to answer. It was in the pages of a widely circulated contemporary that the finger of reproach was first pointed at him, and apropos of gun accidents. A correspondent, one of the old school, had been complaining of the reckless way men of the present day conduct themselves at "shoots," not only to the danger of their own lives, but to the danger of the lives of others as well. And this self-same correspondent asserted that one of the worst offenders in the way of recklessness at "shoots" was a Cabinet Minister in the present Government. The problem now is—"Find the Cabinet Minister?"

Mr. George Allen's beautiful edition of Spenser's "Fairy Queen," which Mr. Thomas Wise has edited and Mr. Walter Crane has illustrated, seems to grow in champaign with each succeeding number. The eighth part is before me, and I am glad to borrow a small illustration—a fair specimen of the beauty of Mr. Crane's work. The attacks which have been irreverently made upon "The Fairy Queen" by sundry critics, Macaulay for example, must be due to the small type editions. Spenser is not only the poet's poet, but he is everybody's poet, in so fine a garb as Mr. Allen has dressed him in.

As to the alleged editorial alterations in the text of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, "Hearts Insurgent," which has been running in *Harper's Magazine*, let not the public judge poor editors too harshly. On first sight, it looks like extremely careless editing to accept a manuscript without careful perusal. But in the case of well known writers, such an exercise of prudence is denied the editor. He is given the title of the story, with, perhaps, a brief outline of the

plot, but that is all. He may take the novel or leave it on those terms. An editor of a well-known magazine once confided to me that he read the proofs, batch by batch, of a risky novel he had accepted in this way, in the direst fear. The event that he dreaded came at last, well on in the middle of the book. The publication of that chapter would cost him a small army of subscribers, yet the author, he was sure, would never consent to the mangling that he proposed. He decided to leave the chapter out in its entirety. This he did, and the author never discovered the omission.

It is only in France that the idea of the church of the Sacré-Cœur, on the hill of Montmartre, could have been imagined and realised. High above the city, of gigantic proportions, this huge and imposing basilica proclaims to the world in very outward and visible form, the devotion of France to her church and to

the head of her church.

The origin of the sacred building, which, to-day, twenty years after the approval of the architect's plans, still echoes to the chisel of the mason and the hammer of the carpenter, arose from that strangest of all strange emotional expressions—a national vow. The vow was taken in that terrible year 1870—"en présence des malheurs qui desolent la France et en présence des attentats commis à Rome contre le personne sacrée du Vicaire de Jésus-Christ." This new church of the Sacred Heart was to be erected as a peace-offering to God from an unhappy people, and the idea was received with

avidity. Subscriptions flowed in from all parts of the country, and from every grade of the people, and to-day, nearly a quarter of a century later, the enormous building watches over the sunlit, prosperous city. Inscribed upon the walls of the church are the names of many who have helped towards the building of it. Here are a few of the inscriptions painted in red letters upon the white stone walls:—"C. S. de Jésus ayez pitié d'une pauvre mère et son fils." "Remerciements pour un examen." "Merci, vous avez sauvé ma fille."

The Hon. Lucius O'Brien, who has recently become engaged to Miss Foster, of Moore Park, Shropshire, will get a wife with the very acceptable dot of thirty thousand per annum. It was thought at one time that the young lady would have bestowed herself on a certain smart



AN ILLUSTRATION BY MR. WALTER CRANE, FROM THE NEW EDITION OF SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE." PUBLISHED BY MR. GEORGE ALLEN.



"WOODS IN OCTOBER." BY JAMES
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guardsman of King Humbert's Army, but the affair fell through, though Count Fabio has the reputation of being one of the handsomest and most fascinating men in Naples.

The end of the cricket season suggested many reflections to many writers. Let the end of the lawn-tennis season suggest a few to one poor scribe. The popularity of the game, and the chance of winning cups, has evolved a set of elderly young men, brown, lithe, and as hard as nails, who spend the best part of the summer travelling about the country, stopping a week here, and a week there, wherever tournaments are being held.

These sun-burnt, elderly young men, with a few exceptions, do no other work. Their business in life is to



MR. W. BADDELEY.
Photo by Russell & Sons.

be lawn tennis champions. The life of such a champion lasts about four years. They are a very close corporation, these champions, and the number of cups they have won between them must be something incredible. At Eastbourne, in the South of England Lawn Tennis Tournament, they appear in their glory; and when a series of champions fight their way into the final of an important event, they have a habit (exasperating to the public) of announcing they have decided not to play the final event. "So-and-So divided," runs the official announcement.

Renshaw is no longer a name to conjure with at Eastbourne. He still goes there for the tennis week, but the day has long gone by since he used to play exhibition matches on these very grounds to an excited and admiring crowd. You will observe I say Renshaw. It is because to

this day I cannot tell which is which of the famous sets of tennis twins—the Renshaws, the Baddeleys, and the Allens. I defy anybody to distinguish one Baddeley from another. Not only do they walk alike, and look alike, but they always wear similar clothes, and they only smile once each in a match.

Champion tennis players dress alike; not for them grey trousers or fancy shirts. Here is the only garb for those who are ambitious of playing in the final rounds of tournaments—white flannel trousers, white linen shirts, devoid of tie, and with the top button always unfastened, white buckskin shoes, and no hat. The dress most suitable for women is quite as neat, although all women players do not adopt it. Here it is—white skirts, white blouses, and what girls call a sailor hat. Blue ribbon should encircle the hat, and also the waist, or if it suits you better you may wear pink ribbon, and nobody will complain. But blue serge skirts will *not* do, and the blouse must fit *properly*.

If the champion tennis elderly young man evolved during the past decade is striking, the champion tennis young woman is unique. She is not everybody's taste, for femininity is not her note. Her petticoats are not emotional. And they are not lined with silk. But if you like women who are wholesome and frank, who look you straight in the eyes, and who say what they mean nine out of ten times, you will certainly like the modern tennis young women.

Many seasons of continuous play, while they brighten the eyes and brown what old humorists called the epidermis, also make these young women tennis champions not a little tough. That they are also muscular I discovered for myself. It was in quite a harmless way, and it happened during dinner at an Eastbourne hotel during the tennis week. Three tables off, her back to me, clad in what I believe is called a pink confection (I am a man) sat a lady. The sleeves of her dress ended at the shoulders, and while the left arm was dimpled and slim like the arms one sees in the "altogether" at the Royal Academy, upon the right arm the muscles stood up like little hills in a thirsty land. She was a champion tennis player.

Strangely enough, the man who won the lawn tennis championship at Eastbourne, and who is probably the finest player in existence, is neither lithe, nor tall, nor sun-burnt. W. Baddeley, who always wins, who wears down six footers like Hillyard, so that they retire at the end of the third set, is a little, pale fellow, with narrow shoulders and a big forehead. Silent, modest and stealthy, he plays a perfect game, never tired, never hot, and never losing his temper. The Baddeleys are the only tennis champions I know, who play the game straight through without even getting cross or excited. As they rarely make bad strokes, they seldom have cause for ill-temper.

White kid gloves and white chiffon veils are the correct form of the moment for smart seaside or country house wear. It is said that the former fashion will obtain for the winter. A very becoming fashion, but distinctly extravagant, as white gloves cannot be worn in town more than twice or three times, and when cleaned as often are no longer presentable on a well-dressed woman's hand.

Copenhagen has lately been a centre of Royalty. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Empress Dowager of Russia and the King of Greece having all been the guests of the King and Queen of Denmark, at the Castle Bernstorff. An illustrated article on Copenhagen appears on pages 458 and 459 of this issue of *The Album*.

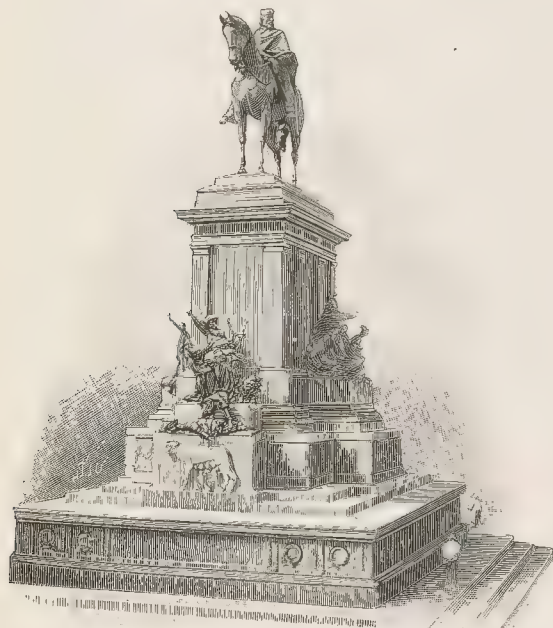
I wonder very much that no one amongst our very enterprising authors and authoresses of to-day has had the inspiration of writing up the pedigree and vicissitudes of Crown jewels, the hairbreadth adventures of which, with their recoveries and discoveries, would surely fill several fascinating volumes. Take, for instance, those diamond tiaras and ropes of pearls which once shone on the lovely person of Eugenie during the brief but brilliant nights of the Second Empire. From Baron Rothschild most of these jewels have now passed into the possession of a Californian millionaire, and one coronet, which is believed to have belonged to Queen Hortense, has severally adorned the coiffure of a Mrs. Johnston, and later again a Mrs. Neville, the present possessor. These I merely cite in passing. Many "thrilling" histories attach to well-known jewels, which would be easily authenticated and prove very interesting to a popular taste that never tires of "exciting personalities." The vicissitudes of Mrs. Langtry's many tiaras and necklaces will in due time, no doubt, be cleared up; and whether

that, failing their reappearance even, their much-endowed owner has a not inconsiderable residue of other presentations to fall back upon.

Baron Henry de Worms, who will take his seat in the House of Lords at the meeting of Parliament, is fifty-five years of age. He was educated at King's College, London, and was returned as Conservative member for Greenwich fifteen years ago. Since 1885 he has represented the East Toxteth division of Liverpool and has twice held the post of Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. During Lord Salisbury's last ministry he was Under Secretary for the Colonies and as British Plenipotentiary signed the Treaty for the abolition of Sugar Bounties. He married the only daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Phillips.



BARON H. DE WORMS, M.P.
Raised to the Peerage.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street.



MONUMENT OF GARIBALDI, UNVEILED IN ROME.

they lie *perdu* and dismembered in such head centres of precious stones as Amsterdam, or Hatton Garden, or, as someone astutely advanced, perhaps in a City Safe Deposit, we shall not improbably hear one day. Meanwhile I hear

Rome has been the scene of many popular festivities in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the overthrowing of the temporal powers of the Papacy within her boundaries, and the completion of the kingdom of Italy by the addition of the Capital. Many thousands of Italians have flocked to the metropolis from all quarters of her provinces to partake in the festivities, which included the unveiling of a bronze statue in memory of Garibaldi, erected on the Janiculum. This ceremony was performed by the Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy. Another monument was uncovered in honour of Count Cavour, and a solemn service was held at the tomb of King Victor Emmanuel in the Pantheon. A new bridge over the Tiber, named after King Humbert, was thrown open by the King and Queen and Crown Prince, and various State ceremonies and banquets have completed the Festival.

During recent ceremonies and celebrations in Rome, when the thermometer registered incredible things in the matter of heat, and everybody felt far advanced on the way to suffocation, it was especially noticeable that Queen Margherita, and the occupants of a few carriages following the Royal party, looked delightfully cool and comfortable, as compared with the simmering condition of sightseers either on foot or driving all around, the secret of which is that the Royal carriages have receptacles for the admission of ice overhead, which are kept filled in hot weather, and so insure a cool atmosphere for the occupants. An excellent idea, which might be applied to broughams and hansoms with advantage in hot weather.

Those who took their holidays during the month of September had reason to be well satisfied. Never was there such a month at the seaside. Morning after morning the sun met them glowing and glaring, as they walked the sands before breakfast, and day after day he glowed and glared till the hour came for dropping below the horizon. To be scientific—more sunshine was registered at Eastbourne last month than during any September during at least the last thirty years. And as the month wore out, the sea had a way of increasing in temperature.

Decidedly one of the most amusing places in which to dawdle away a do nothing half-hour is the hall of some big foreign hotel, where celebrities of many kinds and countries

Prince Vicovara's pretty little daughter drives about in a tiny carriage drawn by a pony no bigger than a St. Bernard, apparently much to the delight of all other children in the place. Herr Siegfried Wagner, Lady Magheramorne, the Bishop of Chichester, Lady Esmé Gordon, Sir Henry Oakley, and hundreds of interesting others besides, may be seen daily in the universal pursuit of that *dolce far niente* which is to be enjoyed in perfection on the shores of lovely Lucerne.

Highly ornamental bicycles are the latest freak of frivolous riders, and it has become the fashion with some luxuriously minded wheelwomen to trick out the bar and gong of their machines with turquoise and pearls and other stones. I have seen one or two glorified instruments which



HIGHLAND CATTLE.
Photo by Reid, Wishaw.

rub shoulders in comparative *incognito*, and the smaller fry importantly enjoy their unaccustomed surroundings. Here, for instance, in the lounge of the National, at Lucerne, one may gather the threads of a dozen world-wide histories in as many minutes from the depths of one of its infinitely comfortable armchairs. The Dowager Duchess of Aosta arrived some evenings since in strict *incognito*, travelling with a suite of only three. Constantly this tall stately brunette may be seen watching with amused interest the groups passing to and fro, or listening to an excellent band which plays during the day. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar are here, after a short visit to Interlaken. Madame Nordica lunches in the hotel occasionally with friends, though her headquarters are at an adjoining villa, where assiduous practice of scales and trills goes on for four hours daily.

have been treated in this manner, and the effect is beyond doubt very imposing. But supposing in the eternal unfitness of things that tramps should undertake to dispute possession of such pretty toys on country or suburban highways, would it not, perhaps, result awkwardly for the wheelwoman who now speeds securely along in all the safety of unadorned steely simplicity? There is a legend that the present Sultan of Johore rides a gold cycle set round with sapphires, the authenticity of which one may for obvious reasons somewhat question, but silver fittings are quite *en riglé* with many, and a wedding present was given to a relative last week taking the form of a nimble byke on which her initials were set in rubies while the handles were of gold-mounted tortoiseshell. We are not an over-frugally-minded generation, truly.



CHARTRES CATHEDRAL
FROM THE RIVER. By
WILL B. ROBINSON.



I WONDER whether Mrs. Hungerford is a subtle satirist, who has Mrs. Lynn Linton's ideal maiden in her eye, and wants to show us what a namby-pamby simpleton that ideal is. Except on this hypothesis I find it difficult to explain "Molly Darling, and Other Stories." Love at first sight is Mrs. Hungerford's favourite theme, and though I do not disbelieve entirely in that antique device of the story-teller, it is hard to see why the stupid young women in this volume should inspire the sudden blaze. There is Letitia now, whose favorite occupation is to strike matches, set fire to the grass, and go to sleep. She has a fool of a lover who gives her matches for this purpose. Of course, the grass is very dry; and when the idiot awakes, she finds herself in flames which are extinguished by the young man, who opportunely returns. This makes me wish Letitia had been burnt, and the young man too. Then there is Connie, a country cousin of Sir Frederick. Connie has a dog which is lost, and she weeps, and Sir Frederick rescues the dog, and he and Connie are happy ever afterwards. What purpose has this silly twaddle, if it is not to satirise the sweet-stuff shop sentiment, in which it was once thought proper and even religious to train our girls?

But Mrs. Hungerford has a still better joke. There is a literary man, named Dormer, who loses all his money, has a bad illness, and is not well enough to dash off a story of twenty-five thousand words, which an editor has promised to look at. He has a week for the task, and his wife tries to cheer him. "Only twenty-five thousand words," she says. "You could do it in a hurry at the end—if you give yourself a rest till then." Observe the wife's fine contempt for the art of literary composition. If the gentleman will only rest his poor head till Saturday, he can knock off such a bagatelle as twenty-five thousand words, to say nothing of the trivial matters of invention and construction, in an hour or two. Well, he has a sleepless night, and the "drops break out upon his brow." He takes a pencil which he keeps at his bedside—thoughtful man!—and vainly tries to write. Suddenly a ghostly hand seizes his, and the pencil fills sheet after sheet. In the morning he finds a magnificent plot set forth by his invisible collaborator; the twenty-five thousand words are polished off before lunch, and a few days later the editor calls with compliments and bank-notes. "My dear fellow, on account, the rest later," he says apologetically, as he thrusts the notes into the author's hand. Editors, you know, are like this; they are always prowling about with bundles of notes bulging out of their pockets, to be given "on account" to the deserving scribe who, in a poverty-stricken room, has tossed off twenty-five thousand words as soon as winking. This idea may be thought a little too

absurd, even by the optimists who believe in Christmas Numbers; but, of course, Mrs. Hungerford is poking fun at the literary profession. The story-teller can't get on without a "ghost"—don't you see? That's the humour of it, as Corporal Nym would say.

The multifarious works of "Rita" were quite unknown to me till "A Woman In It" suggested that here was another of the women who can't, or won't, or didn't. I have read so much literature of that kind lately that it has possessed me like dram-drinking. I take a "nip" at all times. "Rita's" brand looked inviting, a sort of Madame T'sois Etoiles in the alcohol of fiction. But the woman who is "in it"—"fairly in it," as Mr. Penley used to sing—cannot be recommended, I am afraid, to confirmed tipplers. The fact is, that the Irish *divorcée* who begins with tremendous spirits, no conscience, and irresistible charms, turns out to be one of those tiresome ladies who keep diaries in the Wilkie Collins style, and become edifying. "I wonder what possessed me to take up the old folly of keeping a diary," says this heroine innocently. "It is at once an enslaving and compromising habit. And yet now I have commenced it again I feel irresistibly compelled to continue." So enslaving is the diary that she is hard at it even when people are waiting downstairs with fresh incidents. She keeps them till she has done musing about Drops. We all know the heroine with Drops. At a critical moment she will drain them, and be a "demnition body," or else, as her trembling hand lifts them to her ashen lips, a friend will rush in, and saves her for a missionary career.

This happens in the present case. Ostensibly, the lady is pained by the havoc which her fascinations have spread amongst the men of her acquaintance. She does everything which a woman of the character sketched at the outset would never dream of doing. Because her past is so shocking, she repulses the man she cares for, and morbidly contemplates Drops. The real explanation is veiled by the author with consummate art. It is the diarising that works the transformation: horrid remorse for this unconscionable scribbling would unstring the strongest nerve. Miss Gwilt had the same compunction in "Armada," and she put an end to herself, poor thing! The Irish *divorcée* is rescued by a philanthropic American friend, who proposes that they shall cultivate the "sphere of woman's usefulness" together. "The secret of melodrama clings to these pages," she says, with great justice. "Burn them and forget them!" Unhappily, that advice has been neglected.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Molly Darling, and Other Stories." By Mrs. Hungerford. T. Fisher Unwin.

"A Woman In It" By "Rita." Hutchinson & Co



"MRS. ALEXANDER."

PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

"Mrs. Alexander," who is known to her friends as Mrs. Hector, was born in Dublin and as a girl cherished literary ambitions, which were for a long time doomed to disappointment. She eventually became a contributor to "All the Year Round," and in 1881 won the favour of the public with her novel "The Admiral's Ward." "The Executioner," "The Wooing O'it," "Look Before You Leap," "Mammon," "Her Dearest Foe," and many other successful novels have since secured a widespread popularity for their prolific author.



COPENHAGEN.

FOR those who love the by-walks of Europe, where the globe-trotting Yankees or English cheap excursionists mostly do not congregate, the capital of Denmark affords as pleasant a holiday as can be found on this side of the Iron Gates.



COPENHAGEN- THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

Both the town and the people are interesting, whether regarded from the historical or modern standpoint. From here the yellow-haired Danes—even now the people are mostly fair—poured across the sea in hordes to waste the eastern shores of England in the days of Alfred and of Ethelred, and the story of Cnut's conquest may be seen in pictorial history on the walls of the famous Fredericksborg Palace. Here, in the magnificent harbour, you may sail over the very place where Nelson dictated to the Crown Prince those terms for dealing with the Danish Navy, which did more than the armies of Prussia and Austria combined to break up the continental system of the great Corsican and send him in the end an exile to St. Helena; while in our own times Copenhagen has proved the birthplace and the playground of half the kings, queens, and empresses, under whose sway Europe—groans or flourishes, shall we say?

The city conveys to the visitor the idea of being a typical

German town, splendidly situated on the edge of the world-famous Sound, and giving into the hands of its rulers the keys of the Baltic far more effectually than Gibraltar secures to England the entrance to the Mediterranean. Its streets are mostly wide, intersected by squares and open spaces, bright with green grass and many-coloured flowers. It is very evident that to the builders of Copenhagen land was measured by the acre and not by the foot. These same streets are paved with cobble stones, of course—what continental streets are not?—but pleasant fountains, often of graceful shape, play in many places, and every now and then quaint little red boxes (looking as if they had come from a toy Noah's ark) provide temporary shelter for the conscript blue-clad, soldier boy who does "sentry go" outside some palace or public building. In one thing Copenhagen is different from most towns of the Continent: it is not overrun by the military element, nor do you see anywhere that parade of soldiers which reminds us in France or Germany that, after all, Europe is but a big barrack-yard.

Seen from the harbour, the most striking object as you arrive at the Danish capital is the gilded dome of the Church of the Trinity, which, if you have time, will well repay the trouble of an ascent, for from the railed gallery which surrounds its top a magnificent view over the whole town can be obtained, and very picturesque the old city looks from above, with its rows of straight stuccoed houses and quaint red-tiled roofs stretching away to the sea on three



THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, WITH THORVALDSEN'S CHRIST OVER THE ALTAR.

sides, and to an endless vista of green and wooded country on the fourth.

If you wish to learn quickly something of the characteristics of any people among whom you may be residing,

visit their churches and spend an evening or two at their favourite places of amusement. Judged by such a standard you would be safe in saying that the Danes are a simple,

covered grave which stands in the centre of the quadrangle, is buried all that was mortal of the Dane who alone among the sculptors of the North can take rank with the masters of

Italy and of Greece. Outside Bertel Thorvaldsen and his work, there is no art in Copenhagen which even its warmest admirers would profess was worth a long journey to see; indeed, as you wander over palaces where the walls are hung with pictures of Danish kings, you will find yourself stopping to look at some curious cabinet or lovely bit of china, and wondering if the artists who painted these kings and queens suffered adequate punishment as fraudulent professors of an art about which they knew nothing. Interesting museums and collections of antiquities there are of course, rare bits of Venetian glass, curious Chinese enamels, splendid armour and many such-like things, but art as the traveller in Italy, France, or Spain, knows it, outside the handiwork of Canova's pupil, there is practically none.

You can live comfortably enough in this Danish Capital, and if you lodge at the Hotel Angleterre and get a room looking out over the King's Square, you will probably leave with very pleasant impressions of the comfort and luxury of life in Copenhagen,

honest, thoughtful, music-loving race, who take their salvation severely and their pleasure sedately, nor would this estimate of the position be greatly altered by longer acquaintance.

In Copenhagen you hardly ever see anyone in a hurry; if you drive into the country men pause from their work and women stand at the cottage door to see you go by. The very poor—whom in England we have always with us—are conspicuous by their absence, and after the rush of traffic in the streets of Paris or London, it is refreshing to reach a large town where, save for the occasional lumbering of an omnibus or country cart over the cobbles, you are quite out of the hurly-burly. In some things Copenhagen is quite up to date, however, for the cycle is popular, and the lady cyclist is a common object enough. Here you may see a lady going to church on her machine with a sunshade in one hand, and her prayer-book slung on the handle, and with no one but an English visitor turning round to look.

The art of Copenhagen can be described in one word, "Thorvaldsen," while the museum which is devoted to the great sculptor's works is also his Mausoleum. In the ivy-

where, in drives to Klampenborg, through the deer park, and back by the sea, and to Elsinore and the Palace of Frederiksborg, you can pleasantly pass a week.

A. W. S.



THE KING'S SQUARE AND THE OPERA HOUSE.



THE HARBOUR.



THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

PAH! How tired I was of these modern French realistic pictures—so clever and so ugly, so remarkable and so depressing. "Of feeling, romance, suggestion, they possess nothing," I protested. "But what observation, what technique, what power," replied my enthusiastic friend.

He (my friend) had made a collection of modern realistic French masterpieces—had bought them red hot from the Salon; and upon the vivid walls of his picture gallery in Paris they hang in all their violence and nakedness. The sorry sights of Paris, indoor and outdoor, degraded and abnormal types, all painted with a ruthless cleverness of observation, they are there—all there.

My friend has only one regret. He has not, up to the present, been able to secure that notorious, naturalistic picture that won the gold medal at the Salon some years ago—a picture of Job as an emaciated old man, covered with ulcers, carefully studied in the hospitals of Paris. As you may imagine, his tendency in art is somewhat so-so. Nobody could object to a naturalistic picture of the character of "A Visit," printed here; but "A Visit" would be altogether too quiet and simple for his taste, which is only satisfied by the bizarre, the fantastic. Well, at last I escaped from him and his pictures, left him and them with a bad taste in my mouth, and the feeling that painting was the lowest of all the arts, about as much an incentive to right and seemly enjoyment as poker work. I left him and came across to England into the Suffolk country, and there, while looking for a novel in the library of a seaside town, I picked up a little book, an odd little old-fashioned book, all about nature and the men who paint landscapes, and about seed time and harvest, and valleys and hills, and May, which is everlasting. This little old-fashioned book also gossiped of a landscape painter who died many years ago—J. D. Harding, a name that was dimly familiar to me. Harding was a drawing master, and he taught his pupils year in and year out that landscape painting was a sort of religious art to show forth the praise of the Creator. He taught that to landscape painters it had been given to see the beauty of the world beyond other men, and that they must be faithful in reproducing the wonder and the beauty in nature. In a word, he taught them what Ruskin was afterwards to shout into the ear of a heedless world—that all great art is Praise.

As I read, the great army of landscape painters swept before me—men who had, consciously or unconsciously, assimilated old Harding's teaching, men with big frames and big beards, living simple lives far from towns, and who now rest in unvisited tombs. You meet them to-day in outlying parts of the country, peering at the landscape with deep-set eyes, and silently setting down what they see. They pitch their easels behind hedges, and alongside mills, and in gardens, and under the shadow of old farmhouses. And as they grow older they become more and more at one

with nature, liking the life of towns less and less; their canvases accumulate, for they do not understand the art of selling their wares, and then one day death trips them up and they die, as they lived, inarticulate in everything except paint.

Of course during the past ten years the simple folk who have timidly urged that art gains nothing by being dissociated from religion have been called more bad names than would go into an *Album Supplement*. Happily tall writing and the cultured bigotry of the schools beat harmlessly against the Verities, and it is odds that the bulk of the swiftest landscape painters, including Turner himself, have been and are religious men. And although they may not have the literary gift of expression, yet in solitary happy days of harmony with nature, few but have been conscious that by the act of painting as well as ever they could they were in some way offering their testimony of brain and praise to the Maker of all beautiful things, as much as those who sing "Come, ye thankful people, come," out of tune in St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington.

At any rate I had gained an object-lesson and reached a conclusion. At the back of my head I felt the dull weight of those charnel pictures I had seen in Paris, those inimitable transcripts of unlovely things. Before me, dancing before me, was a world full of beautiful pictures painted by men whose good fortune it was to see more beauty in the Eternal than in the Trivial. And as the world was all before me where to choose, I chose the one, and tried to forget the other.

With that thought in my mind, I put the little book in my pocket, and proceeded to walk about the county of Suffolk. It has a quiet pastoral beauty of its own, with far distant horizons where sky and land meet, and a dozen different agricultural interests glistening field by field between ways. Although that was the first time I had ever been in Suffolk, the landscape seemed familiar, and after a while my mind went back, back to the Old Masters Exhibitions at the Royal Academy, where year after year I had seen a Constable on the line, and an old fogey, for three seasons in succession, had taken me by the arm and croaked into my ear praise of "the horizon passages in all old Constable's pictures."

So I was in the Constable country! More, I stood at that moment in a road called Constable Road, and half-way down I found an old house, now in ruins, once owned by the Constable family, and where the painter lived some summers. My day was well rounded off. From Paris to Suffolk—from rapine and murder to "The Cornfield" and "The Hay Wain."

And I could not but remember what a tremendous influence this same Constable had on Frenchmen of an earlier generation, when he sent "The Hay Wain" to the Salon. "Look," said one Frenchman, "at this picture by the Englishman. The ground seems to be covered with dew." Another spoke in this way: "The man who abandoned all the conventions, artifices, and imaginary descriptions of pretended Greek or Roman landscapes; and used his own eyes to see the grass, water, and trees in their striking natural beauty."

And of himself and in praise of his own Suffolk county Constable said:—"I love every stile, and stump, and lane in the village; as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them."

By which it may be inferred that Constable was not altogether on the side of Diana!

L. H.



UNE VISITE.
J. GEOFFROY.
LUXEMBOURG
GALLERY.



THE betrothal of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough lends an especial interest to our supplement. The future Duchess is the only daughter of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, the famous New York millionaire. The young Duke has been only a few weeks in America, but his matrimonial engagement has already become the chief topic of conversation. He is twenty-three years of age, and is the only son of the late Duke of Marlborough.

"La belle Americaine" has come to be an accepted and welcome personality in British society. She comes, is seen, and conquers. One hears her voice at the Queen's Drawing Rooms, and in every London salon; one meets her on the moors and among the lovely lakes, on the river at Henley and in the park. And in not a few cases she comes to stay. "Burke's Peerage" will convince you of that fact by the frequency with which the letters "U.S.A.," follow the names of ladies who have become the wives of our aristocrats. One must acknowledge, too, that American women have added brightness and humour to the social circles they adorn in this country.

One of the latest of American brides is the Hon. Mrs. G. N. Curzon. Her beauty adds fresh brilliance to the name of Curzon, which already was associated with the statesmanlike ability of the clever young Member for Southport. Mr. Curzon's rival at the General Election was Sir Henry Naylor-Leyland, whose wife was Miss Jeanie Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. W. S. Chamberlain, a well-known citizen of Cleveland. Lady Naylor Leyland is one of the most delightful hostesses in London. Hyde Park House is a fine scene for entertainments, as it is one of the most spacious mansions near Albert Gate.

Lady Arthur Butler was, prior to her marriage with the younger son of the second Marquis of Ormonde, Miss Ellen Stager, daughter of the late General Anson Stager. She is a great favourite in London society, and dispenses graceful hospitality in her Park Lane home.

When it was announced that the second son of the

Marquis of Dufferin and Ava had become engaged to "Miss Davis, of the United States," there was keen curiosity as to the bride whom Lord Terence Blackwood was to lead to the altar. Miss Flora Davis, who thus became in 1893 the daughter-in-law to the most popular of British Ambassadors, is a daughter of Mr. John H. Davis, of Washington Square North, New York. Her lovely face is more familiar in Parisian Society than in the Metropolis.

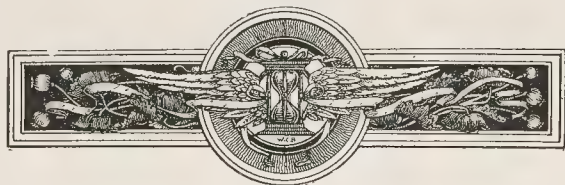
Lady Harcourt, the wife of the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, is not nearly as well-known to the general public as her distinguished husband. She, however, has a distinct claim to notice as the daughter of the Hon. J. L. Motley, author of the standard history of the Dutch Republic. Miss Elizabeth Motley married, first, Mr. J. P. Ives, and, secondly, in 1876, Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt. She took an active interest in the last two political campaigns, and is a frequent visitor to the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons.

Lady Wm. Beresford has in a brief period won great popularity. Miss Lillian Warren Price, daughter of the late Commodore Price, married, first, Mr. Louis Hammersley, a wealthy resident in New York. In 1888, she married the eighth Duke of Marlborough, who died in 1892. This year the Duchess became united to Lord William Beresford, V.C., younger brother of the Marquis of Waterford. They live at Deepdene, the lovely seat of the Hope family, at Dorking.

Lady Grey-Egerton became a member of London society in 1893, when, as Miss May Carvlyn Campbell Cuyler, she married young Sir Philip Grey Egerton, Bart. Her father was the late Major J. Wayne Cuyler.

Amy, Lady Coleridge, is the widow of the late Lord Chief Justice of England, whom she married in 1885. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Henry Baring Lawford B.C.S. She was one of the most regular attendants at the Parnell Commission.

Many other names of "American Ladies in English Society" will be recalled. Of these, Mrs. Bayard, Lady Craven, Lady Playfair, Lady Essex, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Adair, Lady Vernon, Lady Waterlow, Mrs. John Leslie, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, are among the most prominent.





"YOU are children . . . What children! What children!" exclaims Golaud, as he watches the meeting between Melisanda and Pelléas at the foot of the tower, in Maeterlinck's play. And some such exclamation as this comes to my lips as I watch Romeo and Juliet in the balcony scene—a scene from which, it is obvious enough, Maeterlinck took his idea. *Romeo and Juliet* is the tragedy of children caught in the toils of love. "Not the above-named pair," said Heine, "but love itself is the hero of this play." That is to say, it is love which is the protagonist, love which acts, the boy and girl are only acted on by it, are passive victims of it. Such action as they attempt for themselves is childlike and futile. When the corpse of slain Tybalt comes between them and their happiness, they do not at once think of action, they are dazed and helpless, and with blind obedience follow the directions of anyone who can think for them—who happens to be the Friar. "You are children . . . What children! What children!" Juliet is a child of fourteen—but eleven years weaned, come Lammas, says the Nurse. I see Mr. William Archer would like to increase her years to nineteen, in deference to some supposed difference of view between Shakespeare's time and our own as to the marriageable age. But I fancy Shakespeare knew what he was about. The whole spirit of the play implies that Juliet is encountered by Romeo as a child, at an age when, as the French say, "the heart has not yet spoken," but is quite capable of speaking; and the age of fourteen—in Italy—is appropriately chosen for this, now and then. It has been said that Mrs. Patrick Campbell looks older; to me she certainly does not. Her figure is slim and girlish, her ways are the ways of a child.

Throughout the play it is the naïve simplicity, the trusting childlike nature of the girl upon which she dwells. Even when the hot passion wells out from her heart in the balcony scene, she is absolutely naïve. A trace of self-consciousness in her reference to "a maiden blush," of coquetry in her "I have forgot why I did call thee back," and the scene would be ruined; but there is none. When her father rates her, and her mother turns from her, and the Nurse trifles with her, she is numbed and bewildered—a child who cannot understand. Before she drinks the sleeping draught, she shows all the child's natural terror of playing with death, of the dark, of tombs, of ghosts. When she drinks the potion it is with simple obedience—a child who does what she has been told. That Mrs. Campbell should give us with such tenderness and delicacy the child in Juliet is no surprise to me. For it was the remnant of the child she showed us in Mrs. Tanqueray that was more

than half the charm of that performance. The actress's temperament naturally inclines her that way. She has taken her own temperament as her sole guide throughout, discarding the "traditions" of the part. "The more's the pity!" says Mr. Archer, apparently because this and that "tradition" would have helped her to greater emphasis and variety in certain recognised "points," in the cajolery of the Nurse, and so forth. For my part, I will confess I care little or nothing about these minor points—even if it were proved, which it is not, that a study of "traditions" would have helped Mrs. Campbell to a better understanding of them. I look for an impression of sincerity and beauty from the character as a whole; and I can only say that Mrs. Campbell gives me this impression in a high degree. For me her Juliet is from first to last an exquisitely truthful and moving performance.

It would seem that I am again in conflict with some critical authorities in liking Mr. Forbes Robertson's Romeo. If these gentlemen know of a better, I should very much like to hear his name. Mr. Robertson is a masterly elocutionist, he has a dignity of bearing, a distinction of style not at present to be matched on our stage. But, we have been told, he "cannot feel the part," he has not "lyric rapture," the "throb and flush of youth." It strikes me that there are many sorts of youth and many sorts of rapture. Romeo, as I have said, is the passive victim of love, "struck all of a heap" by it, in the common phrase. When he listens to Juliet at her balcony, he is spell-bound, a man in a dream. He moves softly, fearing lest the spell should be broken and they should both wake from their dream. As she speaks, he mechanically rises on the tips of his toes, to be nearer her and drink in the words from her lips. Apparently, some people would like him to dance about the stage in a sort of frenzy. But he is not "bitten by the tarantula" of love; he is rapt, silently possessed by the mystery and overpowering sweetness of it. While I am in this mood for finding "all merry capital" at the Lyceum, let me praise the Nurse of Miss Dolores Drummond, and the Capulet of Mr. George Warde, and the Apothecary of Mr. Ian Robertson. And—so that you shall not think I have forgotten how to find fault—let me add that Mr. Coghlan's heavy Mercutio strikes me as a contradiction in terms, and Mr. Nutcombe Gould's Friar as a monotonous nuisance. But these, after all, are only minor blemishes in a really beautiful revival of *Romeo and Juliet*. The play is well—which is quite another thing from extravagantly—mounted at the Lyceum, and Mr. Edward German's incidental music deserves more attention, I fancy, than the ear could give it amid the buzz and bustle of a first-night audience.

A. B. WALKLEY.



THE SENSE OF HUMOUR.

CHILDREN have a sense of humour which, however crude, is more important in their lives than the complex and fluctuating sense, which we watch with interest and train with a certain conviction of responsibility, is in ours. Except in the case of those grown-up people who have the unlucky habit of laughing—and it is perhaps more tolerable to do anything else habitually than to laugh—elders laugh much less frequently than children. It is true that children laugh from pleasure, from excitement, and from the mere stimulus of quick movement; but even so they laugh from fun oftener than does man or woman.

Because a child says now and then a thing that happens to touch our inmost appreciation, reaching it from a new and quite unexpected quarter, we might too rashly suppose that he feels it with our own feeling. But it is only necessary to listen to the second joke with which the child caps the first. It is almost always deplorable. The happy parent who has been tempted to call attention to his child's good thing, is obliged to make haste to suppress the failure. But the child's enjoyment is higher the second time than the first. He rejoices in having out-done his success. And if he should be allowed to go on, overflowing with his own laughter, he will become—to our adult understanding—more and more silly.

Therefore the agreement of his humour and ours had been an accidental meeting. Or perhaps there had been no meeting at all, and the man and the child had never for a moment laughed in truth at the same joke—the same incident it might have been, but the humours of it utterly different; even the same word, but the wit and the sense of it, as it were, in alien languages.

Incongruity is one of the conditions, drearily discovered and stated most unmirthfully, of humour in life and literature. It bears a part in all the failures to define the causes and motives of laughter. And of incongruity children have a full sense. It is in fact funnier to them than it is to us. Define humour how we will, we are bound to confess that there are quantities of things that are absolutely incongruous, that are sudden, and that take us by surprise, and yet have no more mirth in them than has a common pun. But mere incongruity is generally enough to surprise a laugh from a child.

He enjoys anything that turns for a moment the conventions of his little world upside down. His conventions are very strongly founded; they seem to him to be certain, natural, and perpetual, as the conventions of later life are never. And the shock of the overthrow is more sudden and more fresh to the child than any kind of topsy-turvy seems to his elders. The earliest joke is, of course, a practical joke, but the joke of an incongruity is the next,

in the course of a child's development. The practical joke is of the simplest kind, and does not involve the defeat or discomfiture of anyone. It does not even always deal with persons. The mere accidental oversetting of something hitherto immovable in a child's routine, which seems to him perpetual, is enough for a fit of delighted laughter.

Children laugh oftener than men, but not so intensely. A man, overwhelmed by something that reaches the very sources of his laughter, is in a kind of ecstasy. But it is so rarely that anything thus moves a child that the occurrence of such laughter is more or less memorable. What caused it? Mother was alarmed at table to find a slice of melon eaten "too far down," apparently by her little daughter, and reproached the child with some dismay. But the exquisite joke was that this was really a chip of the curate's dessert, and not of the child's, and as a bad workman is known by his chips, so the curate was convicted; and not only convicted, but by implication threatened by authority with the serious illness that never comes off. The humour of the situation does not seem very violent to the mere grown-up person. To the little daughter it was one of the rare occasions of convulsive and speechless laughter. Her world was falling about her ears in a rapturous overthrow. Mother had, all unwittingly—which made it more perfect—scolded the clergy. No, it was too much. The incongruous could never again be presented so brilliantly to the child's sense of humour. Screams of mirth broke into articulate speech at last as the child tried to tell the incident. This, moreover, was a joke to remember and tell, and it is extremely seldom that a child thinks a past incident worth re-telling for the fun of it.

In this irresistible jest, there was no malice or mischief whatever. No one's feelings had been in the slightest degree irritated, and the child was, as it were, overcome by a culmination of gaiety. But, even in children, humour is quickly divided into its various forms, and an innocent mischief begins to be the motive of laughter before this child can speak, while in that child it never appears at all. Derision, as man and woman enjoy it, is completely unknown to children.

It is in later childhood, when the child might be expected to laugh at much the same things as his parents laugh at, and when the curate joke begins to be found insufficient, that the real difference in the sense of humour becomes apparent and almost inconvenient. You cannot make your schoolboy laugh at Pecksniff or Micawber; and these being gone, what is there left for him? Who is to write books for his convalescence or other reading times? The mere grown-up author has nothing but his own sense of comedy and the applause of his contemporaries to guide him. There is no help for it; the schoolboy must find his laughter in real life.

ALICE MEYNELL.



"HE WON'T HURT YOU." BY HEYWOOD
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FLUFFY'S ROMANCE.

BY LEILY ELSNER BINGEN.

HER real name was Mary Ann Higgins, but she had been christened "Fluffy" the first morning she arrived at the city depôt of the Aerated Bread Company to enter on her duties, as one of the black-frocked bustling young waitresses.

It happened in this way. She was small and thin, and although her mother had made her new skirt well down to her heels, she looked if anything less than her sixteen and a-half years, and this in spite of rather a careworn expression on the young face. She had braided her pretty fair hair in innumerable small plaits, neatly coiled in the nape of her neck, in the fashion approved by A. B. C. girls, and the abundance of hair attracted the attention of Emma Flinders, a tall dark waitress, with rosy cheeks.

"My! you have a lot of hair," she began affably to Mary Ann, as the young girl drew a long black pin from her hat, "how funny it grows, ain't it fluffy, why, Fluffy's the very name for you, much better than Mary Ann," and from that hour forward it was by Emma's nickname that the young waitress was known at the depôt.

"You don't think the manageress will mind it, do you?" enquired Fluffy anxiously.

"Not she, if you're spry enough, that's all she cares about," and feeling decidedly reassured and agreeably business-like in her fresh apron, Fluffy followed Emma into the shop, to commence her duties of the first day.

She liked work, being an active light-hearted young creature, fresh from the board school standard, and speedily won the approval of the manageress; further, her comrades found she was always willing to undertake an extra turn of sweeping the floors or dusting the marble-topped tables for one of them, hence she soon became a prime favourite.

"A customer at your table, Fluffy," said Emma, one sunshiny March afternoon, "and my! doesn't he look for all the world as if he had lost two shillings and found a button?" but the younger girl was already off to the table and was taking an order for tea and sausage-roll from a young man of melancholy aspect.

"He does look rummy," whispered Fluffy, as she passed Emma again with her tray, and noted the clean-shaven face, somewhat haggard, and the falling nimbus of black hair affected by her customer.

"Perhaps a play-actor chap," murmured Emma.

As the girl set the tea, she noticed the young man scribbling vigorously in pencil on some small slips of paper. He looked up at her when she tore off the perforated ticket, and a somewhat more cheerful look crept over his visage, as his glance encountered that of the blue-eyed; fair-haired little A. B. C. girl; then he sighed heavily and returned to his writing, but he did not omit to say "good afternoon" to Fluffy as he passed her on his way into the street.

From that day he became a regular customer at that

particular depôt and always took his seat at the same table. By degrees he began to converse with Fluffy and found there was something very taking in the girl's shy blue eyes fringed by heavy dark lashes and her pink and white cheeks. Her accent savoured strongly of the cockney, but her speech was not especially ungrammatical, and she seemed such a childish, innocent little thing, that every day he found increased pleasure in talking a little more to her.

"His name is Philip Raymond," Fluffy confessed to Emma Flinders one day, "and he's in trouble about something, I don't know what, still he feels very badly, and some days worse than others, but he's very clever. Just fancy! he writes poetry that's printed in papers and books, and one day he's going to show me some of it."

Philip Raymond managed his conversations with Fluffy so discreetly, that they did not attract the attention of the manageress, and the little waitress went on from day to day in a delicious fool's paradise, never guessing how much she thought about those few minutes with the customer.

"What do you do on Sundays?" he asked her one day in June, when even London's streets were aglow with sunshine.

"Lie in bed pretty late," she answered with a smile, "and sometimes we go for a walk in the park, or take a ride on top of the 'bus; once in a great way we go on the steamboat towards Battersea, and that's just lovely."

"Have you never been any farther up the river?"

"No, never."

"Fluffy," he said, obeying a sudden impulse, "how would you like to spend a whole day on the river with me in a small boat—one Sunday, say?"

The gleam in the blue eyes, and a swift rush of colour to her cheeks, answered him more than her half-incredulous, "you don't mean it?"

"You would like it? Very well, I will take you Sunday week. You shall meet me at Waterloo Station at ten in the morning, and we'll be off to Teddington."

Fluffy awoke at six that memorable Sunday, and was immensely relieved to find cloudless blue skies overhead. Her toilette was soon accomplished, for she had only her daily black skirt, but her mother had washed and starched a plain white blouse for her, and she fastened it at the throat with a pale-blue bow, another band of blue ribbon went round her new white sailor hat, and innocent little Mary Ann felt quite fine as she drew on a pair of kid gloves which Philip Raymond had given her a little while ago.

Of course she arrived before him at the station; but he drove up in due time, and handed her a cluster of yellow roses to fasten in her dress.

Philip Raymond did not pause to consider what motive led him to affect the young waitress, neither had he ever confided to her that the trouble which rendered him occasionally so moody was a sweeping rejection of proposals he had made to Mr. Anstruther, of the *Westminster Athenaeum*, for the hand of his youngest daughter. His point of view was that it was pleasant to find some young human creature who believed in him, and who hung on his words, and her pretty hair and eyes and childish face had inspired him to burst forth into two or three felicitous little sonnets.

In appreciation of all this, and to bring a day's pleasure into a life which seemed to him singularly barren of brightness, he suggested the river excursion, which was so full of happiness for Mary Ann.

The girl never forgot that golden Sunday—the walk from Teddington Station to the water's edge, past the ivy-grown churchyard, and the tender garden of sleep; the hiring of a small boat, and then gliding smoothly over the gleaming water; through the lock, Fluffy valiantly repressing a desire to scream, as the water poured stormily in and the wee craft danced higher and higher, then out again through the slowly-opening gates, and gliding steadily onwards towards the broad reach that leads to Kingston.

"What makes you so quiet, Fluffy?" asked Philip, leaning forward to study the small face, that looked so happy and innocent.

"I don't feel quiet," she answered, gaily; "something inside me is dancing up and down with joy, but there is so much to look at that I haven't time to talk. Only see! real forget-me-nots growing by the bank. I never saw them before, except tied up in bunches for sale," she went on, wistfully.

"Your eyes are just the same colour," he said, plucking her a handful of the tiny flowers, and Fluffy flushed hotly at something admiring in his look as well as words.

All too soon, the ideal day drew to its close, lunch and tea had been enjoyed, the splendours of a river sunset unfolded to the bewildered gaze of the little cockney, and then it was time to return to London, to its grey streets and dull routine.

"I don't know how to thank you. I never had such a happy time in all my life," said Fluffy, gently, as the train bore them along.

"Then I am more than thanked," he made answer. They were alone in the compartment, and the next minute he bent his head and pressed his lips to the childish mouth, "and that is my reward." But the girl drew back, startled, and a frightened look crept in her blue eyes.

"Don't, don't," she cried, breathlessly.

"Why not?" he argued, his passion rising. "You know I am awfully fond of you, Fluffy, don't you? You're the dearest little girl I know." And then Fluffy yielded to his caresses, and asked herself rapturously how could anyone like Philip Raymond care for *her*!

All through the hot June night she tossed happily to and fro on her narrow bed, unable to answer this question, but thrilling with emotion. Philip's kisses seemed still to burn her lips and cheeks. She could not confess them to anyone, least of all to her mother. Fluffy knew nothing of the world, and her logic belonged to the most elementary form. Philip had kissed her and told her she was the dearest little girl in the world: *ergo*, he loved her, and they would some day belong to each other.

The next day Philip did not put in an appearance at the dépôt, and the hours flagged drearily for the girl.

"He will come to-morrow; something has kept him away," she told herself, whilst Philip was arguing that he had behaved rather foolishly on Sunday, and perhaps put unwise ideas in Fluffy's head, therefore he absented himself.

On the Tuesday he seemed just the same as usual, and yet Fluffy was conscious of a certain dull ache in the region of her heart, and felt as if she lacked something.

"I am getting very busy just now," he explained, "my new book of poems will be out in a few weeks, and I have to be very often at the publishers, so perhaps you won't see quite so much of me here for a little while."

"No," answered Fluffy softly, but she thought the rosy skies had suddenly become leaden, and she swallowed a great lump in her throat as she handed him his tea, with a matter of fact air.

From that day Philip was no longer a regular customer at the A. B. C., and Fluffy grew pale and heavy-eyed with looking for him from morn till evening.

The truth was Philip Raymond's clouds were lifting, and with the appearance of his book of poems, Mr. Anstruther gave him to understand that, perhaps, after all, he might aspire to the hand of Evelyn Anstruther.

But Fluffy knew nothing of all this, and with innocent confidence thought always of that delightful day on the river, and dreamt that he would become her regular customer again sooner or later.

Her pale cheeks grew very rosy one hot afternoon as he came in with an unmistakable look of elation on his face, and took his seat at his usual table. Fluffy waited on him quietly, then said, "You have stayed away a long time."

"Yes, I have been at the seaside, with friends, and now I've come to tell you a piece of news"; there was a look of embarrassment in his eyes, but his voice was very unmoved as he went on, "I'm engaged to be married, and that's what kept me away. Won't you wish me joy, Fluffy?"

For a second the girl's hand clutched at the marble-topped table, and Philip wondered whether she was going to make a scene, and chid himself for having been so idiotic as to amuse himself, even for a few hours, with an A. B. C. girl. But he need not have been afraid. Fluffy had the dignity which is an attribute of womanhood irrespective of class distinctions, and her voice was as calm as his own when she made answer, steadily, "I hope you will both be very happy indeed. Are you going to be married soon?"

"Yes, in August, and then we are going to travel on the Continent till next spring."

A few more words and Fluffy made her escape, for the first time in her life thankful that the needs of another customer drew her from his table.

It was a heavy day in August, with thunder in the air, when Philip Raymond led his bride to the altar, and a few drops of rain fell as the jubilant notes of the wedding march pealed forth. As the young couple passed under the scarlet and white awning that led from the church to the carriage awaiting them, there was a little movement in the crowd of sightseers, and a policeman jostled two women aside, and murmured authoritatively, "Give her air."

Philip glanced to the right of him, and saw a shabbily-dressed young girl, supported by the policeman; "it's only a faint," he heard the kindly official say, but a swift pang of self-reproach went up from his heart, for in that moment he recognised Fluffy, and noted the excessive pallor of her cheeks.

In the happiness of his union with Evelyn Anstruther, he had scarcely thought again of the pretty young waitress at the Aerated Bread Company's dépôt. Now in the hour of his triumph, the fainting girl reminded him very unpleasantly of the selfish part he had played towards her.

Then he banished such dour thoughts, and helped his queenly bride into the carriage, and as the door was shut after them by an obsequious linkman, the last chapter was finished in "Fluffy's Romance."



"TRILBY" seems likely to be as great a success on the English stage as it has been in America. Mr. Tree and his company, I believe, have made a great improvement since the night of the initial production in Manchester. Miss Dorothea Baird has had an excellent chance in creating the title-rôle, and she has more than lived up to her opportunities.

Here are three pictures of "Trilby" from different stand-points. First, there is the imaginary woman and the imaginary portrait by Mr. du Maurier himself. Then comes a real woman and an imaginary portrait in the person of Mrs. Langtry, who was offered the part in America. She never played it, but an artist fancied her in the rôle.



"TRILBY" ACCORDING TO MRS. LANGTRY.
An imaginary Portrait.

Then comes the real woman and the real portrait in the shape of Miss Baird. Many people will be interested to note these contrasts. In fact the novel is one of those few books affording a basis on which the theatrical and anti theatrical public may meet. Of course a great number of people who will read the book will never dream of seeing it on the stage. This was touched upon by a writer in *The Sketch* the other day, who spoke of the anti theatrical admirers of the book in this wise.

They will not fail to read the tale
Of saucy Mistress Trilby;
Yet A. won't dare to see her bare
The tootsies that will thrill B.
They will not see our Beerbohm Tree
Impersonate Svengali;
And when Miss Baird embraced the Laird
These folks would bid her Vale.

By the way, Messrs. Cartwright and Dana, the new managers of the Duke of York's Theatre, have fixed the scale of prices on the following basis:—Upper circle, 3s.

and 4s.; dress-circle, 5s. and 6s.; balcony stalls, 7s. 6d.; and orchestral stalls, as usual, 10s. 6d.; and pit, 2s.

Miss Gertrude Kingston, who takes the chief lady's part in "Her Advocate," at the Duke of York's Theatre, has been on the stage only seven years. She was trained by Miss Sarah Thorne, and made her first London appearance in "Partners" at the Haymarket in 1888. Within the last few years she has made marked progress in her art. She was exceedingly good in "Marriage" at the Court Theatre, and she quite eclipsed herself in "The Passport."

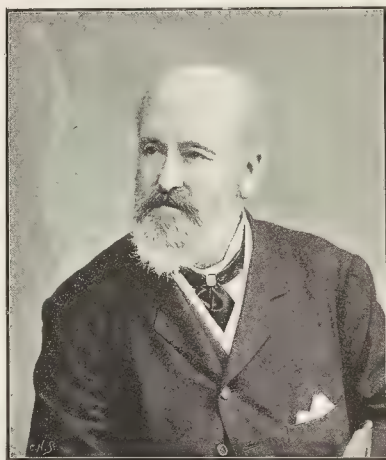


MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON,
Now appearing in "Her Advocate" at the
Duke of York's Theatre.
Photo by Hills & Saunders.

Sir Henry Irving's arms are described as a shield in sable, of which four swans are *argent*; in the centre is a wreath of laurels *or*, and a like wreath surrounds the helmet.

If Mr. Hedmond is properly supported, English opera-goers will have the opportunity of seeing some masterpieces at present unfamiliar to them. "The Walküre" will be presented for the first time in English, with Miss Lilian Tree as "Brunnhilde." On the fiftieth anniversary of the production of "Tannhauser" (October 19th), Wagner's magnificent opera will be given.

A familiar first-nighter has disappeared in the person of Mr. Cecil Howard. He went through the Crimea as a subaltern, and after a varied career took to Journalism. It



THE LATE MR. CECIL HOWARD.

is with *The Thea're* that his name is most closely connected. He edited "Dramatic Notes" and E. L. Blanchard's life,

was well versed in the history of the modern stage, and was well-known as a popular lecturer on the subject. Mr. Howard was just fifty-nine.



"TRILBY" ACCORDING TO MR. DU MAURIER.

Reproduced by the kind permission of Messrs. Osgood, McIlwaine & Co.

Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss have sailed for America after having produced "The Lady Wranglers," of which they are the authors, at the Gaiety Theatre. Miss Terriss will play her original part of Thora in "His Excellency," and then rejoin her husband to appear in "The Shop Girl" for four weeks, and will return to London at Christmas. Miss Mabel Love has also gone to New York, where she will introduce two new dances into "His Excellency." She will be able to appear only a few weeks, as she is booked for the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

The poster is played out in the provinces. The day when the poor country-goer was lured to a theatre by the magnificent pictures of "London Successes" displayed to full advantage on the boardings, has gone by. I am told that in some of the big manufacturing towns in the Midlands, the wary work-folk have devised a very curious plan of self-protection. They subscribe so much in every workroom in order to pay for the admission of some representatives who go to the theatre on the night on which a new piece is produced. If the deputation is not satisfied, and presents a bad report to its constituents, the theatre manager may abandon all hope of doing any business that week. He is practically paying for having gulled the public in the past.

And Mr. Sims Reeves has been distinguishing himself, for although he is past the three-score years and ten, he has lately married again. I wonder if this is the reason why the veteran is singing so well at present. He has been appearing at the Promenade Concerts, and I have not heard him to greater advantage for many years.

There is another side to the story of the ex-actor. I notice that the *City Press* has referred at length to the fact that Miss Lennox Grey, who was once a bright particular operatic star, and another actress, Miss Ag Morgan, are in the Strand Union Workhouse at Edmonton. These cases coming after the news of Miss Norreys, will remind many people of the extraordinary precariousness of the player's life, brilliantly touched upon by Mr. Henley in a ballad with a refrain, "Into the night go one and all."



"TRILBY" ACCORDING TO MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD.

Photo by A. Ellis.



THE EAST TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

THAT indefatigable Aristotelian, my friend Harris, strolled into my room just as I was beginning to meditate a theme for the present epistle. It was plain he had something on his mind, for he looked distraught and overburdened. Hastily, therefore, I mingled for him the companion fluids which he finds entirely compatible with the divinest philosophy (he has told me that this particular synthesis helps him beyond everything in his work on the *Analytics*), and lighting my pipe, I awaited his discourse in silence. When he had tasted my hospitality, his brow cleared a little. By way of prelude, he pronounced the mixture good, and then gave forth his first dictum—

"A'Dreams," he said, "it is a bad thing to disappoint the public."

"Undeniably," I replied, "it is a thing I have always avoided."

"I also," returned Harris pompously, "have eschewed it."

"But your play," I cried, "you forget your play?"

Harris once wrote a play—a perfect thing of its kind, full of subtle philosophic meanings and literary feeling. It ran just one night. I thought it quite a long run. I sat it out.

"My dear man"—he spoke with conviction—"you view that affair wrong end on. I did not disappoint the public. The public disappointed me; a totally different matter. And yet," he sighed, "'tis said the gods are just!"

"But that," he went on, "ignoring the rest of the quotation, 'wasn't what I meant to speak about at all. You, my friend, are in danger of doing the very thing you would avoid.'"

"I?"

"Yes, you. When are you going to write that other Windsor article you promised your readers some time ago? Pardon me if I take too great a liberty in thus jogging your memory; but really, I think it's time you set about it, if the continuity of your argument is to be sustained. You remember how you wanted to emphasise your small point about the size of the Castle, and spoke about giving the effect of rapid approach—we noted it that afternoon we were there—by a series of pictures from closer and ever closer points of view, 'until' (do I quote you rightly?) 'the apparently tiny accessory fills up all the view.' I thought you were writing your promised article about the time the ministers, old and new, were at Windsor, resigning and receiving seats; for you made some zoological jokes to me on the subject, that are, unfortunately, too stale now for publication, if, indeed, they ever merited it!"

With this shaft, he completed his refreshment, and retired abruptly to his great edition. I was really obliged to Harris for his reminder, although his remarks were a little severe. The zoological jokes I deny. He must have seen them in the evening papers, where they flourished exceedingly. The only jest about the Government at Windsor, that lies on my

conscience, was a very harmless one; indeed, no jest at all, but a mere transition of thought to the wonderful buhl cabinets in the grand corridor of the Castle, concerning which I may not discourse; for artistic furniture is not my province, and I love not a poacher. Neither, by-the-bye, did he who first held Windsor with a strong hand, William the Norman himself.

Once before we noticed the typically feudal appearance of Windsor, despite the palatial splendour of the buildings of the upper ward. But one great characteristic of the feudal castle has long been disguised under a fair mask, to the deep regret of many mediæval enthusiasts, notably of the Marquis of Lorne. There is a pardonable feeling of resentment against George IV., and his architect Wyatt, for having caused the moat to disappear in favour of smooth green-sward, that "marks," so mourns the Lord of Lorne, "the grave of the appearance that stamped Windsor as a fortress."

At one point only is the conversion (or perversion) of the old dry moat allowed to possess the merit of a genuine "improvement" (dubious word!), and that is where the East Terrace raises aloft its crown of towers—the Victoria Tower, the Clarence, the Chester and the Prince of Wales Tower, as they are named, following them from left to right. Here, then, the present aspect of the quondam moat, formal garden though it be, finds favour with the critics, and more than likely that kindly attitude is shared by the folk of Windsor Town, to whom, on Sunday afternoons, this part of the castle is thrown open as a public "pleasaunce."

On the East Terrace is the white and gold dining-room, where the more important dinners—more important, at least, in point of numbers—are given. It is in this apartment that guests are entertained to supper at the close of those dramatic entertainments wherein Queen Victoria still keeps alive the traditions of Queen Bess, though nowadays Her Majesty does not exactly send the playwright a commission to execute on the spot. Master William Shakespeare—happy penman—had his commission and took such ease as he might at his inn in Windsor, until the play was finished, the composition occupying but a fortnight.

Speed, however, is still a requisite in the case of a Royal Command, if not in writing a piece, at least in mounting it. In this latter respect Sir Augustus Harris may fairly claim to have broken the Shakespearian record by his rapid preparation of a wardrobe and scenery for a Windsor visit. In Queen Elizabeth's day, all these requisites were stock "props" of the Castle. Then, as now, the Queen maintained her own orchestra, which, we read, consisted of trumpeters, luterers, harpers, rebecks, vials (*sic*), sagbutts, domeflads, flutes, and to these we must add, in verity, bagpipes!

But it is time, you say, that this prolonged rambling around and about Windsor had an end; for a place so rich in association reduces one simply to despair of ever knowing thoroughly about it. "To desire the impossible," said the Greeks, "it is soul sickness." Therefore, dismiss the conscientious frame of the "intelligent" tourist; go reverently, think and dream, reading in your history as inclination serves but to re-create in imagination; for without imagination, be the place never so sacred, never so rich in story, we do but vainly ask the question—"Can these dry bones live?"

JOHN A' DREAMS.



WINDSOR CASTLE—THE EAST TERRACE.
PHOTO BY YORK & SONS, LANCASTER ROAD, W.

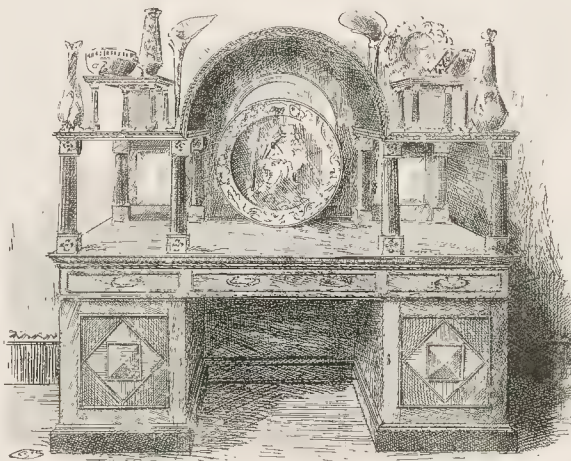


BEFORE my wedding-day a dear old friend of mine—or of my mother's—came to me, and, with an air of profound importance, said: "My dear, since I'm almost old enough to be your mother"—"almost" and "mother" should have been "quite" and "grandmother"—"I'll give you one piece of advice concerning your future life—mind that you have good locks, real difficult locks, on your sideboard." I am afraid I have not followed the advice successfully; but I tried. For a wedding gift—my advising friend confined herself to advice—I had *inter alia* a splendid French buffet of carved oak, supposed, perhaps accurately, to be of François I. period, and the lock, like all French locks, was a jest. Consequently I had something solid and English in the way of bolts and bars added; but— if human beings were as clever at winning gold as at winning whiskey, the famous precious metal would, by now, be cheap as chestnuts. I discovered that the whiskey evaporated, although the nearest thing we own to a cat is a couple of cannibalistic canaries, who could teach any grandmother to suck eggs, and beat her at the game by producing the eggs. The truth came out, and the whiskey also, and by the fact that above the cupboard there were drawers, and when you took out the drawers you could reach down and take out the liqueurs, wines, and spirits.

I am not sure that it is quite wise to be precise about locks. A friend of mine had Yale locks—and believed that they were made by students of the American University. They were set in a sideboard. Burglars came, the keyholes showed scratches of efforts with skeleton keys; the visitors, disgusted at the failure, however, had smashed in some beautiful old German panels, and so got home; now but for the difficulty of the lock, damage had been less. It is a pity that the Kyrle Society does not cultivate art instincts in the burglar, who is shamefully neglected by society. He might be trained to respect

artistic masterpieces of an unportable character—nowadays he mutilates them. I remember a case in point. One of my acquaintances—she deemed herself on kissing terms; really women are too demonstrative with one another—was "burgled," and the invaders ruined her lovely wall papers by smearing her jams over them; there may have been poetical justice in the act, for her jams were very nasty. Worse trouble came of it; her husband, it appears, met with the burglar, who was bearing a sack of silver with hands doubtless stained by the jam, and instead of assaulting him, let him go by in peace, ere running to find the undiscoverable policeman. The lady called her husband a cowardly wretch and left him, despite his absurdly

logical remark that the silver was only worth £200, whilst his head, which a tap from the burglar's "jemmy" might have ruined, was worth £2,000 a year. Personally, since I am insured in the Security Company, St. James's Street, I have become far less anxious regarding the safety of the plate chest, for I find that at a trifling cost the company takes over all risks—in fact, it has already reimbursed me for the loss caused some time ago by the unwelcome midnight visit of burglars, who appropriated articles of much value, not only in their eyes



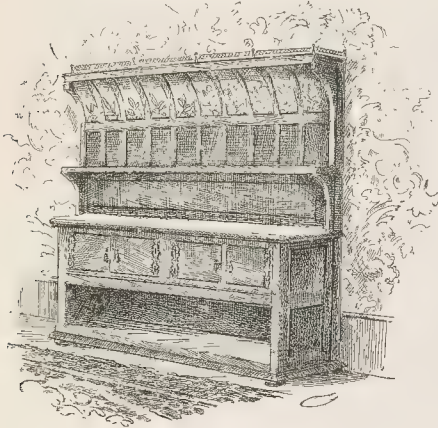
AN OAK SIDEBOARD.

but also in mine, though for different reasons.

I fear that I may have wandered from the sideboard, which, indeed, deserves strict relevance, since it is a most important part of the home.

A sideboard always fascinates me by its promise of crystallised fruit and liqueurs. Yet its art import is more serious, for of all the pieces of furniture, it is most significant. Is it a massive thing in mahogany, with clumsy scrolls and superfluous wooden blobs? Then you are an utter, perhaps, irredeemable Philistine of the 1840 variety. Is it a complex Gothic structure, of base wood, over-covered with sticky polish, ornamented in oak that has taken ugly form by imposition of Belgian irons? Then

you are of the guileless, with crude cravings for art, who may be led to believe the Gospel of Labour, and perhaps abhor the colossal crimping machine that tortures into



ANOTHER SIDEBOARD.

hideous shape the wood of which British ships, at their worst, never were made.

Although the word "sideboard" is so often used as a translation of *buffet*, it is scarcely correct, for *buffet* is really the name of a piece of foreign furniture of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, whilst the English sideboard was not introduced till the reign of William III., when architects gave up building symmetrical doors in a room. The false doors that correspond with the one used for exit are still often found in old houses—and enabled the good housewife of long ago to have large cupboards for the storage of glass and crockery, wines and spices, and it was not till these extra cupboards disappeared that "side tables" came in, with independent pedestal cupboards on either side—one for hot plates and the other for wine. By-the-bye, the "cellarets" that were then used as wine coolers, usually oval tubs of mahogany with bands of brass, make charming *Jardinières*, and plants will grow in them if holes are drilled in the removable tin that should be placed in these tubs—the tins are made to order by any ordinary ironmonger at a very trifling cost.

Sketched here is a rather unusual piece of furniture shaped out of two harpsichords, also a sideboard adapted from an old French *dressoir*, possibly the most popular piece of furniture of the fifteenth century. Curiously enough, one could then judge of the rank of one's host by the number of shelves fixed to the *dressoir*, for etiquette ordained that the higher the rank, the greater should be the number of shelves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Of course I pity "DELIA" for her disappointment at finding the shooting box, that she has taken for three months, so hopelessly ugly. Still with a little expense of time and money it is possible to improve the rooms. The paper in the sitting-room, which must be a terror, could be hidden by cretonne or Indian muslin. Lathes of wood or strips of cane should be cut to the length and width of the room, and then slipped through the deep hem that "DELIA" should make at the top and bottom of the cretonne after the widths have been joined together.

Then she should place the ends and centre of the lathes on large square dresser hooks that must be nailed close to the ceiling and also near the floor. The material should be used liberally—"frilled on" would be the barbarous phrase of a sempstress—as the effect will be prettier than if it was drawn tight. Frilled curtains of muslin—yellow would look best—a table cover of hand-printed Persian cotton, and a few soft cushions covered in material that will stand the wear and tear of garden life, will do much to tone down the original appearance of the "best parlour." Of course "DELIA" will bring some of her own things in the shape of photos and ornaments. For the lawn, if the weather still holds out, I should recommend a delightful tea-table, surmounted by a giant umbrella, that I saw at Peter Robinson's, who have plenty of good garden furniture. There also can be found lounges for the lazy with movable hoods, to keep off sun and wind, hammocks, ingenious stands for use in the garden, on which hats and coats can be hung instead of flung on the grass, there to receive the "gentle dew" that is not blessed when it develops rheumatism. By-the-bye and à propos of rheumatism, I should like to recommend "DELIA" not to forget a bottle of Elliman's Embrocation—but I am rather puzzled as to the relevancy of embrocations to "Artistic Homes." However, if it is not ornamental it is so distinctly useful, that it can be added to the list of things necessary to make the home comfortable; whilst in a shooting box when lumbago is possible, sciatica conceivable, and rheumatism ever in the air, such a remedy is a necessity. "DELIA" will find it most useful if she strains herself by overwalking.

"MARIE" can get a travelling tea-basket, like that which she describes, at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's of Oxford Street. They are charmingly arranged, very compact and light, and of course in travelling on the Continent are delightful to use every day for afternoon tea at the hotel. By-the-bye I can give her a useful hint. Tea can be bought in France but the cost is high and the quality in inverse proportion. Import duties will cause her trouble at the custom-house if she tries to take much with her. Let her when she is abroad get some friends in England to go to a grocer or tea-dealer and ask him to put, say, the United Kingdom's Tea Company's tea in quarter-pound packets with a label showing the name of the grocer or tea-dealer; then add the "open Sesame" term *échantillon sans valeur*. A trifling stamp will then carry the packet into the realm of France unopened and unquestioned. What I have said of tea will apply *mutatis mutandis* to tobacco, and "MARIE" if she has husband, brother, or "guvnor," can prevent him from losing his temper in efforts to keep burning the cigar or Régie cigarette whose flavour disgusts him. As to the ethical aspect of this advice I am doubtful, of its worldly wisdom I am certain.

Really Mrs. "HOUSEWIFE" your question is scarcely related, even distantly, to those I am privileged to answer in this column. However, as I happen to know how woollen socks are washed to prevent



"HARPSICHOORD" SIDEBOARD.

shrinkage, I will not risk being thought undomesticated. They should be placed in a lather of warm water, to which a small quantity of Scrubb's cloudy ammonia has been added, then carefully rinsed, and should always be dried on the lasts that are used for boots.

GRACE.

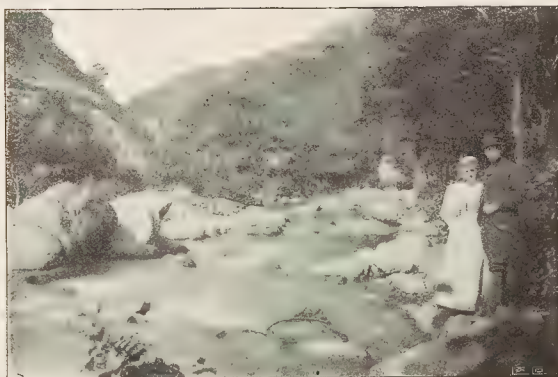


A GLIMPSE OF LYNMOUTH AND LYNTON.

WHO that has made a holiday in the Lorna Doone country, fails to recall with pleasure the charming scenes in that most picturesque district? One can get a bird's-eye view of Lynton and Lynmouth from the Torrs, which the Minehead coach passes just as it reaches the rock-girt little watering-place.

Four large buildings command a fine view from the hill, being the principal hotels in Lynton. The castellated mansion, on the hill to the right, is Sir George Newnes' new residence. At the bottom of the hills you get a glimpse of the quaint old cottages, leading down to the jetty. It will give some idea of the value of property in this neighbourhood, in spite of the distance—eighteen miles—from a railway, when we mention that £50,000 was some little time ago offered for twelve acres of land in the centre of the town. There are some pleasant sites near the Torrs (commanding the view here given and also one of the Lyn valley) which can be got at reasonable rates on long leases. A good twelve or fourteen-roomed house in this part can be built to cost the owner about £75 a year, including ground-rent. With the railway an accomplished fact, the offer will not be open long.

Visitors to the neighbourhood will have no difficulty in recognising the Castle Rock, as seen from the last



A VIEW ON THE EAST LYN.

bend in the North Walk. It overlooks the famous Valley of Rocks, of which it is the most conspicuous feature, and beyond it are Duty Point and Heddon's Mouth, with the lovely Woodabay between them.

To descend from Lynton to Lynmouth by the cliff railway, which is about 900 feet long, takes but the space of two minutes, and is perfectly safe so long as the most elementary



LYNMOUTH—THE CLIFF RAILWAY.

care is taken. The visitor then strolls into the valley of the East Lyn. A glimpse of this most romantic of glens is given here, but the views change at every bend.

The tourist often first approaches Ilfracombe after seeing Lynton and Lynmouth, crossing over by one of the pleasure steamers or covering the twenty intervening miles of road by coach. The contrast between the quietude and sylvan beauties of Lynmouth and the bustle and stir of rocky Ilfracombe in the season, with its broader and smoother paths, its handsome hotels and boarding-houses, in some of which there are sounds of terpsichorean revelries at night, is very great.

The atmosphere of Lynton and Lynmouth is redolent of a calm restfulness which is to many the essence of real holiday.

Assuredly no one district, even in delightful North Devon, yields to these twin villages in charm and picturesque of surroundings. Well might Charles Kingsley exclaim, "Unpainted Lynmouth!"



CLOVELLY—THE HARBOUR.
PHOTO BY F. FRITH & CO., REIGATE.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



I AM not well, and I am feeling distinctly peevish, while I am myself only well-dressed in the very barest sense of the word, that is to say, in a pink, lawn night gown, edged with frills of real Valenciennes. I have an unpleasant doctor who visits me every day, to assure me that I am getting much better than he could have possibly expected in the time; but, all the same, I detest rheumatism, and the fact that I have not rheumatic fever fails to carry to my mind that intense comfort which my friends evidently expect that it should. My friends, yes; they are my only comfort, really. They do come in their best autumn clothes, and tell me what to wear and how to wear it. Only just now have I had a visitor wearing the latest thing in millinery, made of dark green felt trimmed with masses of cocks' feathers in the front and at the sides, and a cluster of pink roses at the back. I was glad to see that hat. I verily believe that it heralds my speedy recovery to health and strength. Another hat which has been paying me a visit, was of black velvet, with masses of black feathers, whose funereal suggestiveness was merely relieved by a monster Rhinestone buckle; and yet another hat—and I hear from Paris that this is one of the idols of our autumn days—was made of black silk, drawn and gathered upon wires, in the same fashion as they used to make our babies' bonnets in the good old days, and this was lined underneath with drawn satin, in pale blue, trimmed again with the inevitable ostrich feathers. Personally, I have not the slightest affection for these manufactured hats. I like felt, or beaver, or straw; but since the authorities have

ordained that they shall exist, I suppose I must welcome them, chronicle their existence, and at least say, "How do you do?" to them, politely, when I meet them in my sick room.

My sick room looks delightful with masses of pink roses on a white table at my bedside, and a large bunch of dahlias of every shade of red—from the deepest maroon to the palest of rose-pink—which is standing in a pale blue jar on the mantel-piece. Flowers are comforts, but so are frocks, and I want to get into one of these and out of this pale pink night-gown, delightfully becoming as I am convinced it is. The new autumn dresses are all awaiting my inspection. Some of these are made of darkly-hued plaid stuffs, others are of plain rough chevots, and others again exploit the incomparable charms of face cloth. If you buy face cloth of a really fine quality, you cannot do wrong. It hangs with distinction, you can get it in whatever colour may best suit your complexion, and it lends itself happily to almost any method of making up. There is a new fabric making its appearance in the market, which should have waited to do this until I was there to welcome it. But you cannot expect sentiment out of stuff, it is difficult enough to get it out of persons. I am not quite certain that when I have got it in the individual I am specially grateful. However, this is merely by the way. The question at the moment is the new stuff, which is a printed plush of a fine silky surface, shewing designs of an Indian



THE GREEN CLOTH PELISSE.

pine pattern more or less conventional and of brilliant colouring. This may be used to make the blouse, or to form the under-bodice with a bib-shaped cloth piece

slit up, which is to be one of the most popular styles of making the bodice of our autumn gowns. Another popular style you may observe on that costume sketched here, which is entirely made of velvet in the form of a



THAT VELVET GOWN.

pelisse, with a plain petticoat in the front, a trimming of sable tails, and jet and gold *passementerie*. Another walking costume is made with the cape in front, embroidered in light coloured silks and edged with ostrich feather trimming; four fanciful buttons adorn the cape, and the dress itself is of fanciful cloth, while the bodice is becomingly draped under the arms on to the bust. Another pelisse is shown opposite, and a very becoming one this would be, I think, made in green cloth with the coat edged with Persian lamb, the sleeves of striped velvet, and the buttons of silver.

Braid and fur in combination or separately will play their parts on many new dresses. Silk braid looks well, so that it be of a fine quality, used as an edging to black velvet. Black velvet dresses merit serious consideration at our hands, for they lend themselves to the picturesque, and to the Louis XVI. style which rumour continues to tell us is to be in high favour this year. Personally I am not

particularly attached to this style; I prefer a plain skirt infinitely to one which opens to show a petticoat, and I regard with anything but affection the bodice which sets into a long point in the front and is quite short on the hips. However, the Louis XVI. coats with elaborate buttons and embroidered waistcoats deserve nothing but praise, especially when they are used for tea-jackets or for high evening gowns. For ordinary walking wear it is hard to beat the tailor-made cloth gown, especially under its newest aspect, with its innumerable strappings, its infinitesimal buttons, its narrow edging of fur, and last, though certainly not least in the list of its attractions, its light cloth or white satin waistcoat and cravat. Have I, or have I not expiated on the joys of the new cravat which passes round the neck to tie in the front? I know I have talked about it once or twice, and, like the snark of history, what I tell you three times must be true. The stock is upon us. I wish it were upon me, and I were out again, instead of lying here aching. I



A WALKING DRESS.

cannot understand anybody bearing pain patiently, it is such a reckless waste of sympathy; and yet there are folks who boast of such conduct as if it were heroic.

PAULINA PRY,



"A PASSING CLOUD."
PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



THE ALBUM SUPPLEMENT.
American Ladies in English Society.



THE HON. MRS. G. N. CURZON,
NÉE MISS LEITER. PHOTO BY ALICE
HUGHES, 52, GOWER ST., W.



LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND,
NÉE MISS CHAMBERLAIN.
FROM A PORTRAIT BY EDWIN
HUGHES.



LADY ARTHUR BUTLER,
NÉE MISS STAGER. (*Copy
right.*) PHOTO BY R. FAULKNER,
LIVER ST., W.



LILIAN, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
(LADY W. BERESFORD), NÉE MISS
PRICE. PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.



LADY HARCOURT,
NÉE MISS MOTLEY.
PHOTO BY BYRNE &
Co, RICHMOND.



LADY GREY-EGERTON,
NÉE MISS CUYLER.
PHOTO BY BASSANO.



AMY, LADY COLERIDGE,
NÉE MISS LAWFORD.
PHOTO BY BASSANO.



LADY TERENCE BLACKWOOD,
NÉE MISS DAVIS. PHOTO BY J.
THOMSON, GROSVENOR ST., W.

The Album

A Journal of Photographs of Men, Women, and Events of the Day.

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SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS,
THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE FORCES IN IRELAND.
PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS.



WHAT nerves of steel Mr. Arthur Balfour must possess! To most golfers the idea of anybody watching them while playing is frightening in the extreme, and calculated to produce a very bad round. But Mr. Balfour is followed over the links by scores of admiring ladies, and yet he generally plays a good game. His temper, like the temper of W. Baddeley at lawn tennis, is angelic, and when he makes a bad stroke he is never known to mutter anything fiercer than "Ah!" Judging by the published accounts of Mr. Balfour's play at St. Andrews, a non-golfer would infer that he played quite a second-class game. This is far from being the case. The leader of the House of Commons could give points to one out of every three of the red-coated, swaggering golfers one meets in the suburbs of London on a fine Saturday. Mr. Asquith progresses but slowly as a golfer. It is whispered that Mrs. Asquith has learnt the game, and that swing which is the essence of the game, much faster than her husband.

The Dundee collector who has just made a find of letters, including one from Sir Walter Scott, and another from Lord Tennyson, is very happy. Tennyson's letter, addressed to Professor Wilson (Christopher North) is dated from Somersby, Spilsby, Lincolnshire, in the April of 1834. Professor Wilson had criticised Tennyson, who was then twenty-five years of age, in terms which brought him a defender called Lake. Tennyson, instead of writing to thank Lake, wrote to Christopher North, repudiating Lake's defence of him. The letter will appear in Lord Tennyson's forthcoming biography.

It is interesting to remind oneself of the terms in which the new work of the new poet was estimated by the Professor. "I have good hopes of Alfred Tennyson; but the cockneys are doing what they may to spoil him, and, if he suffers them to put their bird-lime on his feet, he will stick all the days of his life on hedgerows or leap fluttering about the bushes."

That is a passage from the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. But the notice in *Blackwood* in 1832 was, no doubt, from the same hand. "One of the saddest misfortunes," it said, "that can befall a young poet is to be the Pet of a Coterie, and the

very saddest of all if in cockneydom. Such has been the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson. The besetting sin of all periodical criticism"—(and let the Philistine of to-day see how stale a thing he has been proclaiming)—"is boundless extravagance of praise; but none splash it on like the trowel-men who have been bedaubing Mr. Tennyson. There is something wrong, however, with the compost. It won't stick; unseemly cracks deform the surface; and the worshippers have but discoloured and disfigured their idol." The worst of it is that they make the Bepattered not only feel, but look, ridiculous." It is an old story, but it ought to be amusing reading, at any rate for Mr. Le Gallienne.

A pretty wedding took place at Christ Church, Chelsea, when Miss Rose Christine Edisbury, third daughter of Mr. J. F. Edisbury, of Bersham Hall, Denbighshire, became the wife of Mr. T. P. Jones-Parry, of Kilhendre, Gresford, eldest son of Mr. Jones-Parry, of Llwynbun Hall and Durham Place, Chelsea. After the service a smart gathering of friends assembled at 7, Durham Place, and later in the day the bride and bridegroom left for Radnorshire. The many wedding presents included several from the Welsh tenants on the estates of the two families thus united.



MRS. T. P. JONES-PARRY, *née* MISS EDISBURY.

It will, I suppose, be taken as a sign that people have begun trickling back to town when I mention that Battersea is once more revisited by cycling fair, all palpably more expert, too, after prolonged country lawn or lane practice, than at the season's end. Smart women have, moreover, adopted the notion of bringing their grooms, ostensibly in case of accident, though how Jeames could possibly disassociate himself from the whirling wheel in time to save his fallen fair employer from a fix, only the irreproachable Jeames could tell. A costume war has raged

in the Shires anent the possibility *versus* the impracticability of divided skirts; many being for unfettered liberty in the matter of pantaloons, while the rest held decided views as to the demoralizing influence of an undraped exterior, even before the servants who as a rule are not considered to count. A third section without well expressed opinions have run with the hare and hunted with the hounds in this matter of moment, and one of my chiefest diversions during a recent visit in Shropshire was to go out with one daring, yet timorous, family, who trundled along boldly enough in trousers until within half a mile of the nearest village, when for fear of shocking the natives they would cautiously pull up, detach a blue serge bundle from the back of the bike, and with many a glance round for approaching dog-carts, bustle on the despised skirt as a sop to local prejudice, and so past the staring yokels of the hamlet who found quite enough to exercise their limpid

intellects in these new-fangled notions of the gentfolk without adding an extra confusion as to their sartorial sanity.

No, there is another Consuelo among English Duchesses. Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt is not to be unique in that name and that rank. The writer who says so must have forgotten the late Duke of Manchester's marriage with another American, and also another Consuelo. Where Miss Vanderbilt, with her Dutch ancestry, got the name from is a puzzle. The Duchess of Manchester had it from some relatives in Cuba, who had it from Spain, where one girl is called Consuelo, and her sister Dolores—both in conjunction with the inevitable Mary—as a matter of course. Strange to say it is the Dolores who generally turns out to be gay and prosperous; while her sister is the one who needs to receive, rather than give, consolation.

I was sorry to hear of the death, on October 7th, of that venerable and courtly old gentleman, Admiral the Hon. Sir James Robert Drummond, G.C.B., who for the last dozen years has been Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. The



THE LATE SIR JAMES R. DRUMMOND.
Sketched by Mr. Walter Wilson.

duties of this office were not exactly onerous, consisting, for the most part, in the stately delivery of messages to the House of Commons, with all the ancient ceremony of three knocks on the door, which has long been associated with it. Sir James Drummond was a fine specimen of the bluff naval veteran. He served at Sebastopol and in other parts of the world; he was Commander of the Mediterranean Squadron from 1874 to 1877. The illness which terminated his honourable career was very severe, but his health had been in a precarious condition for some time.

One of the race of curates, Mr. Anthony C. Deane, has found a better way of spending his leisure hours than some of his fiery brethren. For some time past his name has appeared as the author of short stories in weekly and monthly periodicals. He has also fought his way into *Punch*. Now he has taken a higher flight, and appears in the current number of *The Nineteenth Century* as the author of a paper called "The Religion of the Undergraduate." Mr. Deane might next consider the possibilities of a paper on "The Religion of the Curate."

Sir Herbert Harley Murray, K.C.B., the new Governor of Newfoundland, has already had some connection with that colony, having been sent there as commissioner by the Marquis of Ripon to relieve the distress with a Government gift of £25,000. Sir Herbert is the son of the late Dr. Murray, Bishop of Rochester, and is a great-grandson of the third Duke of Atholl. He is now sixty-five years of age, having last year retired from the Civil Service, after acting as Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Customs from 1887 to 1890, when he became Chairman. He was knighted on his retirement.



SIR HERBERT H. MURRAY.
*The New Governor of Newfoundland.
 Photo by Russell.*

His long experience of financial matters will doubtless be to the advantage of the colony, to which he goes amidst many good wishes and congratulations.

St. George's, Hanover Square, put on quite a festive season air of flowers, foliage, and favours on the occasion of Lord Castlemaine's marriage to Miss Barrington. Three clergymen presided over a full choral service, and a very sufficient muster of friends gave the function its air of orthodox rejoicing. I like either a well-filled church or the alternative of no guests, not even the immemorial pew-opener. Rows of half-empty seats give such an uncomfortable air of forlornness.

For its new Steward, the Jockey Club has obtained in Lord Downe a thorough all-round sportsman who is known in the Pytchley

country as a particularly daring rider to hounds. Lord Downe was born in 1844 and educated at Eton and Oxford. He came into the title when but thirteen years old, and eight years later joined the Second Life Guards. He saw a good deal of active service in Zululand, and commanded the 10th Hussars from 1887 to 1892, being now A. D. C. to the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Downe married Lady Cecilia Molyneux, daughter of the Earl of Sefton, and has a son and heir a lieutenant in the 10th Hussars.



VISCOUNT DOWNE.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

At Bagshot, preparations are being made for the first meet of the Royal Buckhounds, an event always looked forward to with avidity at neighbouring country houses, as the set-off of many similar smart meetings. Seventy stag-hounds in full cry after one more or less poor domesticated animal, seems sport cruel enough for the middle ages, and it is well understood that the Princess of Wales and Duchess of York will never countenance the custom, which both Royal ladies have repeatedly spoken of as barbarous. This notwithstanding, however, the Queen's Buckhounds make many a "Roman holiday" for all concerned, except the poor half tame stag, and I have known people hurry home from half way across the Continent, to be in time for "the first day out in Surrey."

Never was there such a season for blackberries as this! The hedgerows are positively weighed down by their embarrassment of rich, ripe fruit, and the woods echo at every step to the merry voices of children gloating over present joy and future jam. Nor can the most fastidious disdain that excellent old-fashioned dish of which it is said Her Majesty is specially fond—blackberry and apple tart; the actual recipe used in the Royal kitchen being as follows:—Use equal quantities of apple and blackberries, peel the former, cut in slices, arranged in tart dish with sliced quince (previously stewed with sugar) in the middle, add sufficient sugar to sweeten the fruit, and grate a little lemon on the top. Cover with puff paste when baked, sprinkle sugar, and glaze with a salamander. Prepared in this way, blackberry and apple tart makes an excellent October luncheon sweet.

A very pretty ceremonial, I always think, is that of baptising or floating a ship, and when the new monarch of the ocean happens to be H.M.S., the function is all the more imposing and present. Miss Wells performed the unmooring of the *Minerva* at Chatham on Monday before a large party of friends, who had been invited by her father, Vice-Admiral Wells, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, to witness the release of the big ship from the Dockyard. A bottle of wine was broken in time-honoured custom against her bows, and following the ceremonial a very pleasant luncheon-party was given by Admiral Wells, at which most of the local personages were present.

Our most potent and much patronised signors who manage our theatres, and make many fortunes thereof, would do well to imitate the excellent example of a certain lessee in Vienna, who, having renovated on a superb scale the Carl Theatre, famous for Italian opera, and in which it is said every great singer has at one time or another performed, also caters for his public by providing artistic programmes, pearl-handled opera-glasses, and telephonic connection with the "Burgtheater," or present opera house free of charge to all parts of the house. The latter innovation will be particularly acceptable to those who wish to fill the twenty minutes' interval between each act with sustenance more ethereal than sandwiches or sherry. Pearl-handled opera-glasses, even unto the 1 mark seats, may somewhat savour of over-petting some sections of the public. But the theatre's name is so very legibly and largely inscribed, that I was informed, when advancing a certain wary wager, that misappropriation has no terrors for the management.

To me, and no doubt to a thousand others of his early admirers, there is something inexpressibly pathetic in the short line of official announcement which promised that Mr. Sims Reeves would lift his voice three nights weekly to woo an Empire crowd. Not that impeccable and irreproachable (perforce) Leicester Square audiences should be unworthy the lyrical treat in question, far from it. Still there was a time when Sims Reeves sang to his own generation, and the world paid homage to its heaven-born tenor—a time when Emperors decorated, and fair dames vied for the honour of his company at dinner, and great audiences were swayed to tears by the telling sweetness of a divinely melting voice. It is the remembrance of such half-a-century old triumphs as these that moves me to conclude that those whom the gods once loved live sometimes too long.

The effects of fashion, however little considered by those who lead it, are very far-reaching, and not infrequently fatal to certain natural growths. Here is the poor alligator, for instance, practically at his last gasp, numerically speaking, and all because of our insanely extravagant affection for crocodile skin dressing-bags, and other varieties with a similar exterior. The nimble lizard perceptibly advances to extinction because of being unreasonably called upon to cover all our purses and pocket-books with his grey hide, which looks so well in these unaccustomed situations. Of the poor osprey, whose beautiful "top-knot" is ruthlessly plucked for the adornment of our millinery, one tries not to think; and now, worst of all, there is to be a famine in sables this winter because, for one thing, our "necklets" of the past two winters have decimated the forests; and, for another, that our American cousins have bought up nearly all skins left in the market, so far, and no more are to be had except at enormously-increased prices.

With the melancholy advent of sad autumn winds and dark evenings the burglar season has opened with a great show of activity, and one scarcely opens a newspaper now without coming across several instances of the extreme enthusiasm which these knights of the "jemmy" infuse into their vocation. Whether householders availing themselves of the indemnifying insurance have lately grown careless of their heirlooms, who can tell? But the modern Duval has incontestably grown bolder, and the exquisite assurance with which one party of suburban freebooters having relieved a house of all available valuables, left a note thanking the absent inmates for an agreeable supper besides, scarcely obtains a parallel in any Queen Anne traditions of the road. The moral of it all is that people should really look to their window fastenings and back-door entrances, now that short evenings offer such irresistible attractions to "the man in the street."

Every yachting season brings Mrs. George Jay Gould to the Isle of Wight, where she shares the enthusiasm of her husband in all the races which take place. Her maiden name was Edith Kingdon, and she comes of a family which was transplanted from Devonshire to the United States. Mrs. Gould is a capital angler, and trains her children, who inherit her good looks, to love out-of-door sports. Those who have visited "Furlough Lodge," in the Adirondack mountains, will acknowledge that the Goulds know how to make a country seat the perfection of comfort.



MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD,
née MISS EDITH KINGDON.
PHOTO BY BASSANO.



ASHANTI AND THE ASHANTEES.

A CHAT WITH MR. MELTON PRIOR,
*War Artist of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, with Illustrations
from his Sketches made at the Seat of War.*

ASHANTI is occupying the serious attention of the Colonial Office; indeed, the question has become a burning one, and another of our "little wars" with natives will probably have to be waged in the near future.

The *casus belli* is this. On the conclusion of the Ashantee campaign of 1874, which was carried on so expeditiously under command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, by his rapid march on Coomassie, which he burnt to the ground, a treaty was entered into between the late King



MR. MELTON PRIOR.

Koffee and Her Majesty's Government. The main terms of this treaty were these: that the King should pay an indemnity of 50,000 ounces of gold; that he should renounce all claim to homage from certain neighbouring chiefs, and all pretension of supremacy over any part of the former Dutch protectorate; that he should promote freedom of trade; that he should keep open the road from Coomassie to the Prah (the frontier delimitation of Ashanti), and that he should do his best to put a stop to the practice of human sacrifice. Now, "from information received," the present occupant of the throne is doing none of these things, especially as regards obstruction of trade and the continued sacrifices of the lives of raided villagers and prisoners of war. To check these abuses and these violations of the treaty Her Majesty's Government demands the reception of a British resident at Coomassie; but the king declines to accede to this. Meanwhile he has sent ambassadors to this country, with a budget of grievances. To these the Government very properly turns a deaf ear while the king remains recalcitrant.

Mr. Maxwell, Governor of the Gold Coast, regards the attitude of the King so seriously, that his report has induced the Colonial Office to summon Sir Francis Scott, Chief of the Gold Coast Police, to confer with the War Office on the steps necessary in the event of a military expedition to Coomassie. He is expected to arrive in England about the 20th inst.

It must be confessed that the English Government, since its first relations in 1800 with Ashanti, has pursued a very vacillating policy, sometimes administering government on the west coast and at others handing the conduct of affairs over to this or that African company of merchants. The late war in 1874 was possibly the outcome of this weakness in consistent policy, otherwise King Koffee would probably



THE KING'S SLAUGHTERING-PLACE, COOMASSIE.



ASHANTEE AMBASSADORS CROSSING THE PRAH.

never have dared to hold the European prisoners which had been inveigled into Coomassie, nor to have crossed the Prah, the line of delimitation, with a large armed force. Lord Wolseley's military genius, backed by the ample support of the Government, however, converted the victorious expedition sent against King Koffee almost into a picnic, as we know.

Being greatly interested on the subject of Ashanti, I called on Mr. Melton Prior, the famous war artist, as one who had been so close an eye-witness of every episode of the Ashantee campaign, to ascertain from him his impressions of the country and its people. By-the-way, the Ashantee expedition was the first of the 14 campaigns during 14 years in which Mr. Melton Prior faced the enemy in the open field, pencil in hand.

"I have felt all along that the treaty promises made by the Ashantees after the capture of Coomassie would never be kept without the presence of a British resident at the capital, especially as regards the discontinuance of human sacrifice," he remarked. "It is such a fundamental principle of their religious belief, and rests on a wild idea of piety towards parents and chiefs, whose

rank in the next world would be the better assured by the number of attendants sent after them, and also as propitiation to their gods generally. Not only the king, but each chief has his own slaughter-house, where slaves or prisoners of war are regularly massacred. I remember when I was in Coomassie being shown a dark hole in a corner of a chief's courtyard. I put my foot just inside the doorway, and my boot made quite a "squelch" into the mass of human gore.

As to the king's slaughter-house in the forest, it was a perfect catacomb of skulls and bones, and the dead bodies of thirty victims sacrificed a few hours before our arrival, to avert the final taking of Coomassie, were still warm, while—but the scene was too awful and offensive to describe in detail. I suppose I shall never forget the head of one poor wretch whose tongue protruded from his grinning mouth, while his eyes stared at us in the most ghastly manner, as if he were still alive."



ADVANCING ON COOMASSIE.

"And you think such episodes of butchery still go on?"

"Undoubtedly, I should say. I don't believe they ceased even under the late king, and you can well understand they would certainly be revived under the present youthful potentate, who would pay little attention to the pledges given by his predecessors as long as twenty-three years ago. The King of Ashanti, regarding himself as an independent monarch, would be eager to show his people that he adhered to the religion of his forefathers, and gain credit by objecting to the interference of repressive measures."

"Tell me, please, some of the most thrilling incidents of the advance up country."

"Well, the danger of being picked off in the impenetrable forest could scarcely be said to be tranquillising. It was not particularly exhilarating to come across the dead body of a slave, his feet pointing to Coomassie, while his severed head was in a reversed position and facing us, while certain mutilations were accompanied by



ASHANTEE GOLDEN ORNAMENTS AND TROPHIES.

a paper of menaces with a blood spot in its centre, through which a nail was fastened to a tree. Their superstitious belief is extraordinary. They took our telegraph poles and wires for some kind of fetish, and actually carried a cotton thread tacked to trees from Coomassie all the way down to their front to obtain the same success of arms as we enjoyed."

"I suppose they have not kept the road open, as they promised, from Coomassie to the Prah?"

"I cannot say; but I should think it very unlikely. The neglect of a season or two would soon render the tropical foliage and underwood as impenetrable as ever," he replied, as he lighted another cigarette.

"You would not expect the Ashantees to make anything of a stand, surely?"

"What was your impression of the Ashantees, physically?"

"They are a fine race, fairly tall, and remarkably thin, except the chiefs, who show signs of good living. There is less of the nigger type—less of the flat nose than is to be found among the natives on the coast, in spite of the fact that the Ashantees and the Fantees on the seaboard were anciently one people, migrated from the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo or even from the Soudan. Famine separated them, one division living on 'San' or Indian corn, hence their name Santis, and the other subsisting on 'fan' or herbs, whence Fantis is derivable."

"And they are fairly expert in matters of industry?"

"They can make very pretty things in gold. This ring I habitually wear on my scarf, was made by a native in the verandah of my quarters at Cape Coast Castle. They are



LORD (THEN SIR GARNET) WOLSELEY ENTERING COOMASSIE.

"I should say not, if they are armed with the old flint locks; but perhaps they have been provided with arms of greater precision by foreign merchants; besides, who can tell what they may not do under a headstrong young king? You must remember they were able on the last occasion to put 40,000 warriors in the field. For my own part, I should think no European troops need be sent out. I should say the Gold Coast police, with one or two West India regiments, would suffice. They have a very wholesome fear of our machine guns, I can tell you. During the last campaign I remember a native chief, who came as an ambassador, after witnessing the practice of a Gatling, committed suicide during the night, either through his astonishment at its execution, or possibly from fear of disgrace on the failure of his mission."

splendid sword artificers, as witness their sword of state of which we brought several away. The gold masks are also very curious as well as many of their buckles. As amongst many native people the umbrella is an insignia of royalty and power. Many of these curios were brought to this country and were publicly exhibited. Their cotton fabric is very fine and beautiful. However, we were only two days in Coomassie before we set out on the march back, and on reaching the River Prah, Sir Garnet ordered all the troops to be searched for unlawful loot."

"You're not sighing to go out there again?"

"Not for choice, especially as I died on the voyage back from fever, according to the reports," Mr. Melton Prior replied with a laugh, that made the tea-cups rattle.

T. H. L.



"THE FIRST OF OCTOBER," BY JAMES
HARDY. BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS,
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OF books about America one sometimes wishes there were an end. We know the political and social elements of that country so well that every fresh volume of the globe-trotter's impressions is a terribly stale repetition. Americans are rather apt to resent this eternal scribbling about themselves and the land they live in. I do not wonder. It would not be a bad idea for Congress to declare that any foreign visitor, caught in the act of taking notes, should be at once conducted to the steamer, and deported to Europe. "Enough has been written about this country for the present"—so the ukase might run. "All the world knows the American accent, the pigs at Chicago, the Boston girl, Inspector Byrnes, Tammany, canvas-back duck, the passion of American heiresses for the British coronet, the height of our hotels, Niagara, niggers, the elevated railroad, the taste of our women for coming down to breakfast in diamonds, the engaging habits of our millionaires. We warn Europe that we decline to be written about for the next ten years. By the end of that time, we may have a brand new set of institutions, even a new type of girl. The European *littérateur* may romp in then—not before." Such an Act of Congress would harmonise, I imagine, with the views of some distinguished men of letters in America, Mark Twain, for instance, who, having written several sprightly books about Europe, is naturally staggered by the impertinence of Europeans who scribble about the United States. But this exclusiveness is not general over the water. Before Paul Bourget had been forty-eight hours in New York, a reporter called, and wanted his opinion of "American love."

Paul Bourget, however, is so exceptional an observer that he cannot be classed with the globe-trotters. Every page of his book attests his honest desire to understand a people whose ways were so strange to him. Moreover, he brings an intelligence, trained in analysis, to the problems of American society. His mission was perfectly well known. He was not a "chiel takin' notes" furtively: his host and hostess, and especially his host's daughters, knew what he was at, and sometimes made sportive attempts to take him in. The American girl cut capers for his benefit; but when a gentle maiden gravely assured him that she wanted above all things to be a widow, and hoped her husband would be struck by lightning at the church door, he saw through the agreeable jest. The study of American women, as might be expected, is the most interesting part of the book. M. Bourget saw them all—the tomboy, commonly pictured in novels, the intellectual lady from Boston, the sporting girl, the beauty whose reign is pathetically brief, the flirt whose "mild *passionettes*" astonish Frenchmen, the "well-balanced" girl who makes such an admirable comrade. The complete independence of the American woman before and after marriage, the

weakness of parental authority, the facility of divorce, are treated in a purely philosophical spirit. To the author of "Cruelle Enigme" the American woman is an enigma, wholly without parallel in his Parisian experience; but he does justice to the portent. He acknowledges that conjugal fidelity in America is common, and irregular attachments rare. But he comes to the conclusion that of love, as the Latins understand it, this strange incarnation of Anglo-Saxon womanhood is incapable. "This woman can do without being loved. What she symbolises is neither sensuality nor tenderness." Her supreme quality is that she has a will of her own, to which the American man bows down.

I am informed that the American woman is not pleased with this description. Nor does the American man like to be told that he overdoses his luxury, and that his recent beginnings prompt him to build at Newport an imitation of an old English abbey, or of a chateau of Louis XIV. This passionate desire to have an old country instead of a new one, is not discreditable. The millionaire crowds his walls at Newport with priceless old pictures. There is no harm in this. The millionaire is troubled because there is no stately past behind his millions; he wants to absorb all that is artistically expressed by an older civilisation. This trait is touched by Bourget, not with patronage, but with sympathy; yet he has brought upon himself the malisons of some American critics, who treat him as if he had imputed to American society something like a criminal offence.

Miss Rhoda Broughton's new novel deals with a tragic theme in a sketchy way. There are touches of the old humour; occasional glimpses of boys and girls, in whom high spirits are like a demoniacal possession; but the principal figure in the book is a rather dimly drawn woman with a haunting terror rising out of her past life. Yes, Miss Broughton has yielded rather late to the fashion of women with a past. In her earlier novels there were men who had a past, and plenty of it; but the woman with that undesirable commodity was unknown. She appears now as a widow with an only son, who falls in love, and is told by a friend that he must not marry because his father and grandfather died of homicidal mania. From this predicament he is extricated by his mother's confession that her husband was not his father. She writes this in a letter, and dies when she has finished it. Such a theme, powerfully handled, might be very moving; it is unfamiliar matter to Rhoda Broughton, and the story leaves the impression that she is not at home. When an old romancing hand is not at home, the reader is balked of his entertainment, and the most hardened reviewer lays down his pen in sorrow.

L. F. AUSTIN.

"Outre-Mer. Impressions of America." By Paul Bourget. T. Fisher Unwin.

"Scylla or Charybdis?" By Rhoda Broughton. Richard Bentley.



MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRV.

The author of "In a Grass Country" spent much of her earlier life in Paris and attempted no literary work until after her marriage with Mr. H. Lovett Cameron, brother of the late Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, the African traveller. Her first novel, "Jude's Guardian," attained a modest success, but "In a Grass Country" first made her name, which has since been kept constantly before the public by "Desire's Ever," "Pure Gold," "A Bad Lot," "A Sant Astrey," and many other popular stories. Mrs. Cameron, as most of her novels show, is an enthusiastic sportswoman, and as a writer may be said to share with Mrs. Kennard the position left vacant by the deaths of Whyte Melville and Harold Smart.



NORWAY.

THE terrors and discomforts of a short sea-passage, no doubt deter many British tourists from crossing the North Sea, and even those who fear not Neptune's varying moods, might desire that the fjords of Western



A NORWEGIAN WEDDING

Norway should extend to Scotia's shores. But the facilities for making the acquaintance of the entrancing spectacles afforded by Nature's handiwork in this portion of Scandinavia, are now so improved and developed that the tourist who has but two or three weeks of leisure at his disposal, can, even in so short a space of time, see sufficient to form a fair idea of this country's charms. Travel by steamer, rail and road is now conducted with comfort and expedition, while in what are at present the most frequented districts, such as Telemark, the Hardanger Fjord, Voss, Søndfjord, Nordfjord, etc., and as far north as Trondhjem, the traveller will have little cause to complain of the hotel accommodation and cuisine.

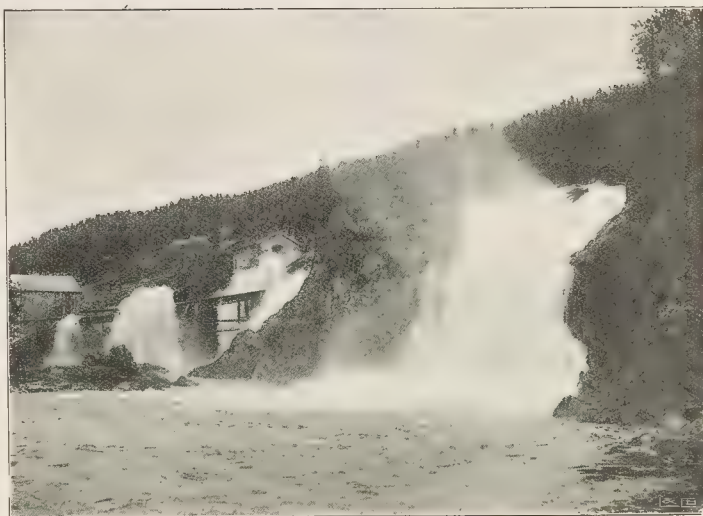
It is, perhaps, advisable that those wishing to become

acquainted with Norway and her people, should, in the first place, visit what may be termed the regulation tourist resorts, whereby experience may be gained of the requirements of travel, and some smattering of the language picked up, which will engender a certain confidence for future expeditions to the less exploited fjords and valleys, where a little "roughing it" adds to the change of life.

I may offer two hints to those intending to visit the more secluded districts—if liquid refreshment be required other than milk or water, take it with you, and if you require the matutinal tub, take with you an india-rubber bath, for an ordinary bath is as foreign to a Norwegian farm-house as it is to like dwellings in our country. It is true that a tub of *some kind* can generally be obtained, but to make shift with the ordinary wooden laundry utensils entails gymnastic exercise which is somewhat severe for those of riper years.

It is also well to be provided with a "Norges Communicationer" (the official Time-tables of the railways and steamboats throughout the country), or, better still, purchase "Beyer's Norges Communicationer," which is published at the enterprising Tourist Agency of Mr. T. Beyer, of the Strandgaden, "By authority," and contains many explanatory notes in English, of great service to those unacquainted with the Norwegian language, in addition to the time-tables.

The Norwegian farmer and his family have a busy time of it, from the commencement of the hay cutting season until the potatoes are lifted in the autumn, and the dairy demands the attention of the fair sex, more especially in these days since the industries of cheese and butter-making have been cultivated, and improved facilities of transport have opened up a market in England for these products.



A NORWEGIAN WATERFALL.



CHURCH NEAR BERGEN.

Thus, in order to avoid interruption in agricultural work, the country folk arrange that such functions as weddings, auction sales, and horse fairs shall take place in spring time, towards the end of May and early in June, when the rural population, so to say, is waiting while the grass and seeds grow, so the tourist who visits the country in summer is likely to miss whatever interest these meetings may possess.

An auction sale in Norway is a depressing affair, the monotonous tone of the auctioneer as he repeats the latest bid, times without number, ere dropping the hammer is in harmony with the sombre clothing and funereal aspect of the crowd, who from their demeanour might rather be bidding for a surplus stock of coffins instead of for odds and ends weeded from the village emporium, which supplies all requirements from hardware to pocket-handkerchiefs; but in Norway every procedure is conducted with gravity and deliberation.

The breeding of horses is not the least remunerative branch of the farmer's vocation but during a winter preceded by a bad hay season, he may find it difficult to provide provender for his stud, and, as an instance, but as recently as last winter the scarcity of hay and other fodder in several districts necessitated the destruction of many animals, while others became so emaciated that their owners were fined upon being convicted of the charge of cruelty.

The annexed illustration is of the Forde Horse Fair held during the first week of June, at which animals from three to five years of age changed hands at prices equivalent to from £12 to £20 apiece in accordance with their make and shape.

In addition to their aptitude for hill work, the Norsk horses are docile and quiet, while their soundness in wind and limb is proverbial; thus they are peculiarly serviceable for the use of children, and many are employed as shooting ponies in the North of England and in Scotland. Forty of these little beasts were my fellow travellers on board the Fjord boat, and I make no doubt that the superior feeding of the British Isles will fully compensate them for the pains of travel.

In the leisure of spring time the peasants' weddings usually take place, and, as is customary in most countries, these are occasions for hospitality and merry-making. To dress the bride is somewhat of a privilege, and ladies will travel many miles to perform this office for a maid of their acquaintance. It is usual for each village to possess a bridal crown of some precious metal, many of them being of ancient manufacture and of handsome design (some very good specimens were exhibited at the Norwegian Art Exhibition, held in the Nineteenth Century Art Gallery last winter), and this is loaned to the bride for use upon her wedding day. The bride, bridegroom, and guests drive in their carriages to church, and after the ceremony the happy pair pass the remainder of the day in paying visits to their friends around the country side.

The modern Church of Norway is severe in architectural design, but a few of the old Stave-Kirker yet remain, notably the one depicted here, which has been removed to the vicinity of Bergen, and is well worth a visit. The design is suggestive of Eastern origin, and is generally supposed to have been reproduced by Norwegians who travelled far and wide in ages past. FRASER SANDEMAN.



THE FORDE HORSE FAIR.



FEW young actors have advanced so rapidly as Mr. Seymour Hicks, who has just gone to America, where his wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, is to resume her original *role* in "His Excellency." He is an unmistakable enthusiast, almost too enthusiastic, in fact—at times beyond his physical strength.

With the death of Harry Payne, so vividly sketched by Phil May, the art of legitimate pantomime in England may be said to have died. It was altogether melancholy to see such a real artist shoved into the harlequinade of Christmas pantomime and reduced to the buffoonery of the floury clown.

The Theatre for this month is interesting. It contains portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Webster and Miss Ailsa Craig. Mr. Davenport Adams holds forth upon the decline of comic opera, basing his article upon a remark made by Miss Violet Cameron in the course of an interview, which appeared in the *Sketch*, and which has been very widely quoted. It is very curious to find this magazine becoming so antagonistic to Mr. Clement Scott, who carefully succoured it in its cradle-days. Speaking of his attack on "Bogey," *The Theatre* remarks that Mr. Scott "seems to be wholly destitute of the judicial faculty. He has a tendency to extremes of praise or dispraise; everything to him is black or white, he sees no grey; he is also deficient in catholicity of taste."

Although "Bogey" was soon withdrawn, it has not deterred Mr. George Alexander from his intention of producing another piece by Mr. Esmond. It is called "The Divided Way."

Mr. Alexander is to produce "The Prisoner of Zenda" some day at the St. James's Theatre. One would like to know when he is going to let us see a very different play of which he owns the English rights, Sudermann's notorious "Magda."

The first Lord Lytton's posthumous plays have not been stage successes, but a London manager is said to be considering one of them called "The Captives." It deals with Greek slavery.

Mrs. Keeley completes her ninetieth birthday on November 22nd, and her friends have resolved to celebrate the remarkable event by a public performance and reception in aid of the charitable institutions in which the dear old

lady is interested. *Mrs. Keeley has consented to speak an address (at the age of ninety) on the very same stage on which she made her first bow (at the age of nineteen). That was at the Lyceum, then called the English Opera House, and Mr. Forbes Robertson has placed the house at the disposal of the testimonial committee.

By-the-way, the illustrated biography of the Keeleys which Mr. Walter Goodman has been preparing for some time for Messrs. Bentleys, will appropriately make its appearance about the same time as this interesting anniversary.

The opera season at Covent Garden, which began on Saturday with the production of "Tannhäuser," ought to be a distinct success. There seems no reason in the world

why grand opera should not be given in English. One can understand why an Italian opera should be played in Italian, but why a manager should Italianise a libretto by Frederick Weatherley, or any other English writer, is difficult to understand. Next Saturday "Tannhäuser" will be repeated in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the opera, which was originally produced at Dresden. Mr. Hedmond has secured a good company, including Miss Macintyre, Miss Fanny Moody, Miss Alice Esty, Mdle. Olitzka, who makes a capital Carmen, Mr. David Bispham (one of the best all-round English operatic artists), Mr. Wilfred Esmond, Mr. Charles Manners, and Mr. Hedmond himself—only to mention a few names.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has collaborated with Mr. Osmond Carr in a burlesque, which will follow "Gentleman Joe" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Mr. George Bernard Shaw is said to have been almost persuaded to take up the librettist's art. I am sure he could redeem it from imbecility.

Mr. Courtice Pounds, the Savoy tenor, has gone to Australia with a repertoire of thirty operas. He will remain there six months under the management of Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove. His

latest appearance in London was in "The Chieftain."

Planquette, whose delightful "Les Cloches de Corneville" still chimes in the provinces, will be heard again in Paris in a new spectacular comic opera, entitled "Panurge."

"The Adventures of Arthur Roberts by Rail, Road, and River," told by himself and chronicled by Richard Morton, is the latest addition to Mr. Arrowsmith's well-known Bristol Library. I confess that the book did not continuously amuse me. To hear Mr. Roberts rattle off on the stage what is technically known as a "wheeze," and to have to read the same cold-bloodedly in black and white are two



THE LATE HARRY PAYNE.
From a Drawing by Phil May.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.
Photo by A. Ellis.

totally different sensations. There are, however, some good stories in the book.

The modern actor has quite a craze for adventures. I remember once having to interview a charming dancer, and the little lady was quite upset at the idea of having, like the needy knife-grinder, no story to tell. She had all sorts of ideas (more or less crude) upon her art, which few dancers have, but she seemed to think it necessary to have some startling adventure to pass on to the great public which admires her.

There has been quite a revival of late in the business of printing plays. Two of the most recent additions are Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisanda," which was produced early this year by the French Independent Theatre Company at the Opera Comique, and which Miss Laurence Alma Tadema has translated along with "The Sightless" for Mr. Walter Scott, the great patron of this class of literature. It is a weird play, distinctly interesting, yet fitter for the study than the stage.

Mr. John Lane has issued a translation of two of José Echegaray's plays, "The Great Galeoto" and "Folly or Saintliness." Echegaray, who is a professor of mathematics, is perhaps Spain's greatest living man of letters. His translator, Miss Hannah Lynch, contributes an instructive and well written biographical and critical introduction which is well worth reading by itself. "The Great Galeoto," which was produced in 1881, shows how much Ibsen has influenced the Spaniard. Indeed, one play, "Don Juan's on" was directly inspired by "Ghosts."

The drama, like everything else, is given over to fashions and religion has boldly walked on to the stage. When Mrs. Ebbsmith threw the Bible into the stove, a good many people seemed to feel that Christendom shook to the foundations. Mr. Wilson Barrett had made a success in this country with "The Sign of the Cross," but Australia has gone one better by producing, not only a religious play, but one actually written by a parson. It is called "Joseph of Canaan," and was staged in Sydney by Mr. George Rignold. The story of Potiphar's wife can scarcely be called a subject for "the young person;" but the good people who object to Mrs. Tanquerays and Kate Clouds need to be reminded that the Book of Genesis was written before Mr. Pinero entered this troubled world of ours. The author of "Joseph of Canaan" is the Rev. George Walters, who passed an apprenticeship as a Unitarian parson in Aberdeen. Of all places in the world, the Granite City is the last—traditionally at least—to tamper with holy script.

Mr. William Winter, who has been called the Clement Scott of America, recently had the honorary degree of LL.D. conferred on him by Brown University. Why doesn't some British university recognise the talents of our dramatic critics in a similar way? Honorary degrees are constantly conferred on the veriest local nonentities. Seeing that Dublin has honoured the actor, in the person of Sir Henry Irving, it is difficult to see why those who practise the critical function of his art should not be similarly recognised.

It is stated that the number of actresses in America has risen from 672 in 1870 to more than 4,000 at present.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE scientific sightseer is he who takes nature homeopathically and contents himself with a lesser record than those who love to "do" a hemisphere at a hand-gallop, by covering so many square miles in so many over-worked minutes. Unsparing energy of this sort is usually considered the heaven-born peculiarity of our New World cousins, but it was my fortune to stumble on a couple of compatriots lately who absolutely excelled all previous experience, or hearsay, in the matter of omnivorous and very hasty travelling. This energetic brother and sister turned up on bikes at an hotel in Grasmere, where I lately happened to make lazy holiday, armed with a complete list of Lake Country lions which they attacked vigorously with a camera and vanquished, geographically speaking, within half-a-dozen hours. "Our object," the lady graciously explained, "is not so much to admire scenery as to annex scenery. My brother and I take unofficial photographs at every mile or less of our tours, and we are now pushing on to do Scotland thoroughly by Wednesday," saying which she departed in the happy consciousness of having weeded Westmoreland of every scenic *bonne bouche* between breakfast and dinner.

There is no part of this fair kingdom, however, where one can linger on with more unending joy in its surroundings than this self-same lake country. The vastness of Switzerland and the more seductive loveliness of southern countries seem here combined in miniature manner, while the charm of ever-changing variety occupies every moment spent amidst these bracken-clothed hill-sides. Ambleside, nestling at the foot of Wansfell, makes an excellent starting point for one part of the Lake district. Many quaint bits of erratic architecture are to be met with in its out-of-the-way corners, while the curiosity hunter will often alight on an old oak dresser or Chippendale corner cupboard to be transferred with the joyous sentiments of a Columbus to town.

There was formerly a legend to the effect that Wordsworth's furniture, or the greater part of it, had been collected by a neighbouring squire with infinite pains as to its authenticity and on his death again scattered amongst various householders in and round Ambleside. As a consequence, more chairs and tables are accredited as having belonged to this "dear soft spoken dreamer" than would seat or dine every poet from Goëthe to Kaiser Wilhelm of our own times. I, myself, possess a warming pan, solemnly attributed to Southey by the north country Israelite, who sold it; but I have since learned of six others with a similar idyllic pedigree, and, surely, the poet did not dedicate a separate warming-pan to every day in the week as a modern masher doth his razors?

All this apart, it is with curious reverence one walks the little garden pathway where Wordsworth's friends had often passed to seek him in the mystic fellowship of genius, or to peer in through the quaint casement windows beyond whose diamond panels great thoughts took shape, which are still read and spoken to the uttermost limits of language.

From Bowness, well placed on lovely Windermere, the favourite programme of a summer afternoon is to sail by the borders of its verdure-fringed shores, or drawing in one's skiff, leisurely explore such picturesque relics of a younger time in history as Wray Castle and many other notable neighbouring ruins recall.

Buttermere Dale, where Honister Crag presents a perpendicular wall of rock, rising fifteen hundred feet, is justly celebrated for its especially picturesque character. Great chambers have been cut in the face of this rock, where roofing slates are excavated. Buttermere itself stands near the foot of the lake of that name which is only half a mile across and closely surrounded by hills, forms a very home of rest. Not quite a mile away is the pleasant town of Keswick where Southey "sleeps well" in the grave-yard of St. Kentigern's ancient church. At Friar's Crag not more than half-an-hour's stroll from the town, an enchanting view of Buttermere is again obtained, and it was of this lovely spot that Southey said, "If I had Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus' purse, it is here I should build myself a house."

Southey's house, Greta Hall, is close by, on the road to Portinscale and in contentedly describing his environment the Laureate writes, "Here I possess the gathered treasures of time, the harvest of many generations laid up in my garner" (this alluding to his unique library), "and when I go to the window, there is always the lake, and the circle of mountains, and the illimitable sky." It is from Ulverston that the tourist approaches Furness Abbey, those magnificent ruins of the great Benedictine Monastery founded by Stephen in 1127. A narrow glen, which at one time must have been filled with the main and outlying buildings, formed a fitting background for this superb Gothic erection. A stream winds through the ruin, and oak trees now spread leafy branches within its lofty walls, which are of such thickness that winding staircases, and the traces of smaller chambers, are still to be traced in them.

Two miles east of the Abbey one comes on the ruins of Gleaston Castle, once a strongly fortified building which belonged to the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey. Another interesting adjacent ruin is that of Peel Castle, or the Pile of Fouldrey, as country folk of these parts still call it. An abbot of Furness Abbey erected the building in Edward III.'s reign, and a subterranean passage is still believed to exist connecting Peel Castle with the Abbey on one side and Conishead Priory on the other. Of all this district one might indeed say with Webster, "I do love these ancient ruins; we never tread upon them but we set our foot upon some reverend history."

The discovery of an immense cavern in the mountain limestone formation at Stainton, near Furness, some years ago, sent every antiquarian and geologist in the kingdom flying to the spot. One cavern, leading by a narrow passage to the other, ends at last in a long gallery with arched roof, which terminates suddenly in a fearful chasm. Architects and miners have from time to time explored it, though casual visitors content themselves, as a rule, with hearing of its dire alarms at a safe second-hand.



"AN AËRIAL ENTERPRISE."

By R. J. TURNER.

"COULD he depend on Monsieur's discretion not to mention names?"

"He could, absolutely," Monsieur had replied, and then old Theodor Brignac unbosomed himself. I, Malcolm Kenmore, the Monsieur referred to, was staying for a few days at this out-of-the-way auberge in Normandy, and old Theodor, the proprietor, had become very confidential towards almost the only guest the unfavourable season had left him. I had won the old man's sympathies by my eulogies of his great countryman, Jules Verne, in whom mine host seemed to take a peculiar, almost pathetic interest. Especially did he exhibit the liveliest excitement when we approached the subject of those marvellous creations of his genius, the flying machine and aeroplane, so dear to the world-renowned author. The connection will be shown as I relate in my own prosaic style my old friend's experience. It would seem, then, that Theodor Brignac in his earlier days had become infected with the inventive fever, and had endeavoured to carry out in practice some of the theories of the master he so much admired. The steering balloon had captivated the young man's fancy, and, possessed of a little money, he resolved to try to perfect his ideas, knowing well that the result, if favourable, would mean fame and fortune.

He had always heard that England was the haven of the inventive genius; that she was ever prepared to receive with open arms the man with an idea. After exhaustive experiments he hied to London, and set about exhibiting the power of his wonderful balloon. But whether it was that the air of the British Isles did not lend itself to the higher stages of ballooning, or whether Brignac's mechanism proved faulty, certain it was that the great B. P. did not respond to the inventor's exertions; nor did the balloon for the matter of that. It rose with a certain amount of regularity, but it was when he tried to reach Margate, in the face of a smart easterly breeze, that the steering qualities of the aërial levathan proved unequal to the task. Perhaps it was to be expected that a wind so trying to the dwellers in these isles should perforce affect the delicate constitution of a balloon. On a very still day Brignac could do wonderful things in the way of reaching a given point slowly and with deliberation. The pace, however, was altogether too slow for that portion of the British public which delights in the death-dealing parachute or back-breaking cycle record. So that in course of time poor Brignac found himself at the end of his resources, with a tidy account outstanding for gas. For his beloved was no mean feeder, and on the occasion of every ascent exacted a full meal of the Gas Company's best. Disheartened, half-starved, and penniless, he was in a mood to take any revenge on "la perfide Albion," whom he held responsible for his failure.

In this frame of mind he was one day approached by a

gentleman who had on more than one occasion taken a keen interest in the aeronaut's manœuvres. Augustus Fitz-Cholmondeley, more familiarly known among his associates as "Gussy-Fitz," the scion of a noble house, sustained his fallen fortunes by exacting tribute from his more opulent neighbour.

While his early ancestors were wont to levy blackmail on their weaker brethren by force of arms, the present representative of the house contrived to effect the same end by more diplomatic means. Augustus, for some time past, had been at a loss how to replenish his store of the "root." Times were bad, the police were wide awake, and the facilities for a really satisfactory "coup" sadly wanting.

The Frenchman's performances with the balloon had suggested a new train of thought to Gussy, and to carry out his scheme it was necessary to secure the co-operation of the owner of the air-ship. Behold, then, those worthy representatives of two Empires in solemn conclave in Mr. Fitz-Cholmondeley's aristocratic apartments off the Whitechapel Road. It was not the noble cracksman's intention at first to let his colleague know too much, but, finding the Frenchman's feeling so strong against all that pertained to Britain, he concluded to work on his emotions, and submitted his plan in detail as a justifiable retaliation against the British nation. And truly the scheme might be classed as of national importance, as it was directed against none other than that well-known institution, Her Majesty's Mint.

For a considerable time past had Augustus, on his way to the scene of his labours in the West, cast longing eyes at the birthplace of England's wealth, but so far a twenty-foot wall and a full guard of soldiers had seemed obstacles too great to be surmounted even by his full-powered intellect. But what could not be effected on the level might be overcome from above, and here we have the germ of his idea.

"Now," said the Fitz-Cholmondeley, in that classical language fortunately not always associated with the great names of this country, "yer sees wot's got to be done, don't yer? You've got to p'rambulate that old bag o' wind over this city of London in the dark till yer spots the Mint, then drop her slow down till we gets within grapplin' distance of the roof, w'en the fun begins. Now, kin she do it?" and A. Fitz-C. seriously regarded his companion.

"My 'Coquette,' she can do anything in my hands," responded Theodore enthusiastically, "only the wind it must not be strong."

"Ah well," reflectively remarks his companion, "we must in course fix on a quiet night and risk that." It was Augustus' theory that he would find some hatch on the roof of the Mint buildings amenable to the gentle persuasion of a jemmy of the best steel, and on further investigation by means of a rope ladder one at least of the gold repositories might not prove irresistible to the same test. Access to the roof from the balloon was to be gained by sliding down the rope which anchored the unwieldy craft to the housetops. Attached to this rope were a couple of light pieces of wood to serve as seats in case the difficulty of shinning up the rope on their return should prove too great for the aeronauts. Fastened also to the lower end of the rope was a strong net to contain the cases of gold they hoped to abstract from Her Majesty's golden store. A light cord in connection with the escape valve also travelled down the side of the stronger anchor cable, so that the voyagers could control, to some extent at least, the destiny of their aërial steed, while seated, so to speak, at the end of their tether.

A wild scheme truly; one that could only be attempted by a desperate Englishman and an imaginative Frenchman. Still it was determined to be put into execution. Various surveys were held by Augustus from the roofs of surrounding warehouses, and by the aid of a strong glass he was enabled to localize the weak spots likely to succumb to the jemmy, and upon which the balloon might safely swoop and find a safe anchorage. On the occasion of the next public ascent, carefully deferred until the atmospheric conditions suited, the worthy couple sailed over the vicinity as near the housetops as prudence permitted and took exact bearings. Theodor seized the opportunity to demonstrate to his companion the ease with which he could manipulate his machine, and offered to demolish the cross on St. Paul's as an exhibition of his powers and at the same time as a balm to his wounded feelings. But Augustus sternly repressed such uncalled for frivolities as calculated to attract too much attention and thereby to spoil their plans. "But," urged the now thoroughly reckless Brignac, "think of the consternation we should cause among the English and the triumph of my countrymen when it became known that it was a reprisal for Waterloo."

"Blow Waterloo," muttered Augustus, still adhering to his early patrician dialect. "It's the shiners I wants; there'll be quite enough consternation w'en they finds that 'ole in the roof and a cool ten thousan' amissin'."

Nothing remained then but to await a quiet, dark evening. A balloon is an article that cannot very well be stowed away, even when empty, in one's waistcoat pocket, and to distend it necessarily implies a fair amount of publicity, combined with a connect'ion with the gas-main. Credit having been restored, it was, therefore, arranged to have a public ascent, as usual, though as late in the evening as possible. By this means, as Augustus diplomatically pointed out, if the balloon should be prematurely discovered hovering over the Mint, it would be put down to an accident, while on the other hand, if successful, the robbery would never be associated with the innocent aeronauts.

The day arrived when it looked as if the fates might be propitious. Early notice was given as a matter of form of the contemplated ascent from a favourite resort of the Londoner. At the appointed time the two men, with the additional impedimenta carefully concealed in the bottom of the car, gave the word to let go, and in the presence of a small but enthusiastic crowd, "La Coquette" sailed majestically towards the heavens.

Brignac purposely directed a course away from the City, but as the evening fell gradually worked his way towards the Minories. For some hours they cruised about at a high altitude, with the countless lights of the great city far beneath them. Had the scion of a noble race been at all poetically inclined, he had a splendid opportunity of improving the occasion. But the Fitz-Cholmondeleys never had run to poetry, and this specimen only shivered in the chill air and waited impatiently to hear midnight strike.

At length a cautious descent was made. The lights were somewhat confusing, but Augustus' familiarity from boyhood with the locality they sought stood him in good stead. Silently under Brignac's skilful manipulation the great balloon

settled on the building like some huge bird of prey. The grappling was lowered, and caught good hold amid the old fashioned chimney tops of the motley pile. In a twinkling the two men slid down the rope and assured themselves that their conveyance was really fast. All below them was dark, except where in the distance the light in the guard-room flickered. It was now Augustus' turn to demonstrate his particular talent. In a very short time an entrance was effected through an indifferently secured hatch, and the professional started with his rope ladder to explore. As luck would have it, he had hit upon one of the store rooms, impregnable from below, but as we have seen, easily accessible from above. Surrounded by such a vast store of newly-minted coin of the realm, Fitz-Cholmondeley's first impulse was to appropriate the lot, but his companion's warning as to the lifting capacity of the balloon led him reluctantly to be content with a couple of cases weighing about one hundred pounds each. Together they represented about £12,000 sterling, and with affectionate care they were noiselessly raised to the watcher on the roof and cautiously transferred to the net attached to the rope which held the balloon to the building. In a high state of excitement the couple arranged themselves on their respective seats, and released the grappling, Alas for their calculations! Either the weight of the gold was too great, or else the balloon in its descent had lost too much gas, but to their horror, instead of sailing majestically into the ether it slowly but unmistakably gravitated towards the ground. Here was a predicament. The Frenchman was, however, equal to the occasion. "We must throw one case down," he said. "An' a nice old row that'll make, not to mention losin' the blessed sovs.," growled the defrauded burglar, "but as there's nothin' else for it, 'ere goes," and the hundredweight of gold fell crash upon the courtyard of the Mint. The balloon shot up a few yards, and the deadly stillness that followed the chink of the coins as they scattered all over the flags was broken by the hoarse cry of the sergeant, "Guard, turn out."

But the enterprising marauders had congratulated themselves too soon. Again the balloon commenced slowly to descend. "The other must go too," whispered Theodor. "You'll go fast," returned Augustus with a smothered curse, but just then the command was heard, "With ball cartridge, load." That was enough for the Frenchman, and, in spite of Augustus' struggles, the second case of their precious booty was hurled into space. This time the balloon shot up in real earnest, and as it mounted a volley was launched upon the midnight air. It did not, however, emanate from the soldiers below, who were busy picking the sovereigns out of their accoutrements. It was Augustus firing off imprecations at the luckless Theodor. . . . Three hours later two men disentangled themselves from the wreck of a balloon on Kenley Common, and it was noticeable that even in adversity their relations were somewhat strained. Theodor has since lost his penchant for ballooning, but still admires Jules Verne from the comparative safety and obscurity of a Normandy inn, and Augustus—well, we have not met yet. As for the Mint authorities, they are still looking for the mysterious visitant who first appropriated and then scattered with such a lavish hand their golden store.



"DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?"
BY A. DODD. BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. B. BROOKS & SONS, 171, STRAND, OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT.



ILLNESS.

THE patience of little children in illness is a commonplace of literature, but none the less it is always a fresh fact. Literature has not been able to make such things dull in real life; it has done no more than make them dull in its own work. Everyone knows the natural things that painting long ago made banal for art—mountains and waterfalls, lakes, and “scenery” generally. It must be a whole generation since people ceased to look at these objects in pictures. They had become too common even for a public singularly slow to get tired of anything, unaware of commonness, and exceedingly difficult to weary.

So with such easily-idealized incidents of human life as the suffering and the gentleness of young children. This has long been obvious matter for the sentimentalists—something all ready made, needing no experience of the writer's heart. But even as the panorama of an Alpine landscape, when you meet it in reality and face to face, has nothing in it that you have been wearied of, bears no trace of man's conventionality, and stands as strange and new as though it had never been made the subject of bad pictures, so do the obviously beautiful passages of real life suffer nothing from the efforts of bad literature.

Happily, convention and common-place remain in their own position. They spoil nothing that is of any value. They have not even made the word angel ridiculous out of their own works. They have not made innocence silly, as you know when you meet it. They have made nothing that is good in the least ignominious. They remain the only bores.

In spite of them, therefore, children remain the full sources of perpetual surprises. Their self-control in real suffering remains a miracle. A little wild girl, brilliant and stormy in temperament, and unaccustomed, one would think, to deal in any way with her own impulses, a child whose way is to cry out, laugh, complain, and triumph without an instant's reflection, dashes, in a run, her face against an unnoticed door, and is cut and immediately covered with blood. “Tell mother it's nothing! Tell mother quick that it's nothing!” cries the magnanimous child as soon as she can speak.

Or the child has a serious fall over the rail of a staircase, and has to lie for some ten days upon her back, so that the strained but not broken little body may recover itself. Every movement is in a measure painful—not violently painful, but bad enough as an initiation into the facts of pain. There is an absolute captivity of all the restless limbs, a helplessness guarded and enforced by twinges, a perpetual impossibility to yield to the slightest inclination to express life as life is expressed by children. It is the obligation to acute consciousness imposed on a creature whose condition of life had been unconsciousness. And this during the long period of ten of a child's days and

nights—days and nights as they are at eight years old.

And yet during every hour of the time the little child is not only gay but patient—not only impulsively but steadily resigned; sparing of requests; reluctant to be served; sweetly and piously thankful; inventive of tender and affectionate little words that she had never used before. “You are exquisite to me, mother,” she says, at receiving some little attention.

Even in the altering and embittering conditions of fever, a very generous child assumes the incredible attitude of conscious and deliberate patience. There are cases where the temper is different, and where a child, usually tractable and affectionate enough, cannot submit to the new conditions of unrelaxed consciousness; and no wonder. It is not every child that keeps within his nature such an undivined heroism.

That heroism is not evoked by such minor indispositions as the child himself does not take very seriously. In extreme youth he is elated by the distinction of a minor illness. But he will not pay for the honour by the penalty of taking medicine. It is common enough to find a certain degree of resistance to this infliction. But the resistance of children is so usually a limited thing, to be overcome by a final command, that to meet a final refusal is something like a surprise.

The last appeal to force is all but an impossibility under the circumstances. In any case, it would be a failure. You can bring the spoon to the child, but three nurses cannot make him drink. And this is to a child, now and then, the occasion of the ultimate resistance. He raises the standard of revolt, and casts every tradition to the wind on which it flies. He gains something like greatness from the new resolve. He has his elders at a disadvantage, for his desperation makes them ridiculous. They pursue him with a grotesque spoon and more grotesque maxims and commands. He is committed to the wildly new course of absolute refusal. He not only refuses, moreover, he disbelieves. He throws everything over. He is told in vain that the medicine is not so bad. He has set his will against the world.

Even as all inventions are hideous to look at, so is all medicine horrid to taste. It might happen, the child may think, that by some mere accident machinery should stumble upon something friendly to the eye, and medicine upon something not hostile to the taste. But, as a matter of experience, neither of these accidents has ever happened. The child's own experience has been short, but so uniform as to be quite decisive.

Medicine apart, a minor ailment is always an interest and a pride. “Am I unwell to-day, mother?” asks the child, hoping for a reply that shall flatter his moderate ambition. To have been the first to begin an epidemic in a family is also the subject of some pride. Illness, whether it be grave or light, proves some strange capacities in the minds of children.

ALICE MEYNELL.



"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."
BY A. BAUERLE.



AN ART COMPETITION—AND AFTERWARDS.

THORNYCROFT, Onslow Ford, Frampton! Here are three names that represent three degrees of the new sculpture! Sympathetic to the new, but sometimes inclining towards the western side of the hill over which the old sculpture has been hoisted, stands Hamo Thornycroft. Onslow Ford and Frampton face the east. They belong to the younger generation. The chance that these three men are represented pictorially in these pages this week recalls a certain incident that agitated a certain backwater in the World of Art a few years ago. You may not think my tale abnormally interesting, but it is a tale of wisdom and of happiness that grew out of wisdom. The incident might have stayed undisturbed in my mind at volume one, had not the accident of my presence in a certain town in Switzerland last month enabled me to read straight away to volume two. Here goes!

To you the tenth of December may not mean very much, but to the students at the Royal Academy Schools it means a vast deal. On that day, a great many years ago, the Royal Academy was founded, and on that day in these times once in every two years, the prizes to the students of the Royal Academy Schools are distributed at Burlington House, and the gold medals and travelling studentships for painting, sculpture, and architecture are awarded. Please carry your minds (it was not so very long ago) back to one of these December competitions, either the year before or the year after, that Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., won the gold medal for sculpture. It may be owing to my special interest in that competition, but it certainly seemed to me that unusual interest was taken in the struggle that year.

To begin with the sculpture. I had not seen the work which eventually won the medal, but I *had* seen the design

of a student whom, for his own sake, I will call John a' Dreams. He was by way of being a sort of Admirable Crichton, but he had not that hero's industry. Take the artist in Henry James's "Madonna of the Future," and add to the brilliant capacity he showed for standing on the threshold of his particular art, a brilliant capacity for standing on the threshold of all the other arts in addition, at the same time drawing from the lips of his compatriots enthusiastic prophecies of what he would do when he strode inside, and you know John a' Dreams as well as I did. The Council of the Royal Academy, when, some time before the tenth they announced the subject of the sculpture competition, were careful to indicate the exact size that the group should be. John a' Dreams produced a most original achievement, but he had omitted to read the instructions, and so, following

his own fancy he made his design just twice and a-half times larger than the prescribed size. As I gratuitously gave him my limbs, by way of models (he was very poor) it followed that I had observed his design tolerably well, and from what I knew of boys' work in that line, I never doubted but that the travelling studentship would be his. I told him so, encouraged him to finish this, the only thing he had ever completed, and promised him lasting fame. On the night the group was carried away to Burlington House his last words to me were, "If Thornycroft and Ford are with me I don't care; and if they chuck the thing I'll go right back to



EDWARD I., BRONZE EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE, BY HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

journeyman's work. That was good enough for the beggars who carved the devils on *Notre Dame*, and that will be good enough for me. I've fixed that up with The Child."

The "Child," whom I will call Kate a' Whimsies, was another Royal Academy student—a girl with a tousled head of hair so fair and thin that you could gather it up into one hand, and a lower jaw like Mr. Cecil Rhodes's. Having entered for the gold medal for landscape, she produced a delightful canvas, a little reminiscent of Corot, but remarkable as coming from the brush of a young girl. It was no secret that the picture had been bought by a Royal Academician two days before the judges saw the works. The printed instructions had expressly stated that the pictures in this competition were to be oblong, but John a' Dreams had persuaded The Child that the subject would

"come" much better as an "upright," and she, being who she was, had so made it. We were all enthusiastic over the work of these two children and quite pooh-poohed or overlooked the fact that John a' Dreams and Kate a' Whimsies had



"MY THOUGHTS ARE MY CHILDREN."
BY GEORGE J. FRAMPTON,
A.R.A.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

both broken the regulations. The Council would never be so cruel as to slap genius in the face on account of a broken rule, we argued. But they did. In the midst of an awful silence, Mr. Eaton's voice ambled quietly through the names of the various prize winners, and neither John a' Dreams nor Kate a' Whimsies was among them. Not even a bronze medal—not even a mention. Not having the heart to wait for the President's address, I escaped from the room, but the unhappy children were too quick for me. They hurried away a gallery ahead. I fancy Mr. Thornycroft's blond head drooped sorrowfully as he followed John a' Dreams hastening towards the door.

They never appeared again at the Schools, so far as I know, and as I left London soon afterwards, I had no opportunity of making enquiries.

Now for the second volume. In the month of August I found myself in a Swiss town, where the sole topic of conversation among the residents was the fine new church they were building. To this church I went one week-day afternoon, to find it finished, save that half-a-dozen skilled workmen were carving and chipping miniature figures of saints out of rough stone bosses. From an examination of those that were finished, I found that some—one here and one there—were distinguished by a rare quality of workmanship, that lifted them from any sort of comparison with the others. The discovery interested me. I walked towards the workmen, in long holland blouses, who were chipping away at the formless stone. A glance told me which was the gifted craftsman who was carving better than he knew. I tapped him on the shoulder. He turned. It was John a' Dreams.

When the hour for ceasing work came he took my arm and led me away from the town, towards the country, towards the mountains. "I have discovered the secret of happiness," he said. "I go forth to my work each morning. By the evening I have done what I set myself to do. The work grows daily under my hands, and I never attempt what I cannot do. My reward is immediate." Just then we came upon a van—a gipsies' van with beautiful curtains over the little windows, and the evening meal cooking from a tripod

under the wide heavens. At the door sat a woman diligently embroidering a long strip of rich cloth. "We follow our work, my wife and I," said he.

I bowed to Kate a' Whimsies.

We supped on the hill-side. The single dish was hot and crisp, and in place of the thin wine of the country which leaves one thirstier than before, we drank great draughts out of a stone jug filled from a mountain spring that frisked down from the heights.

After supper, when the stars began to peep out, and the lights from the village below to peer curiously at our little encampment, John a' Dreams filled his pipe, and told the stories of their lives for the past three years.

"We married," he began meditatively; "that was our first and our only extravagance. Then we studied our fate curiously and carefully, and determined to give it a run of two years. We worked eight hours a day, I at sculpture, Kate at painting. Our ill success was abnormal. At legitimate work we made nothing at all.

"At the end of the second year things looked desperate. Then the luck turned. One week-day we strolled into a church in the south of London. A new wing had just been added upon the lower wall of which I counted seven formless bosses left by the builder all unhewn. I offered to carve one gratuitously on approval. The test was successful. I pursued the idea with so much success that now my



LINUS. BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

services, as a kind of swell marble mason, are highly in demand. Kate has developed a genius for embroidering. She is now engaged upon her ninth altar-cloth. The van is our home. We follow our work, my wife and I. L. H.

THE INEVITABLE INTERVIEWER

MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

THE latter-day Romeo has had an exceptionally interesting and well-filled career, and since the day when he was chosen by the late Mr. Wills to take the part of Chastelard in "Marie Stuart," he has worthily filled over one hundred-and-twenty-five rôles. He has been, in the best sense of the word, the finest stage lover seen on the British stage for many a long day, and Romeo to several Juliets, beginning with Madame Modjeska, and concluding, as we see, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

The Lyceum Theatre, writes a representative of *The Album*, seems even from the stage-door, to be a playhouse apart; there is an air of old-fashioned comfort and stately hospitality about the simplest of the business-rooms. Mr. Forbes-Robertson received me in an apartment lined with framed replicas of the red play-bills, whose very appearance now conjures up in the mind of every London playgoer winsome visions of Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, and last but not least, Juliet.

"Yes, when compiling the acting edition of 'Romeo and Juliet,' I kept very much to the usual reading," he observed thoughtfully, in answer to a question. "I was greatly assisted by the admirable volume dealing with the play, written by my friend, Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia. As you probably know, he is a great Shakespearian scholar; he has devoted much of his attention to 'Hamlet,' but he has also made a special study of seven or eight other Shakespearian plays, and in each volume he deals most exhaustively with the subject as regarded from every point of view."

"What is your opinion as to the advisability of cutting down Shakespeare's plays for the modern stage?"

"It is a mistake to think that any actor willingly interferes with the text of a masterpiece," he answered. "We are, as a rule, very careful, and only make excisions when it is really necessary. My principal 'cut' is the scene where her parents come in and find Juliet after she has drunk the potion. I also let the curtain down after her death, for I regard what follows—from a stage point of view—as somewhat of an ante-climax."

"By-the-way, what are your views on the great call question? Do you approve, for instance, of Juliet's sudden resurrection in front of the curtain?"

"Frankly, I do. The drama is essentially a thing of convention; as long as Juliet is on the stage she is Juliet, but when once the curtain is down she becomes once more the actress who played the part, and as such she is surely entitled to respond to a call from her audience."

"Your long familiarity with the part of Romeo must have been a great help to you when stage-managing the present revival of 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

"Yes, I first played Romeo fifteen years ago; but Shakespeare will bear a great deal of study, and one could

scarcely play such a part indifferently with each and every Juliet without modifying to a certain extent each time one's reading of the rôle."

"And do you imagine the couple as boy and girl?"

"Of Juliet's exact age we are informed," he replied, smiling; "and I think most people will agree with me, when I say Mrs. Patrick Campbell appears the part to the life; the more so that she is so Italian looking. As for Romeo, I imagine him to be twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. We have placed the action in the early part of the fifteenth century, for the sake of the picturesque style of dress then in vogue."

"Is it true that you have designed the costumes?"

"Yes, I always enjoy that kind of work. I designed the dresses worn in Miss Mary Anderson's production of 'A Winter's Tale' in 1887. I am not one of those who believe that everything depends on scenery and costume; but I think they should be thoroughly adequate and appropriate."

Comparatively few of those familiar with his histrionic career are aware that Mr. Forbes-Robertson is a fine artist. On the staircase of the Garrick Club hangs a full-length portrait done by him, of Mr. Phelps, the famous tragedian; and what time he can spare from his professional work he spends in his studio.

"What do you think of stage realism?"

"It depends what is meant by the term; art and nature are two widely different things. In the romantic drama realism must be kept down, but surely such matters can be left to the common-sense of a good stage manager. Glaring historical anachronisms must be avoided; I should not care to have danced a minuet in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and it was whilst looking about for an earlier dance that I came upon the Pavane."

"Is it true that you make a point of studying out of doors?"

"Yes, I am a great believer in the open air; I think it assists proper delivery. I feel more at home in Shakespeare's plays than in any others, and I have always found them easier to study, and I enjoy speaking blank verse."

"And do you think Shakespeare will ever become more than *caviare* to the ordinary British playgoer?"

"Yes, I am convinced that the Shakespearian drama will become more, and not less, popular as time goes on. I have noticed that the more educated your audiences are, the more they delight in Shakespeare. As to which of his plays are the most popular it is difficult to say; indeed, one cannot always tell what scene or speech will on any given night make the greatest impression on one's audience. Do I long to play Hamlet? Nay, I fancy people are already quite sufficiently familiar with the Prince of Denmark, and there are many other splendid Shakespearian rôles of which they know too little.

M. A. B.



MR. JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON, AS
ROMEO. PHOTO BY H. H. HAY CAMERON, MOR-
TIMER STREET, W.



"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE LYCEUM.
—JULIET AND THE NURSE.—ACT 2,
SCENE 2. SKETCHED BY MR. HERBERT RAILTON.



IN my opinion, there is a profound amount of truth in two lines that I venture to quote from memory, of one of Hood's poems—"Miss Killmanseg," I think:—

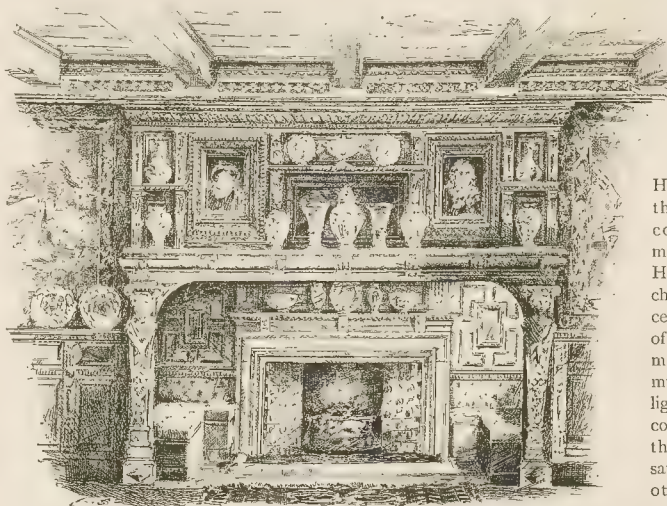
For half the pleasure of having a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over.

At any rate, to the housekeeper half the pleasure of taking a holiday is the pleasure of coming back to the home which represents many hours of happy, earnest work in rendering it beautiful. Really, after the strange gods in foreign hotels, and stranger still in English lodgings, to have once more around me the nick-nacks and pictures, every one of which tells a tale of longing and denial, of calculation and audacity, is an intense pleasure. For, after all, it is one of the beauties of poverty that it gives a joy in possession absolutely denied to the rich. Nevertheless, the home-coming is always an anxious moment, and as the wretched runner drags the heavy boxes up the stairs, the housewife wonders what tale of woe is awaiting her; what ruin has been wrought by moths or mice, or injury by clumsy hands, in some of the hundred trifling treasures that constitute home. This year my troubles had come in the shape of the storm that introduced the hottest September of my life, for the appalling rainfall had refused to be channelled by our conduits, and insisted upon visiting the drawing-room, choosing the ceiling as its course, consequently all my tender-hued silk curtains, which had been taken down and piled up on the piano, were reduced to a state of almost offensive sticky slush. Perhaps, however, I ought not to complain, since at least they had protected the precious instrument of pain and pleasure. The poor curtains were in a state beyond the art of the dyer or cleaner, and since I found that my husband, with the charming forethought of a man, had invited half-a-dozen people to dinner for the Saturday following our return, there was nothing to be done but to rush off to the nearest

shop, which happened to be Messrs. Hewetsons', of Tottenham Court Road. I am afraid this statement will prove that I live nearer Bloomsbury than Mayfair.

The curtains to be replaced were of vieux-rose satin, but I soon found that it would be impossible to match a stuff that had left the Lyons looms four years ago. By-the-by, I sometimes wonder that in London no house exists at least, to my knowledge—whose sole business consists in matching materials, however old-fashioned and out-of-date. In Paris it is possible, by applying to one large firm and sending a pattern, to buy a length from the original stuff. Their establishment, I believe, gets regularly from all the manufacturers of silk, wool, and cotton, a

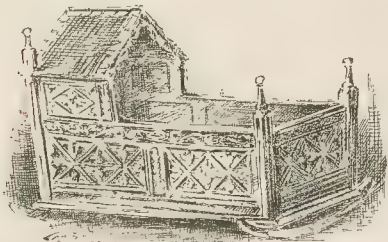
certain quantity of every pattern sold, and is thus enabled, after the lapse of many years, to match anything accurately. However, some of the designs and colouring shown me of Messrs. Hewetsons' were so charming that, except for the trouble of making up my mind among so much that was delightful, I was quite content to replace the rain-soaked satin curtains by others that were more pleasing in almost every way.



A JACOBEOAN DINING-ROOM INGLE-NOOK.

I was fascinated by some designs in tapestry, successful copies of old work—one especially, with a daring mingling of pale colours, white, *rose-cendré*, sevrès yellow, and touches of turquoise blue was really beautiful in itself, but, much to my regret, unsuitable for our drawing-room. Eventually I chose some gorgeous stuff, copied from an old Venetian hanging, in which a wonderful plum-coloured background served as *répoussoir* to a bold design in soft but vivid shades of green. The material itself is of pure silk and will have a lining made of silk and wool, which I am assured will stand any amount of sun and air, and to the end keep its colour unstreaked and unchanged. I may add that this "mixture" is very inexpensive.

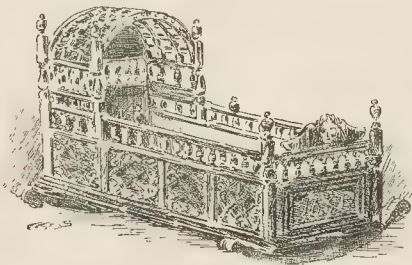
Of course, such curtains deserve good light to show their colouring, and as lamp and gas mean ruin to delicate shades,



AN OLD DUTCH CRADLE.

I found that the new hangings inevitably led to electric lighting. The fittings shown me were very good, and after deciding to have the drawing-room wired, I could not resist a charming arrangement, suspended by a silk cord to be fixed above the bed and so contrived that it can be pulled up or down and enable one to read the book which sometimes brings sleep to the sleepless.

Of course, those happy creatures who go to sleep as soon as they lay their heads upon the pillow, and do not awaken until the cock is hoarse, cannot tell what value there is in the book that renders the waking hours endurable. But as we advance in what we believe civilisation, and as our nerves become the masters of our bodies and the slaves of once ignored circumstances, reading in bed ceases to become a wicked amusement and acquires the dreaded dignity of necessity. "Beauty sleep" is a dream of the past and we women are forced to imagine fashions that will render the pink and white creatures with sound nerves, jealous of our hueless cheeks and pallid countenances. We are even willing to accentuate the pallor born of nervous vigils and wakeful nights, by giving up bronzing powders and efforts to copy the devices which secured for the women of the canal-traversed City of St. Mark, the fame of the Venetian red, and at this moment, "black's the only wear," so far as hair is concerned. Speaking of Venice reminds me of some old Italian carving that I noticed, much to my surprise, in

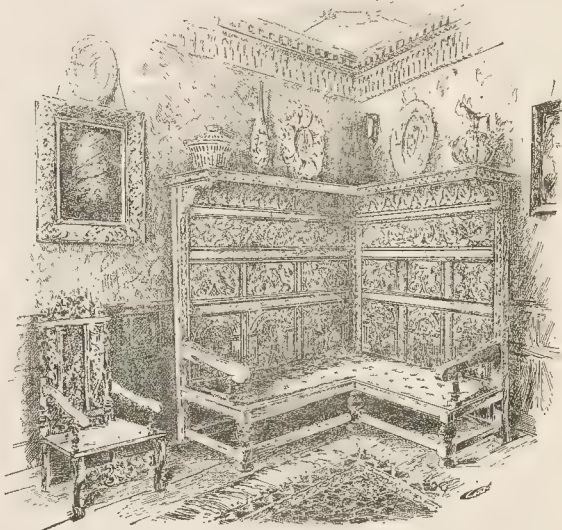


ANOTHER CRADLE.

the large show rooms of the firm in Tottenham Court Road. Somehow, one does not associate that locality with work of real antiquity or value. Yet, an over-mantel carved by

Grinling Gibbons, and recently removed from an old house, is only one among the many genuine pieces of good work that I saw at Messrs. Hewetsons. A curious buffet of finely-carved oak, with panels of inlaid woods, was a splendid specimen of old English workmanship, and next to it stood a quaintly-carved cradle that, judging from the fine polish and depth of colour years alone can give, must have rocked generations of babies to sleep. Now, however, "strained from that fair use," it should hold logs of wood for winter days—ship logs that burn with strange iridescent flames like the wonderful lustre on Gubbio ware. In summer, old Dutch cradles look charming filled with a mass of flowering plants.

This week's sketches reproduce two of the cradles, whilst the Jacobean fireplace and ingle-nook and the cosy corner will give an idea of the character of some of the fine work in the collection of Messrs. Hewetsons.



A CARVED OAK COSY CORNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I can understand "Amy's" objection to have dresses hanging against bedroom doors and if room space is small, of course it is difficult to get sufficient wardrobes or cupboards. It is possible, however, to utilise corners and at the same time add to the prettiness of the room. A Moorish arch, similar to those used for doorways, can be bought ready-made at most shops and should be fixed across the corner of the room. On it a large corner shelf should be firmly placed with many hooks on which to hang skirts; another shelf can rest near the ground at sufficient distance to allow boots and shoes to be placed under. Then at top and bottom shelf fix a small rod on which a curtain can easily slip to and fro. An effective jar or ornament will look well above the arch and altogether "Amy" will, I think, find the arrangement convenient and decorative.

If "ALICE" does not find the arrangement I recommend to "Amy" for suspending dresses to her taste, I can suggest a convenient form of box-ottoman. Any carpenter can carry out the idea. She should have a box made, slightly longer than the length of her skirts, with one or two removable trays, so that the weight of one dress does not crush the under one. Then there can be one top tray, about 5 inches high, that should pull out from under the seat, and divided into compartments for gloves, lace, handkerchiefs, and the many trifles that it is so difficult to keep in place. In fact, one might call it an Autolycean tray.

GRACE.

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN



I AM distinctly better. I have reached the tea-gown stage, and such a delightful tea-gown it is, too! All my available pounds have been spent on the purchase of its details. I copied it from one I met at Jay's. I confess freely the notion is not original; but then, as some more or less worthy person once observed, "originality is a mere confession of idleness and ignorance, a proof that you have never taken the trouble to study anybody's thoughts but your own." My gown is made of a wonderful white silk crêpe, quite thick in texture, lined throughout with pale pink silk. Round the shoulders there is a deep cape of palest yellow lace falling with long frills to the hem, whilst over this is a loose yoke of white Thibet terminating in square ends at the waist. This literally wraps round the figure and is attached at one side on the hip with a large diamond button, the diamonds being of the Parisian order pre-eminently convincing in their sincerity. When a week's convalescence propped up with pale blue silk cushions has done all it can for me in the regard of my friends, I shall have that tea-gown copied in more sombre hues and stuffs. It would look delightful in old rose-coloured cloth, with the fur of sable, with the lining pale yellow and the lace pale yellow. But all my available bank balance would be engulfed by the sable collar; mink, I am afraid,

would have to play its part. Talking of sable reminds me to chronicle that this is once again the most popular of all the furs, and it is absurd for the authorities

to imagine that we shall not wear the boas round our necks again. We shall, only we shall have them longer than we did last year. This will be the only difference, and maybe they will be provided with more tails; but, then, the boa with many tails put in its first appearance nearly two years ago. The best shape of sable boas fastens at the neck with six tails, and reaches to the waist, where it terminates with about ten tails. It is no question now of heads or tails with our sable boas; we have tossed up, and the tails have it. The heads are in a very small minority, though some of the boas show two of these set at the neck, when an imaginative woman might think that the two little beasts had put their heads together in order to persuade twelve other little beasts to lose their tails, even as the fable of the fox of history.

But it is much too early, really, to write about furs. It is far better to seriously consider the many delightful fabrics for our autumn wear. The most attractive gowns show a combination

of dark cloth, light velvet, and cream-coloured lace, the lace usually resting on white satin and forming a waistcoat to a jacket which shall be faced with light velvet.



THAT THEATRE CLOAK.

Then, again, caracule makes another bid for popularity, and gets it, too, and caracule looks very well on that dress whose picture my artist has sent me this week just to cheer my lonely hours. The yoke graduated to a long point at the waist is



DRESS WITH CARACULE TRIMMING.

made of caracule, while the bodice is of cloth traced with bright jet, and the hem of the skirt shows caracule and jet again. That hem, by the way, would look much better if it were put on in round scollops at the top, the cloth to be like this, and the fur to be placed beneath it. A great many of the new capes show this sort of hem. One new cape, whose details sound to me delightful—but, alas, I have not been able to get out to interview it—is made of black velvet, with a broad hem of flat black feather trimming put on in a round scollop at the top, and the black velvet portion of the cape is covered with a grass-lawn, also cut in scollops covered completely with an elaborate tracing of jet and an *appliqué* of cream-coloured lace. This sounds the ideal theatre cloak for the moment. Another ideal theatre cloak is that one sketched here, made of one of the new velvets with a satin ground and a floral pattern—and these new velvets, by-the-way, are the old velvets dear to the heart of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. This coat is cut in the Empire style, with the lining of the palest blue satin, and the collar of sable. The new coats, which are short and loose, and made very much on the same lines as this, look most delightful on tall women, especially when they are made in some very handsome material, such as brocaded velvet or silk plush.

Velvets and velveteens seemed to have gained the ear of the authorities this year, and everywhere they put in their appearance. Usually they are permitted the privilege of making bodices and sleeves to cloth-dresses which are fastened up in the bib form. That is a very good dress

sketched here showing a combination of velvet elaborately embroidered in jet, with a white silk waistcoat and an outer vest of plum-coloured cloth turning back with a revers, and possessing a simple skirt. Velvet traced with jet is not an economical purchase, but that is a minor detail. It is quite lovely, always providing that the jet be good.

I wonder if it be really true that in but one short week, as Hamlet might have observed, and ere this gown is old in which I have decked this sofa, I shall be able to rise myself again and go out and hold holy or unholy converse with the styles for autumn wear. I hope so, for, if not, then, as Hamlet might have again observed, "Oh, break my heart, for I must hold my tongue" on the subject of clothes.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

"LETTUE."—Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, has a new bicycling skirt, an American patent which possesses full trousers at the back and an apron in front. No one would guess its details when it adorns the walker, and of course on the saddle its great advantage lies in the fact that it cannot get crooked. I have just seen some new cycling foot-gear, which pleases me very much, made with rubber soles and heels. This is supplied with a cloth gaiter attached to the patent leather golosh to form the boot. It is indeed boot and gaiter in one, and you may find it at the London Shoe Company, 117, New Bond Street. I do not know its price, and I confess I ordered a pair without enquiry. Oh, yes, you may write to me whenever you like.

"NARCISSE."—Marshall and Snelgrove, Vere Street, have those silk stocks I mentioned two weeks ago; they look their best in white watered silk. Have a blouse of printed velveteen, 3s. 3d. per yard; you can get the loveliest colourings at Liberty's, Regent Street, and of course they will send you patterns if you write for them. How can you hesitate? Accept the sable at once and be grateful.



THE VELVET.

"PANSY."—Why not a black cloth costume with a collar of that astrachan, and a waistcoat of white satin embroidered in jet? This would look charming, I promise you.

PAULINA PRY.



THE ALBUM SUPPLEMENT.
The English Lakes.—Second Series.



THIRLMERE, FROM THE WEST.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



AMBLESIDE AND WANSFELL PIKE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASNERE.



LODORE WATERFALL.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



KESWICK, FROM CASTLE HEAD HILL.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



BOWNESS, WINDERMERE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASNIERE.



WRAY CASTLE, WINDERMERE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.



FURNESS ABBEY.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASNIERE.



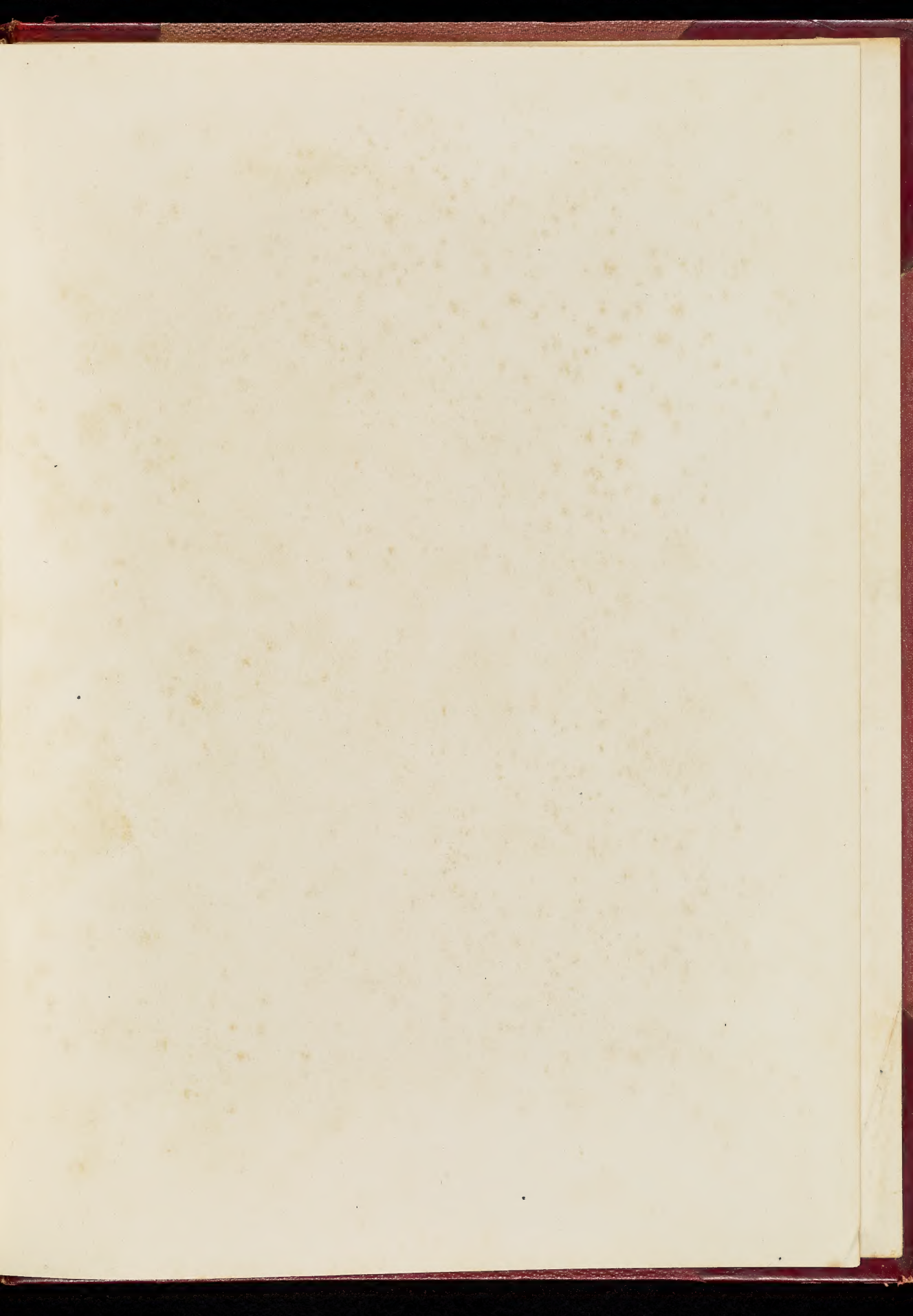
DUTIERMERE.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.

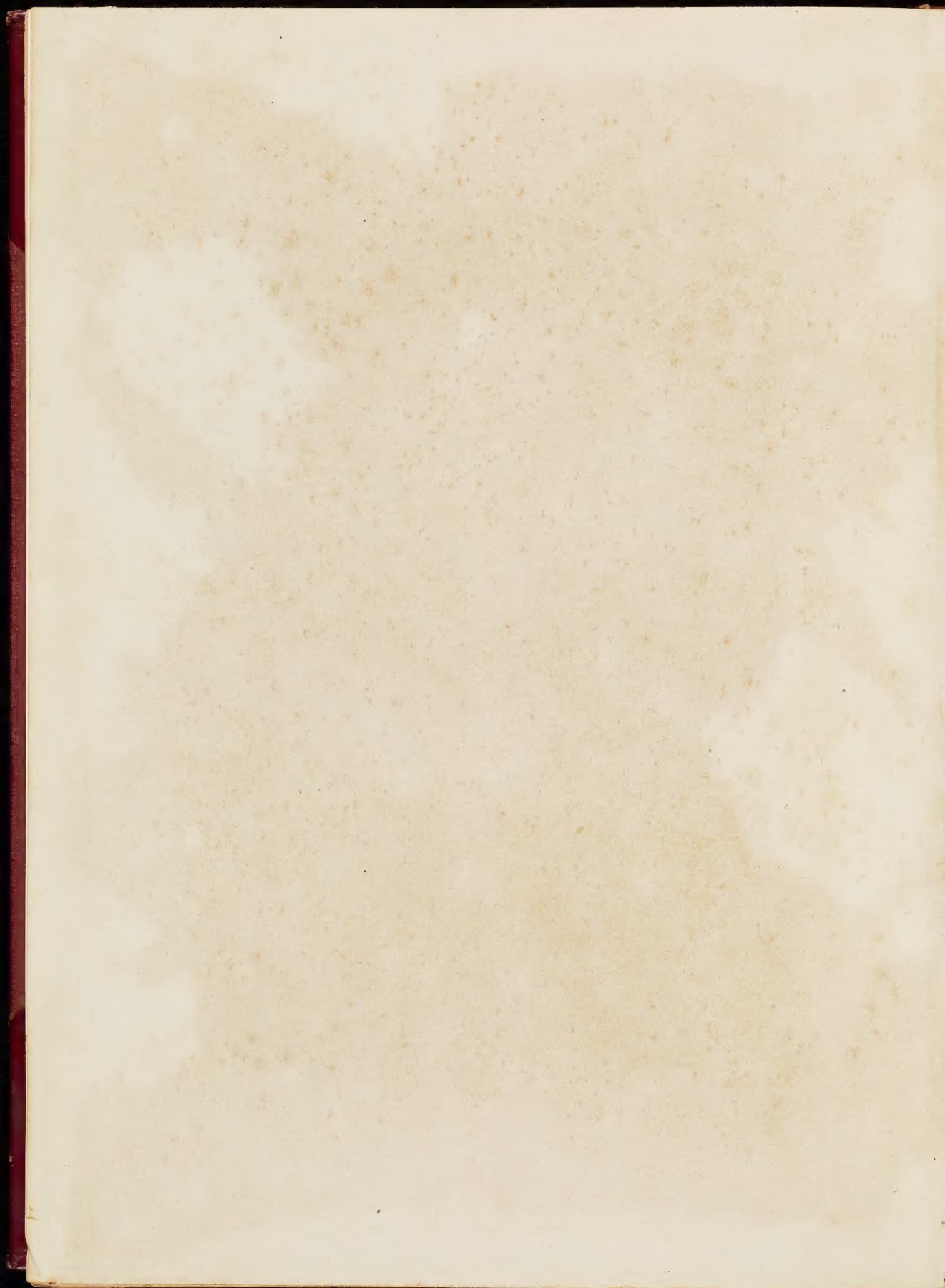


DUDDON BECK.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE



THE HEAD OF ULLSWATER.
PHOTO BY GREEN, GRASMERE.





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